



# I'M REALLY A SUPERSTAR

BOOK 05

*Chang Yu*

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

# I'm Really A Superstar

(我真是大明星)

by

**Chang Yu**

(尝谕)

# Synopsis

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Zhang Ye was originally a mundane college graduate with aspiring dreams to become a star, but unfortunately has below average looks and height. However one day, he woke up and suddenly found himself in a parallel world!

It's like the same world, but wait a minute...many brands, celebrities and even famous works from his world changed and are gone in this new world!

Armed with the profound literary knowledge of his previous world and a heaven-defying Game Ring that gives him magical items, stats and skills, Zhang Ye embarks on a journey to pursue his life-long dream of becoming famous!

Follow Zhang Ye as he takes the new world by storm, one plagiarized piece at a time, to hilarious reactions!

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# ***Peking University Arc***

# Chapter 336: The University Rankings Are Out!

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At night.

It was already past 8PM after class.

Walking out from the backdoor of the auditorium, Zhang Ye did not head back to the office, nor did he go home. Instead, he found a spot in the auditorium's staff room and lit a cigarette. The school did not explicitly state that teachers were not allowed to smoke, but in front of the students at school, it would definitely not seem right to smoke. So every time Zhang Ye smoked in school, he had to do it sneakily. Sometimes, he would do so in the toilet, sometimes he and a colleague would go to a spot where there was no one else.

He crossed his legs.

And sat on a chair.

Zhang Ye took out his cell phone and surfed the net.

Today's public lecture video had been posted online very quickly. When he clicked on Peking University's website, the video was already up. Other than the part where he spoke about the class assignment, the whole lesson had been posted. It was probably uploaded after the class had ended, so everyone could watch it quickly.

As it had just been posted, there were no comments below.

Zhang Ye checked his Weibo and as he expected, there were people already doubting the content of his lecture. Regarding such doubts, Zhang Ye had already gotten used to it in the past few days.

“Winsome Colonel’s issue was not explained correctly!”

“Praising Fourth Sister Lin was simply a general praise to a virtue, how could it be correlated to the anti-Qing issue?”

“And according to research, because of Cao Xueqin’s family relations, he could not possibly write anti-Qing topics!”

“The explanation of the structure of 108 chapters is too far-fetched! The conclusion of this research can only be used as a reference and is not set in stone yet. For example, in the middle chapters, if we apply Zhang Ye’s rule of the unit structure, there isn’t any real distinction in there. You cannot simply use where there is an obvious distinction in the story and apply it to everything!”

“Jia Zheng would never be anti-Qing. According to Zhang Ye’s views, the ending plot would never have developed in that way!”

“Everyone, don’t watch Peking University’s public class videos. Don’t listen to Zhang Ye talking blindly. He’s talking rubbish!”

After so many days, many of the Redologists and literary world members who were left speechless earlier started to fight back. Included in them were Ma Hengyuan, Meng Dongguo, and a few others. They had been staying up for many days to prepare for this battle. They all worked together to find all the problems and issues of Zhang Ye's argument, and used it as a basis to continue disproving Zhang Ye's lectures. At the beginning, they had all fallen into Zhang Ye's rhythm. They could not make their way around something that they were unfamiliar with, but slowly they managed to find their way through. These people were not fools and had seen the many problems in Zhang Ye's lecture. Now they were agitated and were charging straight for him with their spears!

But somehow, many people from the community sided with Zhang Ye!

“Who says that it was just simply a general praise to virtue? How do you know that Cao Xueqin did not have any other intention?”

“How can you apply Cao Xueqin's family situation on the novel? You guys don't even know who Old Cao's sons were, so how can you be so sure? And Old Cao is an author, does he necessarily need to apply his family background into the novel? Isn't this an international joke!?”

“Even if Jia Zheng was not anti-Qing, how do you know that Jia Baoyu was not? So when he saw that Jia Zheng had suggested to praise the Winsome Colonel, he spared no effort in doing so? On the problems of this poem, Teacher Zhang basically explained it very clearly! What do you mean by utter rubbish?”



Both sides countered each other's arguments!

There were still many points of contention!

But there was one point that could not be disputed. It was the fact that Zhang Ye's public lecture videos' views never slowed down. Those Redologists had all urged people not to believe what Zhang Ye said, but everyone simply ignored them. There was no other way, everyone simply enjoyed what Zhang Ye had said!

Finally, the whole Redology world was stifled until there wasn't even a trace of temper left!

What was worth mentioning was that within the Redology world, there was an increasingly different school of thought now. A minority of Redologists generally began agreeing with Zhang Ye's claims and even went to the public lectures that Zhang Ye held. It went as far as them taking up and carrying on the study of Vestige Forensics that Zhang Ye had started. They had already begun to slowly research in this area of study!

It was a mess!

Because of Zhang Ye alone, because of those few lessons by Zhang Ye.

The whole Redology world, literary world, and history world were now in a mess!

Zhang Ye had not had much hope for everyone to agree with his claims. Everyone's doubts and debates were the moving factor of Redology research and Zhang Ye's objective had been met. Although in his previous world, the fact that someone else continued the writings after the first 80 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was already recognized as a fact, in this world, there still wasn't enough proof, so this was not something that could convince people in the short term. A longer time was needed for the verification process to take place. It might take a few months, a few years, or even a few decades or centuries.

Let's not look at this anymore. Hur Hur. Let's move on to something else.

Zhang Ye had smoked half his cigarette and was still browsing through Weibo.

Suddenly, an official Weibo account had caught Zhang Ye's attention — "The new year's university ranking are complete and will be announced shortly!"

Below, many people began commenting.

"There's no suspense again this year, right?"

"Yea, every year is about the same."

"No, this year's Peking University's Chinese department is somewhat of a suspense!"

“Oh, that’s right. The industry insiders are all saying that Peking University’s Chinese department has declined and is going downhill. Didn’t an expert and industry insider predict a while ago that only Peking University’s Science faculty would be able to continue dominating it’s rank? Their Chinese department will have done well if they can retain 2nd place this year. Nanjing University and Tsinghua University have been improving this year. Even Beijing Normal University has been catching up these past two years, but then, Peking University’s Chinese department has become one of the favorites after all the commotion that Zhang Ye caused with his lectures on ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’!”

“I wonder if they will take into consideration Zhang Ye’s lectures. If they really take that into consideration, the result would not be that predictable anymore.”

“It’s going to be suspenseful. Zhang Ye’s lessons have not yet been recognized by many in the industry yet. They are all claiming that he has been uttering nonsense, so the evaluators might also consider that point.”

“They shouldn’t. In terms of academics, many things are controversial. They cannot just deduct points off because of this, right?”

“It’s hard to say.”

“Right, let’s wait for the results.”

“Quickly, release them. Why is it taking so long?”

“I can’t wait to see what our department’s ranking is!”

“Long live Foreign language department! Hail to our Alma mater!”

“Supporting Beijing Film Academy! Death to Central Academy of Drama and Shanghai Theater Academy!”

“Support Nanjing University’s Chinese department! We must get number 1! Crush Peking University and Tsinghua University! Hoho!”

The post attracted mainly university students who were either discussing or showing their support for their institutions.

At this moment, Zhang Ye’s phone rang. It was a call from his colleague, Su Na, “Teacher Zhang, come over quickly. The university rankings are going to be released soon!”

“Sure.” Zhang Ye went back to the office.

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When he got back, Zhang Ye saw the other Chinese department’s lecturers and professors seated in there. The three offices’ teachers had all gathered together and the atmosphere felt tense and highly

pressured. A few of the female teachers could not bear to watch.

Su Na breathed deeply.

Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan wore their most serious faces.

The old Professor Yan Jiantao's attention fell on the projection right in front of the office's wall.

This ranking was obviously something that all of the Chinese department's teachers cared a lot about. It did not only affect their salaries and bonuses, but also their reputation and pride!

Suddenly, an intern teacher who was controlling the computer had a look of shock, "It's out! The results are out!"

Chang Kaige immediately asked, "What are they?"

"Let me put up the result!" The intern teacher quickly controlled without looking at the other department's rankings or overall rankings and only focused on the Chinese departments ranking.

The projector flashed!

The national university rankings results were up!

1: Peking University Chinese department.

2: Nanjing University Chinese department.

3: Beijing Normal University Chinese department.

4: Fudan University Chinese department.

5: Tsinghua University Chinese department.

With the results shown, the whole office broke out in celebration!

“Alright! Great! Awesome!” Chang Kaige continuously slapped his thigh!

“First! We are really first!” Professor Wu cheered!

“What a fright! Hahaha!” Zhen Shuquan roared with laughter.

Su Na asked in a stunned manner, “I didn’t read that wrongly, right? Is it really us? It’s really us?”

An elderly professor, who was about to retire, trembled and said in an excited manner, “It’s been two years! After two years! Our Peking University’s Chinese department has finally regained our face!”

Zhang Ye was also very happy. He had a sense of belonging here. He also thought highly of the honor!

Zhen Shuquan immediately gave a phone call to Wu Zeqing using his cellphone. “President Wu! Good news. The results are out. Our Chinese department is first in the country!”

President Wu laughed and said, “I saw it too.”

Zhen Shuquan said, “It’s all thanks to your leadership.”

President Wu smiled. “It’s all thanks to Teacher Little Zhang for us to be able to be first.”

“Yes, we know.” Zhen Shuquan said, “But it’s also thanks to your great foresight in inviting Teacher Little Zhang here to teach.”

Yan Jiantao overheard Secretary Zhen’s words, but disagreed. He did not think that this was Zhang Ye’s credit. It was the collective hard work of all the teachers. Zhang Ye was just a newcomer, how much contribution would he have had? To him, this ranking probably did not take into consideration Zhang Ye’s lectures.

But all of the other Chinese department’s lecturers knew. Zhang Ye contributions were great and if it were not for his last ditch efforts, their Chinese department ranking might have turned out very differently!

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Within Peking University's campus, the cheers came one after another!

“Our Mathematics department is first again!”

“F\*\*k! Why is our Peking University's Foreign language department's ranking so low?”

“Aiyo, f\*\*k again! The Engineering departments have been dominated by Tsinghua University again!”

On this night, almost of all the teachers from the institutes of higher learning were looking at the results of this assessment. Because the Chinese department was a large department, very popular, and of very high standing, many of them had placed their attention to it. When they saw it, it almost came as a surprise to them!

Tsinghua University's Chinese department, which had been tipped for a good placing, fell to 5th spot, revealing their inadequacies. Whereas, the favorite for this year, Nanjing University's Chinese department was in second place. The Chinese department top ranking went to Peking University's Chinese department. Once again, this aged, older, big brother has gotten first place again!

A lot of netizens were not convinced. They were obviously students from the other institutions!



“Unfair!”

“What kind of assessment was this!”

“Our Nanjing University in second place?”

“How can Peking University’s Chinese department come in at first place! There’s a conspiracy!”

“Forget it, what conspiracy? It’s because Peking University has Zhang Ye with them!”

“Oh, right! I forgot about Zhang Ye. No wonder they could get first against all odds. So it’s due to ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’! What the heck! It’s still unfair. If Zhang Ye came to our Nanjing University instead, we would have gotten first too!”

“That’s right! If Zhang Ye did not go to Peking University! They could not possibly win against our Nanjing University’s Chinese department!”

“Just complaining won’t work. Did you guys at Nanjing University invite Zhang Ye? The truth is that Peking University took a risk and made the right bet. Anyone can talk on hindsight, but the truth will always be that he who dares, wins! That Peking University could rank first this year was well deserved, at least they dared to use Zhang Ye and dared to take that risk! This was something that no ordinary institution would dare to do!”

“Oh, so Peking University’s Chinese department won on that boldness!”

“President Wu, who went over from the Education Bureau, really has great foresight. She used her people too well! Amazing!”

“Hur Hur Hur, in my opinion, Zhang Ye is still the greatest one. Just him alone overturned the adversity of Peking University!”

Finally, a hardcore fan of Zhang Ye stood up and said domineeringly, “When Teacher Zhang Ye was at the radio station or television station, his new programs always broke history’s records. He always created new records and miracles! Now even when he goes to a university as a lecturer, he is still the same! Those who gain Zhang Ye, rule the world!”

“What a big boast!”

“Zhang Ye’s not that powerful.”

“Haha, the main thing is that Peking University’s Chinese department has very good foundations!”

“Yes, I agree to that saying of the foundation of Peking University is very good. Of course, we cannot deny Teacher Zhang Ye’s contributions too. Actually, everyone’s standards are about the same, anyone could have gotten first, but with Zhang Ye adding on a little more firepower, the balance was tipped in Peking

University's favor. To be fair, a person like Teacher Zhang Ye is really outstanding. He can write and he can scold. This time, his fame will rise again. A person like that will not starve no matter where you put him. I'm increasingly bullish about Teacher Zhang Ye's future developments. Peking University having him as a lecturer is only going to make them even stronger!"

There were many university students discussing about it and even a lot of university teachers and members of the education world. All of them had their comments about Zhang Ye and it was largely positive!

# Chapter 337: Lu Xun And Bingxin's Quotes Were Used!

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In the Chinese department office, the teachers were about to get off work.

Many of them were still hesitant to leave, dragging it out past 8 at night. One reason was that many teachers wanted to listen to Zhang Ye's last lecture. Zhang Ye's lecturing of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' had hooked the interest of many teachers and colleagues. They were quite addicted to listening to him. The second reason was that they knew the university department rankings were announced that night, hence they all stayed behind to wait for it. With surprisingly good results, it was also time for them to leave.

"I'm leaving."

"I'm going to Lishuiqiao. Anyone need a lift?"

"You are returning to your mother's place? Then I'll get a ride from you."

A few Chinese department teachers paired up to leave as they walked out.

Su Na walked up to Zhang Ye's side as she smiled and said, "You were great."

Zhang Ye shook his head with a smile, saying, “What do you mean by great? It was all thanks to everyone’s work. My coming here has allowed me to rub off some of the greatness of everyone else.”

A male lecturer said with a laugh, “Teacher Little Zhang, don’t be so modest.”

A female teacher said, “Your contributions are apparent in everyone’s eyes. It has been tough on you these past few days.”

Professor Zeng also patted Zhang Ye on the shoulder, saying, “If not for you coming to take over the elective class, the results would be difficult to tell. You have really made the Peking University’s Chinese department elated.”

Yan Jiantao could not bear listening to this any longer. “All of you should stop saying that. Us getting first place again is through the collective efforts of everyone. It is also based on the foundations of our Chinese department. Everyone worked together to improve the quality of our classes and material’s depth, so it is only right for us to win first place. How can it all be attributed to one person? How would the other teachers think of that?”

Everyone did not have such thoughts. With Yan Jiantao saying that, it led to others thinking of other thoughts. Some glanced at Zhang Ye while others looked indifferent.

Su Na was pondering over his intents. However, Professor Yan was the most established professor in the department, so it was not

appropriate for her to say anything.

Professor Zeng looked at him with a frown, “Professor Yan, why do your words seem...”

Chang Kaige tried to smooth things over. “Alright, everyone go home. It’s not early anymore. Hur Hur. Tomorrow there are still exams and various activities. Go home and take a rest.”

Zhen Shuquan interjected, “By the way, Little Zhang. President Wu called just now to ask you to go over.”

Zhang Ye said, “Alright, I’ll be there immediately.”

Yan Jiantao also did not say anymore. He grabbed his bag and left.

Two lecturers and professors who were more familiar with him also left together.

Zhang Ye scanned Yan Jiantao’s back and was not too happy. Whether this matter was because of his contributions or not, he had not tried to gain credit for it, nor would he or did he acknowledge it. This bro kept saying it was a collective effort and kept deflecting the honor, but what’s the meaning of this? That can’t do? You have to step on me with your statement? And your tone sounded provocative? You couldn’t standing seeing me, as a new lecturer, in the limelight, and even tried to convince the other colleagues to ostracize me? What sort of person are you!? You are a

professor with great authority in the educational world?

In the past when he came to Peking University, Zhang Ye did not mind too much since he had never been a lecturer, nor did he have the qualifications. Hence, it was no wonder he was doubted by everyone, but through his hard work, his class had gone smoothly, and he had proven his teaching level using his results. Be it his students or his colleagues, they had all changed their attitudes and impression of him. They had acknowledged him, but then? Even so, Yan Jiantao, you still insist on finding fault with me? When I didn't have results, you said as a layman, I was no good, but now with results, you keep using your qualifications to suppress me?

Whatever I do isn't right?

Then what the heck do you want?

You are a professor, with great qualifications, but just because of that, you can trample on anyone you dislike?

A few teachers had really been stirred up. Maybe they were lecturers who were quite friendly with Professor Yan. After noticing that Yan Jiantao did not like Zhang Ye, they too also subconsciously changed their attitudes towards Zhang Ye. They did not show it on the surface, but their hearts might have distanced themselves from Zhang Ye. Professor Yan was amongst the most established professors in Peking University, and even one of the most authoritative figures in this field in the country. Not only Chang Kaige, even the Peking University leaders respected him. Compared to Yan Jiantao, Zhang Ye was really nothing.

“Teacher Zhang.” Su Na whispered, “Don’t mind him. Professor Yan likes to take advantage of his seniority. We are already used to it, so don’t take it to heart.”

Zhang Ye smiled. “It’s fine.” However, his heart wasn’t fine.

Professor Zeng said, “Little Zhang, shall we go together?”

“Next time, Professor Zeng. President Wu is looking for me.” Zhang Ye said.

“Oh right. I nearly forgot. Then I’ll be leaving.” Professor Zeng left. Since there were so many people, it wasn’t the time for him to say anything to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye also went downstairs and headed towards President Wu’s office. On the way, he noticed Yan Jiantao hitching a ride with an old professor. A nice day and quite a happy matter had been ruined by Yan Jiantao. Zhang Ye was thinking: “I’ll forget it this time. Don’t you dare do it again. If you corner me, I don’t care who you are!”

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In another building.

President Wu’s office.



Knock. Knock. Zhang Ye knocked gently on the door. "President Wu."

"Come on in. The door isn't locked." The voice was quite faint and sounded like it came from far away.

When he walked in through the door, he did not see anyone. The exterior office was empty. Then, he heard a voice coming from the interior office, "Over here."

The office was a suite, as the treatment received by a Vice President was definitely better than others.

Zhang Ye went inside. He was stunned for a moment when he saw Wu Zeqing in an elegant long dress. She was standing behind a long desk and held a brush, writing something. The Four Treasures of the Study laid on the desk. A trace scent of ink floated in the office mixed with the smell of a mature woman like Wu Zeqing, making it smell rather pleasant. This fellow was really weak-willed. Just a minute ago, he was still upset by Yan Jiantao's treatment of him, but now, seeing a beautiful woman in front of him, his mood immediately turned better. The ancients said it well, a beautiful lady is desired by all gentlemen.

She was dressed in plain colors.

With a dignified look.

One with the brush, like the floating clouds and the flowing river.

This image was so beautiful that it was indescribable!

“This is?”

“Wait a moment.”

“Hai.”

“It’s done.”

She had finished writing.

Wu Zeqing set aside her brush and smiled, “You came at the right time. Help me take a look at which of these writings are better.” There were three scrolls of writing by the side that she had taken out, “Tomorrow afternoon in the auditorium, we will be organizing a New Year Gala for all the primary and secondary schools in Peking University’s auditorium. The President hasn’t been well these days, so the job of writing something has fallen onto me. You are one of the few in the Chinese department who have more achievements and results in the field of literature, so I got you to come help me. One to take a look at the calligraphy, and second to help in the meaning. If you are up to it, we will decide on it.”

No wonder Zhang Ye’s use of the Peking University’s Grand

Auditorium for his public lecture today had not been approved. He had heard of some event before the Lunar New Year, so this was it. For such a gala, other than setting up the decorations, there were dress rehearsals, so clearly there was no time left for Zhang Ye's class to squeeze in.

Zhang Ye was overwhelmed by this. "President Wu, the other teachers and professors are much better than me. My standards are limited, I don't want to screw it up for you."

Wu Zeqing smiled as she sat down. She said, "The other teachers might be more experienced than you in teaching, but when it comes to composing poems or writing essays, how many are better than you? Professor Yan is no slouch in this area, and he has attained a very high level. However, Professor Yan is quite old, and since this is a gala for primary and secondary school students, I think I trust you more on this. After all, you are still young too. Don't decline it. Hur Hur, take a look at it."

Zhang Ye did not dare to put on airs, "In front of you, I really don't dare to say I know much. Then I'll take a look." Following that he looked at the calligraphy.

When he saw it, he was stunned!

The words were written very gracefully!

These were not just well-written words, but words produced through top calligraphy skills!

Zhang Ye was a bit dumbfounded. He had never really seen Wu Zeqing's calligraphy before. He had only heard it mentioned before. It was said that although Wu Zeqing was from the Education Bureau, and was considered a political administrator, and was not in academia or teaching, her cultural foundation was very high. Zhang Ye thought that others were just flattering her, or mere pleasantries, but only today did he realize that those statements were far from flattery. These calligraphy pieces could be said to be pieces of art!

Zhang Ye had eaten a few calligraphy Experience Books. To the average person, his handwriting was not bad, but he knew that his skills were far from perfect. He could only be considered a layman. Zhang Ye did not dare tout that he knew calligraphy in front of the real experts, or he would incur ridicule on himself. Not only were President Wu's words written skillfully, it had her own style and artistry. There was Songti fonts, Zhuanti fonts, or cursive script, but Wu Zeqing's wasn't any of those. The style of her words were somewhat like Xingshu, yet a bit different. Many of her strokes had an inkling of cursive writing, so clearly she had formed her own style. Only a true calligraphy master would dare to do it this way!

Zhang Ye did not really know much about true calligraphy techniques. He only knew a bit from interest. As for how artistic Wu Zeqing's calligraphy was, it was beyond Zhang Ye's ability to deduce. It had exceeded his level of appreciation for calligraphy.

As for the content, they were all things like "classic inheritance" or "blooming youth". There was one that sounded like a word of caution. They were nothing surprising.

He exclaimed, “Your calligraphy is really flawless. No matter what is written, it can hold itself. I think all of these can be used. Any phrase would be no problem!”

Wu Zeqing gave him a gentle look, “Any would do? Then that means none of them are suitable.”

Zhang Ye broke out in a sweat. How did you take it in that way? He said, “No, it’s really too good. It’s hard to pick!”

Wu Zeqing said with a light laugh, “Let’s not talk about the calligraphy. I keep feeling like the content is a bit off. If it were you, what would you write?”

Zhang Ye said modestly, “What I would have written definitely wouldn’t be better than yours.”

Wu Zeqing ignored his words, “Say a few, relating to youths.”

Seeing that he had no way out, Zhang Ye could only say, “Youth is to develop the habit, a time of hope and faith?” This was from his world’s Ruskin.

Wu Zeqing smiled gently. “Are there anymore?”

“This won’t do?” Zhang Ye said, “What you plant now, you will harvest later.” This was from his world’s Og Mandino.

“Are there anymore?” Wu Zeqing asked.

Zhang Ye said again, “O young ones! For your future memories, deliberately sketch that picture of yours in the present?” This was a quote from Bingxin.

“Anymore?” Wu Zeqing asked once again.

Zhang Ye exclaimed, “Young people can be the first to turn China into a vocal China. Boldly speaking, courageously forging forward, forgetting all the stakeholders, pushing away the ancients, speaking truth from one’s heart?” These were the words of Lu Xun.

Wu Zeqing: “...”

Then Zhang Ye said, “This won’t do either?”

Wu Zeqing leered at him, “You call this not knowing? Every sentence of yours is much better than the ones I had previously written. If you don’t know anything, then others are just illiterate. Hur Hur. Looks like I made the right choice asking you to come.” After some thought, Wu Zeqing picked the words of Lu Xun. She did not delay, and had gained some inspiration. Dipping it in ink, President Wu began to write on the piece of paper!

Half a minute later.

A piece of calligraphy was completed!

Wu Zeqing gave a slight smile and nodded.

Zhang Ye stood off to the side and heaped praises. “Your words are really too beautiful.”

“I’ll use your sentences then. It’s settled.” Wu Zeqing seemed very pleased as she placed the piece of calligraphy properly, waiting for it to dry.

Zhang Ye blinked. “President Wu, the other pieces of calligraphy that you wrote are not going to be used? Then can I ask for one of them?”

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, “Sure, go ahead and choose.”

“Alright.” Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony and picked one up and rolled it for keeping.

Firstly, Zhang Ye was really fond of her calligraphy. Secondly, with his leader producing so many works and had gone through all the trouble, wouldn’t he feel bad if he didn’t request one from his leader? Hence, from this, one could see that this fellow Zhang Ye was not someone who did not know interpersonal relations. He mainly did so depending on the person.

# Chapter 338: Water Lotus Moon's Appearance Once Again!

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It was pretty late.

Peking University was enveloped in darkness.

It was quiet all around the campus. The teaching block was dark. The teacher's office building's lights were mostly out. Only student dormitories in the distance had a hint of light. Some students were busy preparing for their exams, some of them were busy writing essays, and some others were probably celebrating early for the upcoming winter holidays.

Downstairs.

Wu Zeqing asked, "Little Zhang, where do you live?"

"My home?" Zhang Ye said, "I'm going back to Caishikou tonight, my parent's place."

Wu Zeqing nodded, "Then it should be on the way. I stay at Taoran Pavilion. The school's driver is on leave and my car's not permitted to be used today. Could you give me a lift?"

Zhang Ye happily said, "That would be my pleasure and honor. Where in Taoran Pavilion?"



“East Gate.” Wu Zeqing said before boarding Zhang Ye’s BMW.

Zhang Ye boarded from the other side. As he closed the door and switched on the lights inside, he saw President Wu putting on her seatbelt. The seat belt tightened around her and pressed down across her chest, clearly separating her left and right breast. It presented a very clear scene. The right breast was big and displaced a little. In addition, maybe her bra was a little soft today, probably without an underwire, thus the seatbelt had gotten lodged under the right bra cup. Under the vibrations of the car, that lump of flesh was jiggling along with Wu Zeqing’s body swaying. Even the seatbelt trembled along with it.

They were too big!

Her breasts were too ample!

Seeing such a scene, Zhang Ye was momentarily unable to hold back.

Wu Zeqing was probably aware of the discomfort, so she undid the seatbelt and then put on a blue woolen coat over before putting on her seatbelt again. That covered up everything.

The car moved off and gradually made its way out of the campus.

On the way, Zhang Ye tried to strike up a conversation, “Why don’t I drive faster? Your husband is probably at home waiting for you?”

“It’s OK. This speed is fine. If you go too fast, it will be dangerous.” Wu Zeqing quietly smiled. She took out a book from her bag and opened it, “No one’s waiting for me, I’m not married.”

Ah?

Not married?

How old are you already and you’re not married?

Zhang Ye was surprised, but did not ask further. After all, their relationship was not that close and she was his leader. There was no need to be so inquisitive.

Wu Zeqing read her book leisurely, occasionally breaking out into a smile, while at times reading it with a serious face.

Zhang Ye didn’t want to disturb her, so he kept the lights on. He drove straight to their destination.

During that time, Zhang Ye had thought of a few topics, but did not manage to communicate much with Wu Zeqing. The two of them had quite an age difference after all and a generation gap. Other than school, Zhang Ye thought that he and President Wu did not have much in common to talk about. In the end, he gave up and did not try to create conversation anymore. President Wu had a more magnanimous and gentle character, seeming to be a very classical, traditional type of woman. She did not look like the type

who enjoyed chatting.

After about half an hour, they arrived.

Zhang Ye quickly said, “President Wu, is it here?”

Only then did Wu Zeqing close her book and raise her head, “Yes, just go a little bit farther down and stop by the roadside. Thanks, Little Zhang, I even made you my driver for the day.”

Zhang Ye smiled, “In the future if your driver is ever on leave again, feel free to give me a call. It’s OK for me, since it’s so near anyway. I just need to drive back for about 7-8 minutes and I will be home too.”

The car stopped.

Wu Zeqing thanked him. “I’m going, drive carefully.”

“OK, take care.” Zhang Ye did not leave, but stayed behind and watched her walk into an upscale residential area before driving off back in the opposite direction.

.....

At home.

His parents were asleep.

Zhang Ye did not dare make too much noise. He quietly went to wash up before going back to his room to change into his pajamas. He was totally comfortable now.

Ring, ring, ring.

His cellphone rang.

The caller ID showed that it was from his third cousin, Cao Mengmeng.

Zhang Ye picked up with a smile, “Hello, what’s the matter?”

Cao Mengmeng said angrily, “Brother, why didn’t you pick up the phone an hour ago?”

“An hour ago? Hai, it was because I had a meeting with the Vice President from school. My phone was switched to silent and I didn’t notice.” Zhang Ye usually switched his cellphone to silent before a meeting or whenever he was meeting a leader, if he remembered, because it would be inconvenient to pick up the phone and also to show respect to his leaders, “Why were you looking for me?”

“Hmmpf.” Cao Mengmeng was less angry now, “Tomorrow, my school will be attending the New Year Gala at Peking University. Come over and fetch me.”

Zhang Ye said, “Are you participating in the performance too?”

Cao Mengmeng giggled, “I’m not performing, but our school does have something lined up. So I went over to our form teacher, Teacher Leng, and asked her to bring me along. So many teachers in our school know that you are my bro, so they specially gave me a ticket for a seat!”

Zhang Ye was angered and tickled at the same moment. “Hey, you little girl. Don’t keep taking favors from others under my guise. If you are coming, then come. Follow your school’s group and come. I have no time to go and fetch you. I have an exam tomorrow and I also have to grade the papers.”

Cao Mengmeng pouted, “You don’t care for your sister! I will complain to First Aunt!”

Zhang Ye happily replied, “You can tell anyone and it wouldn’t affect me. I will definitely be busy tomorrow afternoon. That’s all then. It’s already so late, so go to bed early.”

“OK. You petty man.” Cao Mengmeng reluctantly hung up the call.

Zhang Ye smiled a little inside. He browsed through his cellphone casually to see if there were any other missed calls before suddenly realizing that he was still logged into his chat app. With a shift in focus, Zhang Ye quickly opened the app and looked at his ‘Friends List’. Oh right, he had not added her yet. So he went over into the

“Blossoms in Beijing” group chat, searched through the members, and finally found “Water Lotus Moon”‘s avatar.

He clicked.

Add Friend.

Du du, a response came quickly.

Zhang Ye had been used to his previous world’s QQ app tone — the one that resembled a coughing sound. He was still not used to this world’s chatting app’s ‘Du Du’ tone yet. The interface was unfamiliar to him as well and the design of it looked a bit off compared to what he was used to. Only after he clicked on the notification did he realize that his friend request was accepted.

Alright!

She’s online!

Zhang Ye sent a message over, “Big Sis, what are you doing?”

The reply was a little slow. After about a minute, a message came in: “Taking a bath.”

Zhang Ye: “Bathing and still on your phone?”

Water Lotus Moon: “In a bathtub, the phone won’t get wet.”

Zhang Ye: “Oic, are you going to rest soon?”

Water Lotus Moon: “Yeah, and you?”

Zhang Ye: “I’m already lying in bed, preparing to sleep, but I can’t sleep. I’ve been having insomnia lately. How are you? Are you tired after a day of work?”

Water Lotus Moon: “Not bad. The photos I sent to you the last time, did you delete them after?”

Zhang Ye: “The ones you sent at the end? It’s all been deleted. Hur hur, let me send you a screenshot.”

Water Lotus Moon sent a smiling emoticon over: “It’s alright, Big Sis trusts you.” After this message was sent, another one came in two seconds later, “Well, do you still want to see?”

Zhang Ye nose turned hot as he aggressively typed in: “Definitely.”

Water Lotus Moon: “Then wait a bit. Let me take some.”

Zhang Ye cried out loud under his covers: “Are you taking them now?”

Water Lotus Moon: “Yes, I’m on the phone now and the photos are on my computer. Big Sis is having a bath now, how else would I send them to you? Wait a bit.”

Zhang Ye was excited: “OK, I am waiting right here” followed by 3 exclamation marks.

1 minute.

2 minutes....

Finally, the chat window made a sound and the first picture was being sent over.

Zhang Ye pressed on the picture and had a look. He suddenly felt a rush of blood from his upper half to his low half. He first saw those beautiful breasts. Water Lotus Moon was not wearing any clothes at all, her navel was submerged under the water in the bathtub. It looked like she had been in the bath for some time as he could see some beads of sweat forming on her skin. The water was clear, with no shampoo or shower foam on top. All that was in the water was visible clearly. Water Lotus Moon ample and full legs were stacked on top of each other with her heels resting on the edge of the bathtub. Even her right foot’s big toe was pointed outwards. The photo’s composition was very well done.

Zhang Ye replied: “Giving a Like for beauty.”

Water Lotus Moon: “Thank you.”



And then, the chat window rang again, it was yet another photo.

In this photo, Water Lotus Moon's body was already covered in quite a lot of shower foam. It was all white bubbles and one of her hands was covering her abdomen. Her legs were curved as she did a very special pose. Her other hand then held the camera and took the picture from top down. What a seductive pose!

Zhang Ye immediately replied: "That's so beautiful."

Water Lotus Moon: "I'm more satisfied with these 2 photos only. The others didn't turn out too well, so I won't send them. Same rules, delete them after you've seen them. Alright, Big Sis is done with her bath. It's time to sleep."

Zhang Ye replied: "Good night."

Water Lotus Moon: "Good night."

Zhang Ye stared at the 2 photos for a long time before reluctantly deleting them. After a few days, he had once again seen Water Lotus Moon's grace. Zhang Ye felt that it was totally worth losing a night's sleep over.

# Chapter 339: What Are You Commanding Me For!

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Friday.

It was noon time.

When he reached Peking University, Zhang Ye headed straight for the canteen in his car. There were many places to eat on campus, but he did not go to those fanciful higher end eateries and instead came straight to the School 1's canteen. It was cheap and the food tasted alright, though this place was well known for its pork shank.

There were many people inside.

As it was right about lunchtime, the few windows all had long queues.

“Look!”

“It's Teacher Zhang Ye!”

“Teacher Zhang, good afternoon!”

“You are here to have lunch too? What are you doing here at School 1's canteen?”

“Right, hee hee, you are such a big shot. Why would you eat with poor students like us?”

When he walked into the canteen, many students who knew him had greeted him. There was no teacher student ceremonies to observe and it felt very endearing. After all, Zhang Ye was not the traditional type of teacher. He was a host who had diversified into teaching. He could even be considered a comedian of sorts due to his Talk Show, and so everyone’s perception of Zhang Ye was much more familiar, unlike the other teachers and professors who they would behave very well when they saw them. Zhang Ye didn’t have the air of a lecturer about him.

Zhang Ye smiled, “How am I a big shot? The salary for this month has not be issued yet. If I don’t save a little, I might not even be able to pay my rent.”

“You still need to pay rent?”

“Teacher Zhang is claiming to be poor!”

Quite a number of students nearby burst out laughing.

Zhang Ye then went to line up properly since there was no distinction between the student and teacher’s queue.

When the student in front of Zhang Ye turned around, he received a shock, “Heavens, it’s Teacher Zhang. Go ahead first!”

He gave way.

Zhang Ye waved his hand and smiled, “I’m not going to add threes. Thanks.”

The words “add threes”, which meant cutting in line, was Beijing slang.

After more than ten minutes, it was finally his turn. Zhang Ye ate simply. He only wanted a platter of assorted dishes. “Sir, two bowls of rice, a portion of Kung Pao chicken, and a portion of fried eggplant.”

The attendant took a look. “Hey, it’s Teacher Zhang. Sure, I’ll give you a bit more.”

“Thank you very much.” Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony. He then carried the stainless steel tray to look for a spot to sit.

The canteen was not small, but it could not hold that many people. There were already no empty tables. There wasn’t even a place to sit. Many students were standing behind people who were about to finish eating.

“Teacher Zhang! Here!”

“No! Over here! Over here!”

“I have a spot here!”

“Teacher Zhang, come sit with us!”

“Let us squeeze a bit! Make space for Teacher Zhang!”

This all depended on each person's popularity. Many Peking University students were trying to vie for him, as they wanted Zhang Ye to sit with them desperately. Zhang Ye was not the only teacher who came to School 1's canteen. There were also quite a few teachers who liked the food or preferred the cheaper food here, but for them, after they got their food, no one would ever offer them a seat. Either they packed it away and went back to their office to eat, or they would wait around to see if their own class' students would offer them a seat as other class or department students did not recognize them. What's more, teachers and students were getting harder to distinguish! Some students had old faces, while some teachers looked rather young. It was no longer easy to recognize who was the teacher and who was the student, so how would you know when to offer a seat?

But for Zhang Ye?

Dozens of people were shouting for him!

When those other teachers saw, they were rendered speechless,  
“.....”

Your mother! We are all Peking University teachers, why is there

such a difference in treatment?

Zhang Ye could only accept their hospitality as he could not refuse those few Year 2 girls' pulling at him. So he joined them over at a table by the window as the seven or eight of them squeezed together to free up a spot for him. Zhang Ye definitely could not refuse now, so he sat down to eat.

“Teacher Zhang, how old are you?”

“What is your horoscope?”

“Are you married, Teacher Zhang?”

“Will you come over to our History department next year to teach a class?”

The few girls kept chattering away noisily, but it was rather interesting.

Zhang Ye smiled as he chatted with them, leisurely eating. He liked to interact with the students, just like how he liked to interact with the audience while doing a program.

After having his fill, Zhang Ye left the canteen. As the canteen was quite near the Chinese department, he did not drive back and instead just walked over. As a result, a bunch of students, around 18 of them, suddenly followed along and flanked him as they started chatting.

Around the Chinese department.

Downstairs at the office building.

Su Na had also just returned from her lunch. When she turned her head and saw Zhang Ye's situation, she was amused. After Zhang Ye made it to the office building's corridor alone, she said, "Teacher Zhang, you are really popular. You've only been here for a few days and you're already mixing with the students. They aren't even students from your class. Seems like every student from every department in Peking University already knows you. Unlike me, I've been here for 2 years now and it seems like there are some students from my own class that still do not know who I am."

Zhang Ye laughed, "Well, that's because of my profession's advantage. If you were a host and have done a few shows, everyone would know who you are too. Besides, Teacher Su, with your conditions, you would definitely do better as a host than me if you were to try."

Su Na smiled, "I'm not as capable as you."

They chatted and laughed on their way back to the office. Someone was waiting for Zhang Ye.

"Teacher Zhang." It was his "Appreciation of the Classics" class representative, Senior Song. She was carrying a stack of assessment papers, "I'm here to submit the assignments."

Zhang Ye nodded, “Thank you, has everyone submitted their work?”

Senior Song put down the assessment papers, “It’s all here, not a single one is missing.”

“Sure, then go back and quickly prepare for your other exams.” Zhang Ye said.

When class representative Song went off, Zhang Ye sat down and started grading the assignments one by one. To him, this was his first time doing something like this, so he took it very seriously.

This one’s fine.

That one’s good too.

Hmm, this one is very well written.

The Chinese department’s other teachers were also busily grading their papers or preparing for the exams. The semester end exams were all arranged within these few days and everyone was busy. Zhang Ye, in comparison, was much more relaxed as the others had bigger classes, while his class was just an elective course with a slightly over a hundred students. The assignment was also related to characters in ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, which Zhang Ye was extremely familiar with. Just by reading through their work, he could see if they had put in any effort to write it.



From noon until late afternoon.

Zhang Ye spent three hours without rest and quickly finished grading all the assignments. A few of them were not too appropriate, so Zhang Ye had them marked down and he summoned for these students to see him.

Yao Mi was one of them.

When they entered the office, Yao Mi and the others were very nervous.

“Teacher Zhang.”

“Are you looking for us?”

“Did we fail our elective class?”

Zhang Ye put up his hand to stop them from saying more, “Come over, speak softly. Don’t disturb the other teachers.” He then passed their assignments back to them, “They all have problems. Yao Mi, your choice of character was not good. You picked a servant who isn’t even a supporting character. This person was only described with a few lines in the entire novel and even I do not know this character well, nor will I be able to understand. Cao Xueqin only randomly wrote about this character to set off Baoyu and only appeared once. It’s even an appearance by narration, yet you have written it with such exaggeration. It’s as if this character

is a main one with a mysterious feel? The role is too significant? It depended on him to save the world?”

The few students all giggled.

Su Na, who was seated nearby, also laughed a little when she heard this.

Yao Mi's face was flushed with redness, “But, but I feel that he is very important. In ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, the characters are not just simply characters. They are all made of flesh and blood, but it's just that no one had ever researched this person. So you cannot say that he's not important or does not have a significant role. I really did some serious research on this.”

At this time, Chang Kaige and Yan Jiantao had come into the office. They were inspecting on the grading process.

Zhang Ye smiled, “Then alright, explain to me about this person's life. Of course, it was not mentioned in the novel, but you have to give me your analysis on it.”

Yao Mi immediately replied, “I feel that he is not just an ordinary person because when he first appeared, the chapter description was written in this way....” She explained further.

After Zhang Ye heard everything, he unexpectedly nodded, “OK, you can go back. You passed.”

Yao Mi said in surprise, “Really?”

Zhang Ye smiled, “You have your own views and analysis. That means you have researched and thought about it. Although the conclusion is debatable, it is not a bad thing. You may go.”

“Haha, thank you Teacher Zhang!” Yao Mi went off happily.

Zhang Ye continued to ask the next student, “Zhao Long, what you wrote seemed to be what I said exactly in my class. Regarding the character of Yinchun, what other views of your own do you have? Tell me about it.”

Zhao Long followed Yao Mi’s explanations method and talked about a whole lot of something.

Zhang Ye nodded, “Yes, although you did not analyze from your own point of view too much and was less creative, from your explanation, I can hear that you have also researched on what I mentioned in class. You’ve taken in everything that I’ve said and that’s an effort worth commending. You may go now, you passed.”

In a short while, all of them were passed and left.

Zhang Ye had added on a question and answer exam outside of their written assessment.

Finally, Zhang Ye noticed the inspecting Chang Kaige and his team, “Dean Chang, you’re here? The elective class exams are

done. The grades combined with the attendance, the children from my class have all passed.”

Yan Jiantao face darkened, “All passed?”

Zhang Ye looked at him, “Yes.”

Yan Jiantao said, “Isn’t your exam too casual? Why is our Peking University such a famous institution for all these years? Because we are strict and rigorous in education! Those few students who were here earlier, did they fail their assessments? Oh, so you just asked a few questions and they passed? Your attitude lacks seriousness!”

With this argument happening, everyone looked over!

Heh! You are coming hard on me now eh? I’ve already let it slide the last time! Now you are trying to look for trouble with me for no reason again? Zhang Ye stared at him and slammed his hand on his students’ stack of assessments, “Professor Yan, this is my elective class. How I grade them is up to me. I don’t need your instructions!” As he said so, he stood up, “I’m also a teacher of the Chinese department. You may doubt my character, but you cannot doubt my professionalism! Whether the students listened in my class or whether they gained any knowledge from it, I’m clearer than anyone here! If the assessment doesn’t show it, I added on a verbal exam, is there a problem? Why don’t you grade the assessment instead!”

Yan Jiantao was fired up, “Your class and I grade the papers!?”

Zhang Ye rebutted him, “Then what are you commanding me for!”

Yan Jiantao was filled with rage and nearly blew up, “Me, commanding? I am just telling you how to mark assessments as a teacher! And you actually yelled at me? Are you more experienced or am I more experienced? Zhang Ye! Try shouting at me again!”

Zhang Ye said coldly, “If you are more experienced, why don’t you go and talk about ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’! In this field, do you know more or do I know more? It’s my class and I don’t have the authority to speak or decide?”

“Shout at me again!” Yan Jiantao stared intently.

Zhang Ye stepped forward, “Who’s the one shouting here!”

Chang Kaige quickly shouted out, “Stop arguing! Step down!”

A male teacher quickly pulled Yan Jiantao back, “Professor Yan, calm down, calm down!”

Su Na also immediately grabbed Zhang Ye’s shoulder, “What are trying to do, Teacher Zhang! Don’t speak anymore, don’t speak anymore! Everyone was only doing it for the students!”

Chang Kaige snapped, “What kind of image are we showing if the

students see this! Old Yan, you are an old comrade and an experienced educator, what example are you demonstrating to everyone? And you, Little Zhang! Professor Yan is your senior and has a lot of experience, how can you speak to a senior in this way? Watch your attitude!”

This was like giving 50 strokes of paddling to the both of them.

When he heard the shouting, Secretary Zhen also came over, “What’s the matter?”

Outside, the other Chinese department’s lecturers had also heard and came over to see the commotion.

When Secretary Zhen understood the situation, he was lost for words. He then waved everyone off at the door, “Disperse, go back to work!”

Finally, Zhen Shuquan dragged the still-angry Professor Yan away. They probably went over to have a talk alone. Chang Kaige also summoned Zhang Ye to his office, to criticize him in private. Honestly speaking, the two of them were both at fault in this incident. It was not known why Professor Yan was so displeased with Zhang Ye, but it was OK if you just feel so in silence, but yet, Professor Yan had picked on Zhang Ye on several occasions. Zhang Ye was the same. No matter what, this was Peking University where seniority mattered. It was still an educational institution. How could you speak to a senior in this manner? It might not be insubordination, but it’s still disrespectful. If everyone was like you, then wouldn’t Peking University be in a mess?

But?

One was an experienced educator, who was a senior in the Chinese department. His students were many and he had a lot of influence in the education world!

The other one was the Chinese department's most popular hero. He was President Wu's hand-picked person and was also the most popular teacher in all of the higher learning institutions!

How do you think this could be handled? Who do you think should be held responsible? However you handled this, there would be a problem! Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan were both very troubled by this. Old Yan was really too much, he was too focused on qualifications. What do you think you were doing trying to keep this up with a junior? It's not like you don't know what kind of person Teacher Little Zhang was. That guy is not a man to be trifled with! He might look like a harmless guy. Everyone's good when everything is good, but when you provoke him, he wouldn't care whether or not you're his relative! Wasn't the Shanghai SARFT great? In the end? Didn't they get insulted as grandchildren!

What are you two trying to prove!

If this gets out, no one will look good!

But the truth was, in just a few minutes after Yan Jiantao and Zhang Ye's quarrel, the whole of the Chinese department knew

about it. Then in less than 15 minutes again, the whole of Peking University knew about it!



# Chapter 340: National Primary And Secondary School New Year Gala!

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Afternoon.

Peking University's campus was filled with the whispers of gossip.

"Chinese department's Professor Yan fought with Teacher Zhang!"

"What? The Professor Yan who previously received a literature award? Which Teacher Zhang?"

"What do you mean? The only person who dares challenge Professor Yan has to be Zhang Ye!"

"Why did the two fight? Is this a succession battle in the field of literature?"

"Who knows? Anyway, the news came from the Chinese department, so it can't be fake."

"Hai, if the two of them start battling in literature, who do you think has the edge?"

"I think it would be Professor Yan. He had received a literature award before and is a veteran in the educational world. How can

he be worse than Teacher Zhang?"

"I also have my bet placed on Professor Yan. Although he likes to take advantage of his seniority, and is a bit old-fashioned in his words, he has true ability after all."

"I don't think so. What sort of knowledge does Teacher Zhang have? If the two really battled it out, it's not easy to say who would win. This would be interesting!"

"Teacher Zhang is not someone to be thought of lightly."

"I think Professor Yan is better!"

The teachers from various faculties began to discuss in murmurs!

Actually, Yan Jiantao and Zhang Ye just had a tiny verbal conflict, with neither party cursing. However, the more the news spread, the more ridiculous it became. It later transformed into a clash between new and old figures in literature. Things like two tigers cannot share one mountain, or that there was bound to be a showdown. It was quite sinister sounding, so with a change of topics, it became a debate of who was better in the field of literature.

By the lake.

In a small garden.

A few students were discussing the matter!

Li Li said with shifty eyes and whispered, "I heard that Professor Yan doesn't like Teacher Zhang passing all of us on the exam and made things difficult. Professor Yan's intent was that such an exam cannot allow everyone to pass, with the need of making an example of people to warn others, so as to express Peking University's strictness and rigor. Through this, everyone would feel a sense of danger and put more effort into their studies. However, Teacher Zhang believes in encouraging the students. If an eye could be closed, he would close it, so he began arguing with Professor Yan for us!"

Li Ying hurried said, "Little Mi, you got called over by Teacher Zhang because of the exam, right?"

Yao Mi said with a puff, "That's right. Uncle Zhang had given an additional verbal exam before passing us. This matter was clearly because of us. That Professor Yan is too infuriating! How can he do that!?"

"That's right." Yao Mi's roommate added on, "Our Teacher Zhang sure is good. His teaching is good, his standards are high. There's really nothing to fault him on when it comes to his attitude towards his students. This is what a good teacher does. He's not like that Professor Yan, who must make an example of others as a warning. Must he deliberately fail students? What kind of person is he!"

Senior Song, who also walked past, was called over. At this moment, she said, "This matter is not something we as students should comment about. However, Teacher Zhang is, after all the teacher of 'Appreciation of the Classics'. Teacher Zhang has full authority over it. Professor Yan isn't teaching the class, so for him to point fingers at how Teacher Zhang teaches his class is a bit... Alright, we shouldn't talk about this further. Today's exams have ended, so let us return for tomorrow's exams."

Yao Mi said angrily, "What mood do I have to prepare for my exams? Do you think Teacher Zhang will be fired? After all Professor Yan is quite established in Peking University!"

Senior Zhou seemed to have been chasing after Senior Song all this while, so he came with her. When he heard this, he smiled and said, "Fired? You must be underestimating Teacher Zhang. That definitely won't happen."

As Zhang Ye's students, they were naturally aligned with Zhang Ye.

.....

Bathroom.

Professor Zeng and Zhang Ye came here to smoke.

"You and your bad temper. If you can let it pass, then let it pass. There were so many colleagues around. The effects won't be good,

right?" Professor Zeng blew out smoke through the window. "However Old Yan sure is too much. He has targeted you a few times now, so I can't blame you for losing control of your anger. If it were anyone else, they wouldn't feel good either."

Zhang Ye threw up his hands, "You also heard it. I did not challenge him for no reason. No one can endure this type of treatment. I didn't offend anyone, and was just grading my papers, but here he came pointing fingers at me. You also saw it yesterday, right? That Yan stirred up the colleagues to ostracize me. Tell me, what did I do? I didn't do a thing. I was properly having my classes, properly teaching my students. Was I at fault? And this was problematic? If this bro offended someone because I did not do something well, I would admit it and we can talk about it. But now? He just doesn't like me and had nothing better to do, so he decided to come trample on me? He came trampling on me after I ignored him once? Ha!"

Professor Zeng acknowledged. "You aren't wrong on this matter."

"That's it, so don't blame me for breaking decorum!" Zhang Ye began to laugh. "I'm afraid of everything but a provocation. I can handle anything!"

Professor Zeng persuaded him. "Don't be so angry. Actually it's not that big a deal. It's nothing that violates your principles, so just let it pass."

"No, to me, this is a matter of principle." Zhang Ye said, "My principle is don't provoke me, and if you provoke me? Don't dare think of having a good time!"

"Alright, let's not talk about this further." Professor Zeng looked at his watch and changed the subject. "Hur Hur, it's already this late. The auditorium is the venue of the National Primary and Secondary New Year's Gala held in Peking University. You should know about that, right? Let us go take a look at the gala. It can soothe your mind. Don't keep thinking of this infuriating matter." Whether Zhang Ye agreed to or not, Professor Zeng pulled him out of the bathroom, and towards the auditorium.

.....

Outside the auditorium.

Many primary and secondary school students were dressed in their school uniforms and lined up to enter the venue.

There were schools from Beijing, as well as schools from other provinces. The square was filled with teachers and students. There were fewer primary school students. A majority of them were secondary school students. Some of the older children were dressed in a multitude of colors. They wore head accessories and held Hula Hoops in hand. It was as if they were here to put on acrobatic performances.

"This is Peking University?"

"I must attend this school in the future!"

"Me too. This is my goal!"

"There will be college entrance examinations in a few more months. I need to work hard too. This place sure is huge. It's really worthy of being the number one institute of higher learning in the country. It really lives up to its reputation."

"I really envy those elder brothers and sisters who study here."

"Ah! Look, look! That's Zhang Ye!"

"Who is Zhang Ye?"

"You are such a turtle! You don't even know Zhang Ye?"

"I know, Zhang Ye is that guy who does Talk Shows. He's quite a famous host, and now, it seems he's teaching in Peking University. He proposed many unprecedented and amazing points of view regarding 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. Our language teacher even mentioned Zhang Ye a few days ago during our lessons. He said Zhang Ye's lectures on 'Dream of the Red Chamber' were excellent!"

A few students pointed at Zhang Ye, but they did not go over. They just looked at him from a distance.

Professor Zeng patted Zhang Ye, "You are quite popular."

Zhang Ye could not help but laugh. "Don't say that. My popularity is just notoriety. It's well known in the industry."

"Oh, you are aware of that?" Professor Zeng was also amused. "Then, why do you keep causing trouble? Everything would be fine if you take a step back. Try to have patience and endure it if possible."

Zhang Ye smiled. It was unknown if it got to him.

Suddenly, a girl's voice sounded, "Bro!"

Looking towards the origin of the sound, Zhang Ye saw his third cousin in the crowd. He waved his hand and saw Cao Mengmeng pull her form teacher, Teacher Leng, over.

Zhang Ye said, "Teacher Leng."

"Teacher Zhang, we meet again." Teacher Leng smiled and then looked at Professor Zeng. She hurriedly stretched out her hand, "You are Professor Zeng, right? I've seen your papers before."

Professor Zeng shook hands with her. "Nice to meet you."

Zhang Ye introduced, "This is my cousin, and this is her form teacher, Teacher Leng." Then patted Cao Mengmeng on the head, "Call him Grandpa Zeng."



Cao Mengmeng said cutely, "Grandpa Zeng, how do you do?!"

"Hi, hello." Professor Zeng beamed and said, "This young lady is really beautiful."

Zhang Ye trampled on her. "What do you mean beautiful? She's just mischievous and causes trouble all the time."

Cao Mengmeng stared. "Bro, why are you speaking bad about me. I will ignore you in the future. No, I'm mentally scarred now. You have to compensate me. My cellphone needs an upgrade!"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. "You only know to rob me every day or two, and you still want to upgrade your cellphone? Your bro hasn't even changed his own and he's so poor now."

From somewhere else, a few Peking University students walked over.

Yao Mi waved. "Teacher Zhang."

Senior Song and Senior Zhou also greeted them.

Zhang Ye nodded. "You guys came too? Does our Peking University have a show to put on?"

Senior Song said, "Nothing to do with us. We are just here as spectators. A few people from every class are given this

opportunity."

Yao Mi hurried said, "Teacher Zhang, you and Professor Y..."

"Teacher Zhang, go about your business. We will be entering first." Senior Zhou tugged at Yao Mi to prevent her from speaking blindly. The few of them began lining up to enter the venue with tickets in hand.

"What are you doing!?" Yao Mi stared.

Senior Zhou gave a wry smile. "There are so many people around. Don't speak without thinking."

However, even if it was not asked, many people had already heard about the conflict between Zhang Ye and Yan Jiantao that afternoon. A few teachers and students, who came to Peking University, also glanced at Zhang Ye as they whispered amongst themselves.

After sending his cousin off, Zhang Ye and Professor Zeng entered the Grand Auditorium. They were the hosts and the organizers, so the seats that were reserved for them were better. They were all seated the front row.

President Wu was already there.

There were a few people surrounding her that Zhang Ye had never seen before. They were likely the leaders of Peking

University.

With another glance, he saw Yan Jiantao sitting in the second row. He was chatting with an elderly professor from another department he was familiar with. With that, the few of them stared over at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye ignored Yan Jiantao and went to the third row with Professor Zeng.

Su Na stroked her chin, "Professor Zeng and Teacher Zhang, you came too? I thought both of you would be busy. Sorry for not getting you when I came over."

Professor Zeng said with a chuckle, "How can we not attend such a good gala?"

People began to enter in droves. The auditorium, that could hold a few thousand people, was quickly filled up. It was quite lively. There were a large number of reporters and cameras. Although it was not broadcasted on television, it would still be recorded and released on the internet.

# Chapter 341: Professor Yan's Opening Address!

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The gala was about to begin.

The auditorium was extremely lively.

"Mengmeng." A girl called out to her.

"What?" Cao Mengmeng said with a giggle.

The girl blinked and asked, "Is your bro having a show today?"

Cao Mengmeng's eyes twinkled. "I don't think so?"

"Most surely not." Teacher Leng, who was leading them, smiled and said, "Today it's the Primary and Secondary School New Year Gala. The programs have long been rehearsed and fixed. There will be no other programs."

Another middle school boy said, "What a pity. I wanted to listen to Mengmeng's cousin compose another poem. The 'To The Oak' Mengmeng recited last time is really a classic amongst classic love poems. It's almost the same as the great poet, Teacher Chen Tianmo's 'Autumn Snow'. It was awesome."

Cao Mengmeng said proudly. "Of course. Who do you think my bro is!?"

"Aha? Your bro is Zhang Ye? The host from our Shanghai WebTV?" A Shanghainese female student said from the side.

Cao Mengmeng was extremely pleased. Pointing towards the front, "That's right. There, in the third row. That's my bro!"

.....

In the front.

A few people were preparing for their speeches. Today's opening speech was done by an official from the Education Bureau, before a Peking University professor delivered his.

"Where's the President?"

"The President isn't feeling well."

"Hmm? Then what about the closing speech today?"

"Let me make another phone call. The President should be able to come."

"Right, there's still more than an hour. There should be time."

Wu Zeqing and a few school leaders began talking.

There was an empty seat in the first row. Peking University's President was absent today as he suddenly did not feel well that morning and had gone to the hospital for an IV drip. After asking about the situation, it did not seem to be anything serious, so he could still rush to get here in time. The gala was not as important as other galas. However, it was, after all, a national level gala. They had to show their respect and how highly they thought of it. It was customary for the President to deliver the closing or opening speech.

.....

The curtains were drawn!

The gala officially began!

Upon seeing this, the reporters began their video recordings. However, one could tell that the quality of their recordings from their positions would not be too good. The job of recording mainly rested on Peking University. There were four or five cameras either on tripods, or hanging in the air. It was very professional.

On stage, two hosts walked out one after another.

It was a man and woman duo. Zhang Ye did not know the man, but the woman looked familiar.

"Dear leaders, guests, teachers, and students, good evening!"

"Let me welcome everybody to this year's National Primary and Secondary School New Year Gala. Let us introduce our guests and school representatives."

Fifteen Middle School...

Shidafu Middle School...

Yucai Middle School...

Shanghai Primary School...

Jinshi 2 Middle School...

et cetera. There was a long list of names.

Zhang Ye leaned his head over and asked, "Is this female host a teacher from our department?"

Su Na smiled and said, "That's right. Yan Jin from the Chinese department. She teaches Chinese and is in the second office across from ours. You should have seen her before. The guy is a staff of Peking University's public relations. His name is Zhao Xuan. They are a couple, and have also been the model couple of our Peking University for years. Back then, they graduated from Peking University, and began working in Peking University." With a pause, Su Na said, "The school actually wanted you to be the host."

Zhang Ye shook his hands. "I have never hosted such a gala before."

Broadcasting hosts may all seem the same to others, but Zhang Ye, of course, knew that hosts were not that simple. There were many different kinds. For example, broadcasting announcers. These hosts basically read from a script, and there was little spontaneity involved. However, for a television host like Zhang Ye, there was a need to be more reactionary and spontaneous as there was more unpredictability in variety programs. As for a host for a gala, the focus was on seriousness and stage control. This sort of gala host needed to have a strong ability to control the atmosphere. They had to be able to let the audience applaud, laugh, or remain silent when needed. There could not be any mistakes, nor could the host become the highlight of the show. If you made a very funny performance, causing the audience to keep laughing, then how would the next performance be able to proceed? This was definitely inappropriate, hence this kind of host needed to be a very good facilitator. It was all not easy.

Professor Zeng was clearly an unprofessional. "Aren't you a host who majored in this? This is hard for you?"

Zhang Ye said truthfully, "I might not do well as a gala's host. Firstly, I do not have experience, and secondly, I do a talk show, so people want to laugh once they see me. It would affect the control of the atmosphere. It wouldn't be nice if the atmosphere turns chaotic."

Su Na chuckled and said, "We didn't know about these, but if you



were to do it, I believe you would definitely do very well. After all, you are a professional."

This was actually the truth. Even though Zhang Ye did not have experience being a gala's host, he still had the basic foundations as a professional. He would definitely be more professional than Yan Jin and Zhao Xuan on stage.

"But you were busy with your classes a while ago." Su Na said, "Every one of them was a public lecture, so you were too busy, so the school did not dare to trouble you, afraid it would affect your teaching. If not, the job of host would definitely have been yours. There are few in Peking University that are more eloquent than you."

Zhang Ye looked seriously at her and said, "Teacher Su, I'm mentioning this first. There's no problem if you flatter me for free, but can I not treat all of you to dinner tonight?"

The surrounding teachers, who heard this, all laughed.

Su Na also burst out into laughter, "No way! I've flattered you all day! You have to treat!"

"Everyone who hears it should get a piece of the pie." Professor Zeng also joined in the fun. "Count me in. I haven't eaten seafood in a long time."

A few Peking University teachers, who Zhang Ye did not know,

also looked at him in a different light. He had just quarreled with Peking University's senior authority, Professor Yan this afternoon, but here he was all smiles? He was so humorous? This calmness was not something any typical person could have. If it was an important figure like Professor Yan, if he was not frustrated to death, he would be worried to death. However, Zhang Ye's attitude indicated that he did not seem to mind at all. Actually, they did not understand that Zhang Ye did not feel it after getting used to it. This fellow was already accustomed to offending people, and no longer treated it seriously.

On-stage.

The Education Bureau's leader finished his opening speech.

The female host, Yan Jin smiled and said, "Next, please welcome Peking University's Chinese department's Professor Yan to deliver his speech."

Yan Jiantao's figure had not been in the second row for some time. It was unknown when he went backstage. At this moment, he walked out and took over the microphone from the host.

People applauded.

Zhang Ye's eyes narrowed.

Su Na looked at him. "It will be Professor Yan speaking on behalf of Peking University first."

Yan Jiantao did not bring a script and clearly had done his homework in advance. He had already memorized the script. "Hello students. During today's opening address, I want to talk about the topic of 'University is Useless' that is expressed by society these days." He spoke in a stern manner, and sounded like he was giving a public lecture, and not a speech at a gala. "I do not know what motives people have to make such a nonsensical statement, extolling how university is useless. Peking University is a top learning institute in the country and I have been working in education for 43 years. As someone with experience, I can tell everyone..."

Many teachers began to nod as they listened.

But in comparison, almost all the students were lacking in attention. They were nearly falling asleep.

"The children present have yet to walk into society, nor have they contributed to society. You might not understand many things, nor is there a way for you to. University is actually a checkpoint that helps everyone step into society. This is actually a bridge that ensures that everyone becomes a part of society. Knowledge is power. Knowledge is life. The answers you seek can slowly be discovered during your time in university. You can slowly discover yourselves and understand and become aware of yourselves. In my point of view, this is something essential. It is an essential process that can help everyone establish the correct values and outlook on life..." Professor Yan blabbered on and on.

The students became even more tired.

"In present day society, we are the ones supporting it. We have tried all means to 'encourage education', and are full of good intention, but some people are tired of hearing it, and might even place barriers in front of their ears. However, as educators, we have constantly repeated again and again in order to 'encourage education'. Has everyone thought about the reason?" Yan Jiantao's general meaning was that, as pillars of support for present-day society, they had only the best intentions for the students. They wanted them to study hard and improve themselves daily. Children did not know anything, and did not possess correct values, so they had to listen to them. They did not need to think. Only after they finished their education would these children be able to thank these educators for the life they were given.

What stale talk!

However, Professor Yan had just changed the perspective slightly. He followed a logical line of thought to make sure everyone understood this point. He wanted to let the students think of how educators were painstakingly encouraging them to study, because as their seniors, they had 'applied what they had learned'. Hence, they were strong advocates. If it was really useless, why would they keep pestering them by repeating the same old?

Finally, Yan Jiantao said, "University isn't useless, only ignorance is useless! Peking University will always open its arms to children who have a thirst for knowledge! We will forever welcome you!"

He finished his speech.

There was a round of applause and considered quite enthusiastic.

After all, there were cameras, so the students gave face by applauding, but in fact, a large number of students had faces of disinterest.

Only the secondary school leaders and teachers, as well as Peking University's lecturers, held Professor Yan's speech in high esteem. They felt Professor Yan had done a good job in his speech.

"That was a good speech."

"It looks like Professor Yan had done quite a lot of preparation."

"That's right. Encouraging people to study from a different perspective. It's quite fresh."

"Professor Yan has the heart. I hope the students will really take it to heart."

"From this standards, we can see Professor Yan's skill. This way of encouraging people to study is filled with positivity. Zhang Ye can never learn this."

"That's right. Zhang Ye's literary skill is sarcasm. His poems and essays are indeed at a pinnacle, but when it comes to education, to

persuade people to do good, he's far from it. It is incomparable to Professor Yan. What a joke for people to compare him to Professor Yan. They even analyzed to see who was better? Is there a need to analyze? Professor Yan's experience numbers in the decades. How can a rising star like Zhang Ye compete with Professor Yan?"

"Zhang Ye is lacking the requisite attainment."

# Chapter 342: Zhang Ye's Closing Speech!

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On the podium.

The first program of the gala unfolded.

It was a song and dance performance. The opening dance began with primary school students appearing in gorgeous attire. Following that, a bunch of middle and high school students slowly joined in the dance as the musical rhythm became more intense.

Professor Yan got off the stage and returned to his seat.

"Professor Yan."

"Nicely said."

"With experience comes wisdom."

Yan Jiantao waved his hand and smiled, and said some modest words.

The surrounding professors and colleagues continuously flattered him.

The others, meanwhile raised the old topic, and talked about how Zhang Ye's literature and education was incomparable to Yan Jiantao. Compared to Professor Yan, who walked a orthodox and

traditional educational path, Zhang Ye's literary qualities were useless in this realm. Many Peking University teachers believed this was the gap from different levels, and also the difference in realms. Teacher Zhang's works were more popular than Professor Yan's works. He was popular too, but so what? In literature and education, it was not a competition for so-called popularity. It was not a competition of who stirred up more interest, but the meaning and significance behind it.

Could Zhang Ye do it?

He had not demonstrated skill in this before!

The Peking University teachers were mostly concentrated in the right side towards the front. Some of talk ended up reaching Zhang Ye's area. When the music from the stage stopped, Zhang Ye heard it.

I'm inferior to Yan Jiantao? Zhang Ye laughed without a word.

Su Na also heard it and whispered, "Teacher Zhang, don't take it to heart. They are just casually talking about it and joining in on the buzz. Don't take offense."

Zhang Ye shrugged his shoulders. "It's alright."

The students in the auditorium were nearly falling asleep!

This is what an education standard was? This is what a literary



standard was?

Zhang Ye was at a loss of words. He admitted that literature was not something that depended on popularity, but it was not something that does not take into account popularity, right? If people rejected watching or listening to it, then who was this literature for? What was the meaning behind literature? Narcissism? Everyone is drunk, while I'm the only one awake? Without any transmission ability, the so-called literature was not worth even a shit! Yan Jiantao's speech was indeed very orthodox. The reasoning behind it was good, but to say that he did a good job? Zhang Ye did not agree!

One program followed another.

One performance followed another.

Dances...

Choral performances...

Acrobatic performances...

Crosstalk...

Suddenly, just as the gala was ending, a secondary school student walked up the stage. He surprised everyone with a talk show performance. Everyone found it quite novel.

The students were very interested in new things.

"Talk Show?"

"Isn't this Teacher Zhang's creation?"

"It's not bad."

"Is it? It's a far cry from Zhang Ye's."

"Isn't that nonsense? Zhang Ye is the creator of such a program format. Furthermore, he is a professional host. There's no way to compete. This person is already doing quite a good job."

"Hai, listening to this makes me want to listen to Teacher Zhang do a Talk Show again. Isn't he a Peking University teacher now? Will he do a segment for us today?"

"No chance for that. Teacher Zhang isn't a primary or secondary school student."

A talk show program aroused the discussion amongst students of other provinces. Of course, there were a large number of people who had not heard of talk shows. There were even more people who did not know who Zhang Ye was. Hence, when they saw this program format, they thought it was a mono crosstalk. Only when the surrounding classmates explained to them did they learn that

this was a talk show style performance. No wonder it felt different from mono crosstalk. There was no main theme, and the style was very different.

.....

In the front row.

A few people did not have the mind to listen to the talk show program onstage.

A Peking University staff member ran over and crouched down, to avoid the cameras or affect others. He hurriedly said, "The President can't make it!"

A Vice President was stunned. "What happened?"

Wu Zeqing also said, "Is the President still not feeling well?"

"Yes, we just found out about it on the phone. The President is still hospitalized. He was supposed to be discharged just now, but now, it doesn't seem to be the case." The staff said, "The hospital said the President has elevated blood pressure and needs to be put under supervision while on drip. So, he definitely won't be able to come. The President got them to pass the message to get someone else to stand in for the closing speech."

A Vice President, who had a white beard, said, "That is the only thing we can do now. President Wu, you are eloquent, why don't

you do it?" With that, the staff said, "What about the closing speech's script?"

The person was stunned. "Script? Oh, there's no script."

An old professor said, "Didn't the office type out a script for the President?"

"No." The staff said, "It was written by the President himself. I was in a hurry and forgot to ask the President where the script is."

The old professor said, "Then hurry and get it!"

Wu Zeqing said, "There's no time. There are only three programs left!"

The staff wiped his sweat as he said, "It will take an hour to make a round trip to the hospital. The President seldom uses a computer and hand writes his things. There's no way of transferring it over. I'm not sure if the hospital has any fax machines either."

The old Vice President looked at his watch. "It looks like the faxing wouldn't make it in time either. President Wu?"

Wu Zeqing shook her head elegantly as she said, "The closing speech isn't just a simple word or two. It needs a topic and a summary statement. It also needs statements that fit the situation. It will need a lot of preparation time in advance to prepare the script. To speak without a script is unrealistic."

"Then, I'll do it?" The old Vice President gave it some thought and shook his head. "But I did not prepare a script either. I can't just use the speech I used in the past. With the internet so well-developed, it would definitely be exposed by others. People will say our Peking University is lacking in sincerity by doing it so haphazardly."

Another school leader said, "But someone has to stand in. The closing speech is more important than the opening speech. This gala has political significance. We can't just end it without it, or all of us will look bad. It would be bad for our reputation too." He was also worried. Regardless of anything, someone had to go up, if not this would be a political problem. He looked at the people behind him. "Who will stand in?"

Yan Jiantao looked and did not say a word.

A few old professors looked at each other, but no one answered.

At this critical juncture, no one spoke, nor were they able to talk. How were they to deliver a closing speech without any preparation? Of course, the speech could not be easily given. What if they misspoke? If the closing speech was unideal, then they would have to bear responsibility!

The old Vice President began naming people. "Old Yu, you do it!"

Professor Yu immediately said, "Old Vice-President, I did not prepare either. I can't just say some stuff in passing. It has to be

something with substance. Who can do it without a script?"

It would not have been a problem for them to talk about academic material, as they had done it thousands of times and had already burned it deep within the recesses of their minds. However, for a closing speech for primary and secondary school students, they had never done it before. The things from the past could not be used. They needed at least an hour to write something.

Wu Zeqing said, "Old Yu, your writing is good. Can you write one now?"

Professor Yu smacked his lips. "I'll need at least half an hour."

The old Vice President said, "There are only a few minutes left. There's no time to write!"

Professor Yu said, "Then I can't do it. I don't dare to think so highly of myself. I really can't do it without a script."

No script?

Without a script?

This sentence made the old Vice President exclaim. He looked at Wu Zeqing and said, "President Wu, isn't there a host in the Chinese department you are in charge of? His name is Zhang Ye, right? I heard he never uses a script when hosting programs. When

he lectured 'Dream of the Red Chamber' in his elective class, he never once prepared a script either, right?"

Wu Zeqing nodded. "Teacher Little Zhang has always been lecturing off script."

Another Vice President frowned and said, "Is that true? A new class with so much information in his head, he can actually say it without any script or teaching material?"

A lecturer said, "It's indeed the case. I heard Zhang Ye's class before. Other than bringing the documents to show others, he really did not use a script. He does not even look at the information projected on the screen. He can go on like a reel! Also he has a lot of impromptu works. I heard that all his poems were created on the spot. They were never written in advance. Back then at the Shanghai SARFT press conference, Zhang Ye had given a speech on site. It was named 'The Last Speech'. It was quite popular on the internet. I watched the video once and he did a really good job. It was easy to tell at a glance that it was done in an impromptu manner."

The old Vice President decided, "Then let Zhang Ye stand in. President Wu, what are your thoughts on this?"

Wu Zeqing thought for a moment and smiled. "If Little Zhang does it, there will definitely not be a problem. Alright, we'll get him." Hence she signal to a staff. "Go back to look for Little Zhang. Give him a heads up. Tell him to do the closing speech well. Then inform the hosts, and make sure that they know who to welcome later."

The person obeyed the order. "Alright!"

Yan Jiantao frowned. Let Zhang Ye do the closing speech? He was an unorthodox literary person who only knew derision and cursing. What could he say!?

.....

In the third row.

The Peking University staff crouched down and squeezed over. "Excuse me, excuse me." Very soon, he found Zhang Ye. "Teacher Zhang!"

Zhang Ye asked in surprise, "You are looking for me?"

The staff hurriedly said, "The President is having an infusion at the hospital and is unable to deliver the closing speech. There's no script now, and no one to deliver it. President Wu and company got me to get you to help save the situation!"

Zhang Ye waved his hand, "I won't do. I don't have a script too."

The man said, "But don't you always deliver impromptu performances? President Wu said only you will be able to save the situation. The program is almost ending. There's no time!"



Zhang Ye did not want to go, as there wasn't any benefit to doing something so problematic. "President Wu named me?"

"That's right. There are many Peking University teachers and professors here, but the only person who can do it off-script is you. Others don't have that ability." The person was afraid Zhang Ye would not agree, so he began to flatter him.

After some hesitation, Zhang Ye said helplessly. "Alright then. I'll give it a try. I don't dare to say it will be done well. Well, what should be said?"

The person said, "Anything will do. Hopefully something that can leave a deep impression. The leaders said the closing speech cannot be too weak. It's best if it was a conclusive and relevant speech that relates to a primary and secondary school's gala atmosphere."

"Got it." Zhang Ye said.

The person heaved a sigh of relief. "Then thank you very much. Sorry for troubling you."

At this moment, the penultimate program just begun. The staff left with his back bent. He then ran over to the side of the stage with his back bent to the hosts and whispered a few words to them. The male and female hosts nodded and gave Zhang Ye's direction a glance. They understood.

# Chapter 343: A Different Closing Speech!

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The performance was still going on.

Zhang Ye began to vex.

A male intern teacher exclaimed, "Closing statement?"

Professor Zeng asked Zhang Ye, "Can you do it?"

"I don't know what to say." Zhang Ye was quite helpless. He really did not want to do it, but Vice President Wu Zeqing had given the order, so he could not shirk from his responsibility.

Su Na said hurriedly, "If you can't do it, don't go. Without a script, how are you going to talk about it. There are so many cameras recording. If you don't do well, the responsibility is on you. Teacher Zhang you must think carefully."

Zhang Ye threw up his hands, "The few Presidents have already named me. I can't not do it."

Su Na said, "How many more programs are there?"

"There should be one more. I saw the rehearsal." A Chinese department male intern teacher said.

Professor Zeng suggested, "If you can't do it, go with Professor

Yan's line of thought. The main thing is to teach the children. Since it is on a topic of primary and secondary school students, you can put them down or give them a berating. Teaching them would do too. It has to do with youths, and cannot be too general."

Youths?

Oh youths?

Zhang Ye's eyes suddenly lit up. Got it!

Su Na said helplessly, "Why are you laughing at such a time?"

"Hur Hur. I just got an idea of what to say. I'm going." Zhang Ye got up and bent his back as he walked out the third row. He walked to the side of the stage and waited patiently. If it was not mentioned, he would not have thought about it, but with it mentioned, Zhang Ye had a flash of inspiration. He thought of a speech and then looked at Yan Jiantao again. He felt this was most suitable here. Yan, you want to find trouble with me, right? Sure, today I'll teach you a lesson!

"Eh?"

"Is that Teacher Zhang Ye?"

"Why is he going there?"

"Is he going on stage? He also has a program? That's impossible!"

Yao Mi, Senior Zhou, and Senior Song were all stunned. They looked at Zhang Ye with a confused look. What was he standing there for? A few Peking University teachers also did not understand the situation when they saw this. They were all sitting in the back, so they did not hear what the leaders had been discussing in the first row.

A few minutes later.

The final song and dance program ended.

Everyone immediately gave a warm round of applause!

Following that, the two hosts, Yan Jin and Zhao Xuan stepped onto the stage.

Zhao Xuan chuckled and said, "This brings us to the conclusion of the program for today's National Primary and Secondary New Year Gala. Next, it will be the final segment of the gala."

Yan Jin followed up and said, "As the President of Peking University isn't feeling well, he is unable to be present. The closing speech will be taken over by Peking University's Chinese department lecturer and famous host, Teacher Zhang Ye. Now, please give a warm round of applause to invite Teacher Zhang Ye on stage to give the closing statement!"

Bba Bba Bba.

The applause was quite good!

.....

"Mengmeng! Mengmeng! It's your bro!" A boy shouted.

Cao Mengmeng also widened her eyes. "My bro is delivering the closing speech? That's great!"

Teacher Leng said worriedly, "It looks like Teacher Zhang was given the order last minute. He was not given any time to prepare. This closing speech won't be easy to deliver. If he doesn't do it well, it can lead to trouble!"

Cao Mengmeng tsked, "Impossible. Who is my bro? He will definitely do well! All the teachers in Peking University added up can't even match my bro's talent!"

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Yao Mi exclaimed, "Aiyah, so that's the reason!"

"The President can't come?" Senior Song frowned.

Senior Zhou felt a bead of sweat drip down his forehead, "Can

Teacher Zhang do it? He did not prepare anything. He even got into a conflict with Professor Yan this afternoon. Many people are paying attention to this matter. Professor Yan had adequate preparations and his opening speech from before was pretty good. How can Teacher Zhang surpass Professor Yan in an unprepared state? If he doesn't do well, people will keep harping on this matter in the future, mentioning how he's inferior to Professor Yan. Honestly, what is there to compare between Teacher Zhang and Professor Yan? One is in the realm of poems and literature, while the other does education of literature. It doesn't match!"

Another Chinese department student said, "That's right, in the field of poetry, ten Professor Yans would not be Teacher Zhang's match, but in the literary insights in education, ten Teacher Zhangs might not be Professor Yan's match. Furthermore, Teacher Zhang Ye did not prepare a script!"

Yao Mi said worriedly, "Could he have received the President's script?"

Senior Song began to speak. "Definitely not. If there's the President's script, those Vice Presidents would have gone up to deliver the closing speech. Why would they need Teacher Zhang Ye to save the situation?"

"That's right. It's reasonable, but what can we do now?" Yao Mi said.

Senior Zhou was at a loss of whether to laugh or cry. "What can we do? All we can do it wait and see."

Senior Song blinked and said, "Don't look down on our Teacher Zhang. It's not like we do not know his literary talent."

Yao Mi said, "But this is a closing speech. Teacher Zhang has never done it before, and it has to be educational in nature. Teacher Zhang does not know this! His usual poems are all for cursing others or about emotions!"

Senior Song looked at her and said, "Teacher Zhang Ye might not really be bad at it, right? We may believe he isn't good at it only because we have never heard Teacher Zhang Ye give his thoughts on education publicly. It doesn't mean Teacher Zhang doesn't know. Well, let's see."

Yao Mi turned worried and clasped her hands in prayer, "Hocus Pocus, Uncle Zhang please do f\*\*king well!"

Li Ying burst out in laughter, "Little Mi, why does your prayer include a curse!?"

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"Professor Yan." An old lecturer chuckled.

Yan Jiantao also shook his head. This Zhang Ye was being too presumptuous.

Beside him, an old professor who had good relations with him, added, "I heard this Little Zhang is very articulate. I really don't believe what I've heard. Today, I want to see if he really has the ability."

"Why did they let Zhang Ye do it?"

"The closing statement is such an important thing, it should be left to anyone but him!"

"That's right. He lacks the qualifications. We have been in education for decades!"

"The school's leaders sure trust him. Let's see how he screws up!"

"With Professor Yan's highly educative speech at the beginning, what does he have to say? There's no way to end it. He will appear too weak. The closing statement usually has to be better than the opening speech!"

Many Peking University teachers began discussing!

Especially some older professors and old veterans in education. They all did not think highly of Zhang Ye.

A few Vice Presidents looked up at the stage in worry. They had only gotten Zhang Ye to save the situation as they were out of options.



Only Wu Zeqing looked calm as usual. She looked at Zhang Ye at the podium and nodded at him.

.....

Whatever the people off-stage said was useless.

Everyone's moods and expressions were different.

Zhang Ye walked to the stage and took over the microphone from Yan Jin. He smiled and then faced the thousands of students and teachers from the various provinces. "Hello everyone. Tonight's gala has come to an end. The performances were all very successful. I saw everyone's vitality and in my heart, that is what youths should be like!"

What he said was very banal.

Professor Yan and many teachers scoffed.

When the students heard this opening statement, they also turned sleepy. Previously, that Professor Yan's opening speech had ruined their mood, causing them to not enjoy the gala. Now that it was the closing speech, another guy came to talk? Even though Zhang Ye was a celebrity, they lacked the interest. Who didn't know the importance of studying diligently? They were long tired of hearing their seniors drone on about this. They no longer wanted to hear anymore of it!

"So meaningless!"

"Can we leave now?"

"That's right. It's time to leave, right?"

Many children spoke in murmurs, but were stopped by the teachers beside them. Only then did they fall silent and endured in silence.

Only the eyes of those reporters lit up. The cameramen, who wanted to switch off the cameras, did not need their colleagues to remind them. All of them became attentive!

Why?

There was no why!

It was because this person was called Zhang Ye! Wherever he was, there would always be news!

Sure enough, Zhang Ye's next sentence caused the atmosphere to change without warning. This was because Zhang Ye had said a closing statement no one would have thought of.

"Today, I will be representing the President to deliver the closing speech. I am very honored and the closing speech should be

scripted and go accordance with routines and rules, but I won't be doing it today. Well, of course, even if I wanted to just read ad verbatim, I can't do it now without anything on hand." Noticing people laugh, Zhang Ye carried on. He sounded very casual in his speech. Not having a script had its benefits. "Furthermore at today's gala's opening, Professor Yan Jiantao's speech gave me a thought. Professor Yan said the society today is comprised of adults, and as youths, your duty is to study diligently. You should diligently follow the path that they think is right based on their experience, and eventually become them. Then, succeed them many years later! Youths should not have any doubts because they are people with experience. They know which paths are shortcuts and which paths are the important ones! You just need to do as they did!"

That was what was said. Professor Yan's general meaning was probably that. The final goal was just to 'encourage education' from a different perspective.

The old Vice President frowned. "What's Little Zhang doing?"

Yan Jiantao's face turned ashen. What do you mean by this?

Many people did not understand what Zhang Ye was saying. These words gave them a fright. After all, Zhang Ye had many notorious deeds in the past!

In the next moment, Zhang Ye let everyone know that the Zhang Ye, who caused trouble everywhere he went, had never f\*\*king changed. "I know there are many people who agree and admire Professor Yan's perspective, but as far as I'm concerned, I am

totally against it!"

There was an uproar!

"Holy sh\*t!"

"Zhang Ye has fired his cannons again!"

"Is this because of the conflict with Professor Yan this afternoon?"

"I knew it! I knew never to let Zhang Ye give the speech! He has no fear with that mouth of his! If a microphone is given to him, he will dare to even scold the entire world!"

The Peking University teachers were all flustered. This was a gala that was political in nature! No one could save the situation if something went wrong!

However, many primary and secondary school students brightened up. This was really a different closing speech. They had never seen a closing speech reject the opening speech before!

The rumors were true!

This Zhang Ye was really different from others!

# Chapter 344: "Ode To Young China" Stuns The Four Seas!

---

The auditorium turned into chaos!

The way Zhang Ye delivered his punches, in such an unpredictable way, alarmed everyone!

An old professor from the Mathematics department shouted, "Little Zhang! Get down!"

Yan Jiantao also said, "What nonsense. He just wants to mess things up!"

Another old lecturer in his sixties also said, "Young people these days behave like there are no rules! How can you say something like that in a closing speech!?"

Wu Zeqing cut them off and said gently, "Listen to what Teacher Little Zhang has to say first. That was just the beginning. The closing speech's significance comes in the concluding sentences. It's still okay."

Then, Zhang Ye spoke again. "I see many people are giving me looks of puzzlement and shock. Maybe everyone feels what Professor Yan previously talked about is common knowledge, and is already fact, so why would I say I oppose it? Because in my heart, there is the existence of a Young China!"

Young China?

What Young China?

Everyone failed to understand him!

Zhang Ye was too ruthless. He used the famous Liang Qichao's "Ode to Young China" as his closing remark, or to put it precisely, a speech. This masterpiece had many years of history and was very old, but it was never behind the times. Using it now and today, "Ode to Young China" was still glorious in this present world!

The only problem was that this speech had its "dangers".

But so what? Zhang Ye smiled. He felt duty-bound to proceed without hesitation!

"Is a country old or young?

Let us talk about young and old.

The old often reminisce about the past, while the young often anticipate the future.

Thinking of the past leads to sentimentalism; thinking of the future leads to hope.

Sentimentalism leads to conservativeness; Hope leads to progress.

Conservativeness leads to eternal oldness; progress leads to daily freshness.

Thinking of the past are people of derelict, only knowing the rules; Thinking of the future are people of inexperience, only they dare to break the rules."

After he finished speaking, everyone was stunned!

The words he said were not difficult to understand, but the words were not common vernacular either!

Su Na was a bit surprised. Many people found it amazing, not because of the meaning behind the words, but because they found it unbelievable that Zhang Ye could come up with something like that without a script!

No script?

You really f\*\*king came out with an impromptu speech!?

How could that be? You can come up with such things on the spot?

After they tried appreciating it, many people were infuriated!

For example, an "old person" like Yan Jiantao. The old professors surrounding him were already fuming with anger!

Who's f\*\*king conservative? Who's f\*\*king always reminiscing about the past? Who f\*\*king doesn't forge ahead without thinking? Zhang Ye, you are too much a grandson! You scold people even while giving a closing speech!?

Zhang Ye spoke with fervor and assurance.

"The old tend to worry, the young tend to enjoy pleasure.

The more worry, the more discouragement; the more pleasure, the more confidence.

The more discouragement, the more cowardice; the more confidence, the more heroism.

The more cowardice, the more carelessness; the more heroism, the more adventure.

The more carelessness, the more annihilation; the more adventure, the more creation.

The old people easily tire of things, while the young often find pleasure in things.



Tiredness results in people who think nothing is possible;  
Pleasure results in people who think everything is possible.

If the old are like the setting sun, the young a rising sun.

The old are like a lean ox, the young a tiger cub.

The old are like a monk, the young a heroic knight.

The old are like a dictionary, the young a play script.

The old are like opium, the young, brandy.

The old are like a falling meteorite, the young a coral island in the ocean.

The old are like a willow, the young the grass in spring.

The old man is a dead sea that retains, the young the source of the Yangtze River.

From this, we know that the aged and the young both have their own merits and uses."

With that, Zhang Ye summarized.

"If they cast away their prejudices and work together for the

country, their services to the people shall be immense!"

Old people are cowards?

Old people hate the world?

Old people did not dare take risks?

Old people are like old oxen? They are like people taking in opium? They are like crashing celestial bodies?

There were many old professors and lecturers from Peking University present. The moment they heard this, they were all glaring with anger. No one liked hearing that!

Yan Jiantao was erupting with anger. The other elderly people were still fine, as they knew Zhang Ye's words were not directed at them, but these words were definitely scolding him, Yan Jiantao!

Su Na exclaimed in a daze, "Teacher Zhang is mad! Why is he scolding people?"

Professor Zeng excitedly slapped his thigh, "He isn't mad! He is also not scolding people!"

"But, but...there are words of contempt!" Su Na could not understand.

Professor Zeng chuckled and said, "If 'old people' like us can't even endure the words of contempt for the children, then we would truly be the type of people mentioned by Little Zhang! Nicely said, Little Zhang! This kid always broadens everyone's horizons every time he speaks!"

All the youths felt their blood boiling with excitement!

Zhang Ye ignored all the angry stares of those old professors.

"The cause of a geronto China of the present were the results of the Chinese old.

The responsibility of a young China of the future lies with the Chinese youth.

What can the old provide in ideas, not much time is left for them in this world, while our youths are the future that will create ties with the world.

Like a renter where a place of residence shifts tomorrow, I'll be moving into this place today.

The renter, does not show care for the windows, the corridors aren't swept, it is understandable, so what's strange about it!

As for the young, my future is vast, but my past, in retrospect, is far-reaching.

If China is enslaved, enduring the cruel torture of the whip, only the youth will bear it.

If we're to dominate, being a leader of Earth, the glory of this command, rests on our youths.

What has this got to do with those decrepit on death's door who have become neighbors with the deadly ghosts?

If they remain indifferent, still alright it would be.

If we remain indifferent, alright it would not be.

If the entire country's youth are filled with vigor, China would be a country of the future, having limitless possibilities.

If the entire country's youth are gentrified, China would return to becoming a country of the past, succumbing soon to its end!"

Up to here, there were more and more people looking at Zhang Ye with shock!

Wu Zeqing gave a faint smile.

The Old Vice President gasped!

Another Vice President was also stunned for a moment and did not say a word. He looked deeply at Wu Zeqing. Where did this Old Wu get such a person!?

A few elderly people were still reminiscing his words. The goal of Zhang Ye's lecture was not to scold them. Although his words were somewhat disrespectful, if one thought it through, there was no such meaning. Zhang Ye was guiding and educating the "Young" present!

Yan Jiantao could not accept it as he grit his teeth!

Cao Mengmeng looked around in puzzlement. "What is my bro saying? Why can't I understand a thing?"

Teacher Leng passionately clenched her fists. "Your brother...is now doing an important speech that will subvert the current understanding of education! Students! Everyone, listen up! You must listen carefully and not miss a single word, or you will regret this for life! If you do not understand, no worries. You will slowly understand in the future! You just need to remember one point. The talent of one Teacher Zhang Ye surpasses a billion people!"

Cao Mengmeng said happily, "Really?"

A language class representative sitting beside Cao Mengmeng understood the speech. "Mengmeng, your bro is really too good! He will be my idol from now on!"

Another Shanghai secondary school teacher also hung a look of disbelief from his face. "This is what's considered a truly great speech!" Following that, he looked at his students. "All of you listen to it carefully! Teacher Zhang Ye is risking condemnation, and is willing to sacrifice his own future...to teach you! You...must not betray Teacher Zhang Ye's well intentions!" Upon saying this, the teacher's hands began to tremble. He never expected Zhang Ye to do so much for the children. If he asked himself honestly, he would not have done so. He could not take such a risk to teach the children, nor did he have such literary talent!

Many students solemnly nodded their heads. "Teacher, we understand!" From their teacher's expression, they knew how important this was.

Yao Mi was already dumbfounded!

Senior Song gasped. "Teacher Zhang is..."

Senior Zhou also stood up in impulse. "Stop talking! All of you stop talking! Listen to what Teacher Zhang still has to say!"

Zhang Ye looked at the students in their seats. He was pleased. From the looks on their faces, he knew that his words had gotten to them. Those who could participate in the gala were not mediocre. They were all the straight A students or top students of their schools. This bit of textual difficulty would not stump them.

Very happy.

Zhang Ye was very satisfied.

Since you all understand, since you enjoy listening to it, then there's nothing I cannot say. So what if I offend others? As long as you take in what you hear, as long as you gain something for it, then even I were to offend ten thousand people, a hundred thousand people, or even a million people, I will also not blink an eye!

The world may criticize me, but I do so without regrets!

"Today's responsibility is not taken by others, but taken by young people." Zhang Ye breathed out and held onto the microphone while saying the famous words from 'Ode to Young China' that everyone knew.

"If the young people are wise, the country will be wise;

if the young people are rich, the country will be rich;

if the young people are strong, the country will be strong;

if the young people are independent, the country will be independent;

if the young people are free, the country will be free;

if the young people make progress, the country will make

progress;

if the young people can get ahead of Europe, the country will get ahead of Europe;

if the young people are on top of the world, the country will be on top of the world!"

If the young people are strong, the country will be strong?

If the young people are wise, the country will be wise?

When he said this, there were already more and more middle school students and teachers standing up from their seats!

Zhang Ye looked at everyone.

"The nascent red light, shines the great light.

An underground streaming river, a swift surging sea.

Latent dragons leaping chasms, scaled claws flying.

Tiger cubs roaring in the valleys, shocking all beasts.

The eagle tests its wings, sucking up dust storms.



The exquisite first bloom, propitious and majestic.

The strike of the weapon, the beam shows its effects.

Standing in the world, shouldering the sky.

Backed by splendid history and culture.

A promising, far-reaching future!"

Upon saying this, Zhang Ye's voice suddenly rose, as he pointed with great aplomb at the skies.

"My beautiful young China that is as eternal as heaven!"

Then, Zhang Ye pointed to the ground forcefully.

"My magnificent Chinese youth who are as bountiful as the land!"

At this instant, all the young students that had come to participate in the gala, and even Peking University's students, all could not help but stand up!

# Chapter 345: Face-Smacking Zhang Shows His Powers Yet Again!

---

Zhang Ye finished his speech!

The whole auditorium was silent.

Ka la, shua la, only the sound of the seats rocked back one by one, as person after person stood up within a short 3 seconds. Almost everyone stood up and no one spoke a word. All they did was stare at Zhang Ye, who stood on stage, in shock. Thousands of students, thousands of gazes. A sea of black heads stood within the auditorium. The scene at this moment was very stunning!

What a good 'My beautiful young China that is as eternal as heaven'!

What a good 'My magnificent Chinese youth who are as bountiful as the land'!

What sort of speech was this!?

What sort of feelings were these!?

Some students still might not understand some of the vernacular language used earlier, but the last few paragraphs were fully understood by them. Their blood surged and Zhang Ye closing speech had acted like an igniter that lit up every student's hearts!

Young China!

This is our China!

When some of the students heard the last bit, they couldn't control themselves as their eyes turned red. It was excitement! It was touching! There was an impulse and their tears could no longer be held back and started streaming down!

I'm crying?

How can it be?

Why am I crying?

Some students reached for their eyes, not believing that they were tearing up. Since when had they not involuntarily felt sleepy whenever they listened to a teacher's speech. The words would always go in through one ear and out the other. Although they would act like they were listening, in fact nothing was even processed, but now, today, Zhang Ye's speech had managed to move them to tears. They did not know why, no one did, but many of them just couldn't control themselves!

A few secondary school teachers couldn't help but tear up too. Today, they understood why whenever they went into a tirade of enlightening them with reason and touching their hearts, the students would oppose them. It would not get through to most of

them. The teachers had discussed this in private before and even took courses at Beijing Normal University, going as far as organizing discussions regarding this issue. In the end, they could only conclude that the biggest problem was the rebellious nature of youngsters, a psychological issue that was natural and not something they could change. They could only wait it out for the kids to grow up and get past the rebellious stages of life before they would be able to understand the reasonings behind their pleas, before they would be able to understand their teachers' hard work and care!

But today, all of these teachers knew they were wrong. They were wrong as hell!

It wasn't that the students did not want to listen!

They did not rebel because they had to listen to long explanations!

It wasn't the fault of the students, nor was it the issue of rebellious natures!

It was because the root of the problem was in the things that the educator talked about!

What they had tried to get across did not get into the minds of these children!

This fact was not accepted by many of them and it was very

difficult to accept as well, but the truth was right before their eyes and they could say nothing about it!

Zhang Ye did it!

"Ode to Young China" had done it!

Seeing all those passionate and enthusiastic children, everything had an answer!

The youths had a rebellious nature?

No!

This was just an excuse they used!

The children's rebellious nature was really down to..... these educators, because none of them had the literary talents of Zhang Ye!

Many of them thought to themselves, if only they had 10% of Zhang Ye's level of teaching or 10% of his literary quality, their relationship with their students would definitely not be as it was now. The students would definitely listen to their class attentively!

But there could only be one Zhang Ye!

This sort of speech, this kind of essay, only a person like him could say something like that!

Many of these secondary school teachers felt a sense of powerlessness, because what could they do even if they knew?

None of them could emulate Zhang Ye!

No one could compare to Teacher Zhang Ye's literary talent!

.....

On stage.

Zhang Ye nodded, "My closing speech is as such. This is what I wanted to say and is all that I will say. Thank you everyone." Then he looked over to the two hosts.

Yan Jin did not walk over.

Her husband, Zhao Xuan, did not move either.

The couple could only stare at Zhang Ye in shock, dumbfounded by his speech.

Then when they reacted, the gala was already at an end. Yan Jin hesitated, but immediately gave a sign to Zhang Ye, making some

motions and then pointing to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye understood that they wanted him to do the announcement, so he did not reject after hesitating for a short moment. He picked up the microphone and said, "Leaders, distinguished guests, students, and fellow teachers. Then let me announce, the 7th National Primary and Secondary School New Year Gala has successfully come to an end!"

Hua la!

The applause instantly thundered out!

"Teacher Zhang!" someone unknown shouted!

Then, the audience gradually started chanting together!

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

The chants became more and more in order!

Then it unified as one voice!

A few thousand students had actually managed to shout "Teacher Zhang" in unison. There was a mixture of boys and girls voices!

The scene was even more emotionally touching than earlier. If this was a concert, then it wouldn't be that strange. It was normal for everyone to shout out a singer's name, but this wasn't the case here. This was a gala event, an event that consisted of primary and secondary students in which Zhang Ye had done a last minute closing speech, yet he had received such a response from the children!

Many of the Peking University teachers looked at each other!

Cao Mengmeng was extremely pleased as she joined in the applause too!

Yao Mi raised her hands and shouted, "Teacher Zhang!

"Teacher Zhang!"

Senior Zhou was also very excited at this moment. He followed along with the students in shouting out Zhang Ye's name!

The scene was chaotic. The students were too passionate. The



situation was a little hard to handle now and even those teachers, who were trying to lead their classes out of the auditorium, found it difficult to do so. Some of them tried to lead the students away, but they refused to leave. They kept on chanting!

Regarding this speech, the children had different views about it than those teachers with an educational perspective. The children had their own perspectives too. How many years had it been, how many generations had passed, but the textbooks were always the same. Their teachers' teaching methods were also the same, just like how Yan Jiantao had put it in his speech earlier. Everyone was at the top looking down to them. All the teachers and adults used the same attitudes and educational methods on them, thinking that they did not know a thing, that they were still only children. The adults only wanted them to listen to their words and follow in their footsteps. Generation after generation of brainwashing, generation after generation of instilling, to let the children believe in all these things, slowly grinding down their spirits, slowly pulling them into the values that an adult should have and then finally becoming parents themselves and using the exact same methods to educate their own children!

But Teacher Zhang was not the same!

Zhang Ye did not look at them like children or people who didn't know a thing!

Zhang Ye had told them loudly today — That China belongs to the youths!

China belonged to them!

They were not weak!

They were the pillars of the country!

To the children, this was not a talk. It was a bellow. It was a kind of trust that let them want to stand up and raise their heads. To let them present their proudest side to everyone. That sort of passion was something they could not describe with words!

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

Zhang Ye had already walked off the stage and was returning to his seat.

Su Na looked at him from afar and gave him a thumbs up high in the air to him!

Professor Zeng and a lot of the Chinese department teachers also nodded to Zhang Ye. Most of them did not teach literature, but were also from the Chinese department. At least their literary levels were considered to be high. In the past, some of these Chinese department teachers had already admitted that Zhang Ye's level was definitely higher than theirs, but even that had a limit. They probably felt that it was only higher than their own by a little, but when they heard Zhang Ye's speech today, they finally realized how childish their thoughts were. It was even laughable.

To be able to give such a speech, his literary level was definitely on a different scale than theirs. It was the type that had no way to be compared at all!

The difference was too wide!

There was no way to even compare!

As for Professor Yan?

Zhang Ye and Yan Jiantao, who was better?

After Zhang Ye came back, the teachers and students who were there and knew about the conflict between the two of them all secretly looked towards Professor Yan. They were very clear that there was no need for comparison anymore!

Who was better?

Everyone knew the answer!

Who said that Zhang Ye didn't understand educational literature?

If he didn't know, then no one in this world knows!

It wasn't that Zhang Ye did not know about this field, but just

that he did not show it!

This "Ode to Young China" prose had literally shocked countless numbers of people!

Speaking of its content, Yan Jiantao's earlier speech of encouragement was comparatively lousier. It was basically a pile of dog sh\*t!

One would fear having something for reference. Now that they looked back on it, Professor Yan's crappy speech was something that should not even have been presented!

In terms of education, literature, and even the interest and thought provoking nature to the students, Zhang Ye's speech had totally left Professor Yan's speech in the dust!

What's more, Zhang Ye's most fatal blow was his sarcastic scolding!

In most cases, in an educational speech, there was definitely no way to have words that scolded anyone, but to everyone's astonishment, Zhang Ye was indeed the country's most sarcastic literary person!

His style of scolding was already ingrained into his bones. He could place his scolding anywhere in them!

In the speech, there were countless parallelism usage of insulting

words, which were directed at the 'old people', Yan Jiantao!

Vividly portraying Zhang Ye's sarcasm to its best, it could even be placed within an educational speech to scold people!

And it was even done so naturally. Scolding someone until they were rendered speechless, there had never been a case like this before!

Furthermore?

Yan Jiantao's script for the speech had been prepared many days in advance!

Zhang Ye had been summoned to save the situation at the very last minute. It was an impromptu speech and it was even in vernacular form!

The cadence of giving a speech was also not something that Yan Jiantao could compete with him on. From this, it could be said that Zhang Ye was on a completely different level to Yan Jiantao!

Oh?

Where's Old Yan?

Everyone, looked for him. Professor Yan, who had still been around a while earlier, had now disappeared. He must have quietly

left after suffering from such a great loss of face!

In the afternoon, Professor Yan was still high and mighty, repressing down on others with his qualifications. Educating Zhang Ye, criticizing Zhang Ye, speaking to Zhang Ye like he didn't know anything, but right now, Zhang Ye's short speech had turned the tables around. He had scolded him and smacked his face!

Alas, Professor Yan's face had been thrown all the way to his grandmother's house this time!

# Chapter 346: I Didn't Scold The Old!

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After the gala ended.

Although it was a gala, it was only 6 PM when it ended.

"That was really enjoyable."

"Right, it was worth coming to this gala."

"It really wasn't for nothing coming all the way here to Beijing."

"Although the programs average and always the same old, every gala is about the same anyway. However, Teacher Zhang Ye's closing speech really stirred you up!"

"Just that closing speech alone made it worthwhile coming!"

"As expected for Teacher Zhang Ye to understand us. He's so much better than the other teachers!"

"When I return home, I'll definitely work harder. This speech might have changed my life!"

"Me too. I won't need my teachers and parents to force me to study anymore!"

Many of the students that came from the various provinces were greatly moved. They had gained a lot from this gala, or to put it another way, this closing speech of Zhang Ye. This sort of encouraging form of education, this classic speech of "Ode to Young China" was literally priceless. Anyone who listened to it live felt like they had received a windfall. Some of the secondary school teachers even made up their minds to analyze Zhang Ye's speech thoroughly when they returned, and reproduce it for the students who were unable to come to the gala!

The people not from Peking University all left.

A few Peking University leaders walked back slowly.

An elderly Vice President, who was even older than the President, said, "President Wu, I never had the chance to ask you. Why did you decide on inviting a host to join us?"

Wu Zeqing did not directly answer him. She smiled, "A host might not necessarily be a bad teacher."

Another Vice President looked at her, "Old Wu, that might not be guaranteed. Your Chinese department's Little Zhang has caused trouble once again. Who will clean up this mess? Let's think about it first?"

Wu Zeqing said indifferently, "But this closing speech doesn't have any problems, right?"



The elderly Vice President said, "From the child's point of view, there's no problem, but from other points of views, there are too many problems. It will be quite problematic. If need be, we might even need to consult the President. Well, it would be bad if this matter blows up. If society demands an answer from us, that would be very troublesome."

Wu Zeqing said, "I have already informed the filming crew and the official website staff not to upload the closing speech. Only the gala's content will be uploaded."

The elderly Vice President said, "That's just a form of self-deception. There were so many reporters present, and there were cameras from every television stations. It can't be covered up. It will all be up to Little Zhang's luck on whether or not he can get through this. This matter isn't serious, but neither is it trivial. The crux of the issue depends on the attitude of society. If he can't get through this, the punishment dealt to Little Zhang would definitely not be lenient. He would also find it very difficult to find another job in academia."

Another Vice President said, "It's such a pity."

The elder Vice President looked at Wu Zeqing, "By the way, Old Wu, Zhang Ye is now teaching 'Appreciation of the Classics' in your Chinese department? I think he is actually quite suitable for teaching history too. How about it? Why not get your Chinese department to first fire him, as a form of punishment, and then let Little Zhang come over to the History department to seek refuge?" The History department was under his charge.

Wu Zeqing looked back and said in a lukewarm fashion, "Are you trying to wreck my department?"

The elderly Vice President waved his hands with a smile. "No, I'm not. I'm just looking out for Little Zhang."

Wu Zeqing curved her soft lips. "Aren't you afraid Little Zhang will cause trouble in your History department?"

"Not at all. A person with talent always has a bit of temper or is somewhat anti-social. As the saying goes, a person not envied by others is mediocre." The elderly Vice President said.

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "What a coincidence. I think so, too."

The elderly Vice President threw up his hands, "Fine, pretend I never said a thing."

After Zhang Ye's closing speech, there were already more and more people who had their sights set on him. Even Vice Presidents from other departments wanted him for themselves!

They did not care about his temper!

They did not care about his character!

Zhang Ye's talent was the real deal!

After the elderly Vice President heard "Ode to Young China", he suddenly had a fond heart towards such a talent!

They had arrived at their office building, but the moment they entered, they saw more than a dozen people. Leading them was Yan Jiantao. He had left the auditorium early to come here. There were many elderly professors and lecturers behind him. Their stance was formidable and they looked unfriendly.

"Old President!"

"President Wu!"

"Zhang Ye is being too much, right?"

"This matter needs to be severely dealt with!"

"How can he scold people? Does he have any virtuous shred of respect for elders? We have dedicated our entire lives to teaching education! He just negated everything we have done with a single speech? We became those who lead people astray and are nosy? We have become old debauchee that take opium?"

The three Vice Presidents looked at each other. "Come on, let's talk inside."

.....

The other side.

Outside the Grand Auditorium.

After Su Na picked up a phone call, her expression changed. She hurriedly ran towards Zhang Ye, interrupting his chat with Professor Zeng.

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Su? What's seems to be the matter?"

"I just heard that Professor Yan and a bunch of other faculty professors have gone to complain to the Vice Presidents. They request for disciplinary action be dealt to you, removing you from the education system!"

"Is that all? I got it."

"What did you get? You can even laugh?"

"Then what can I do? Their mouths belong to them, I can't do anything about that."

"You should be rushing over there and at least be able to explain yourself."

"That's right. Alright, I'll go. Thanks Teacher Su. Professor Zeng, I'll be leaving first. I won't be able to treat you today, but maybe some other day."

"Go on ahead!"

"Why are you even talking about food? Go ahead!"

.....

Downstairs.

Zhang Ye looked up before striding inside. Zhang Ye was in no way surprised about the elderly professors mass complaints. He had anticipated it and was already mentally prepared. The moment he had gone on stage, Zhang Ye knew very clearly that including "Ode to Young China" in his closing speech had its dangers. This prose was heavily disputed even in his world. The prose had entered textbooks, but it was not in its entirety, only excerpts. The excerpts were only limited to the last two paragraphs said by Zhang Ye today. The textbook's "Ode to Young China" did not have any phrases that scolded "the old" as they were deleted, leaving only the last few paragraphs. This was enough to illustrate how serious the problem was disputed.

Come on.

I'll take on any move of yours!

At the worst, I'll just be dismissed. It's not like it'll be the first time!

Zhang Ye was quite a carefree soul. Since he had completed his lectures on 'Dream of the Red Chamber', he did not mind too much, but honestly, this was not Zhang Ye's true thoughts. He still cared about some things. Despite having only worked for slightly more than ten days, his feelings towards Peking University and the students were like that among family members. He felt like a fish in water, and especially liked the job as lecturer. He certainly would miss this job. If possible, he definitely wanted to carry on teaching at Peking University. Just leave like that? Zhang Ye would also feel indignant about it!

President Wu trusted him so much!

The students liked him so much!

Zhang Ye definitely wanted to fight back for he did not wish to leave. Furthermore, he had told his students that he would carry on teaching them "Appreciation of the Classics" next year!

"President Wu!"

"Is there any need for consideration?"

"Is he even in the right to scold us old people?"

Before entering, one could already hear Yan Jiantao and another professor's voice from outside!

Zhang Ye stepped forward and knocked on the door. Knock, knock.

"Come in." It was the elderly Vice President's voice.

Zhang Ye entered and pretended to be stunned. "There's so many people?"

President Wu waved her hand. "Come over here Little Zhang. You came just in time."

Yan Jiantao looked coldly at Zhang Ye. "Zhang Ye, what's the meaning behind your closing speech?"

Zhang Ye blinked his eyes and said, "What do you mean by meaning?"

"Don't act the fool!" An elderly professor from the Philosophy department said, "You are a person with parents and seniors. Can your conscience feel alright after you scolded 'old people' in such a way?"

Zhang Ye said with an alarmed look, "Ah? Who scolded old people? Tell me, I'll fight that person for all of you!"

A few elderly professors nearly fainted. They were thinking how great this darn kid was at acting. "You asked who scolded!? You

were the one! Did you forget what you said?"

Zhang Ye said with an exaggerated gasp, "When did I? Heh! Is it a misunderstanding? It has to be a misunderstanding! So you were talking about my speech from just now? Hey, I didn't scold old people. Those words were just literary metaphors and analogies. The so-called 'old people' in my speech was referring to a mental age. It's a state of mind, an antiquated statement in general that does not refer to anyone in particular. It's not talking about old people. Aiyah, so this was the problem? All of you have misunderstood me! All of you as professors are famous in the world of academia, and pillars of support of Peking University. You are not 'old people'. In my eyes, you are all vibrant youths! 'Ode to Young China' is also referring to everyone!"

Yan Jiantao: "....."

The few old professors: "....."

A female secretary in the office could not help but let out a stifled laugh.

Zhang Ye carried on with his nonsense. "The few of you have been in education for decades. Your understanding in literature can't be bad. In literary and figurative writing, it is very common to use metaphors. For example, 'the sun smiled warmly'. How can the sun smile? If it really cracks a smile, then there would be an explosion! Our Universe might be destroyed! It's just an anthropomorphic metaphor! For me, I'm doing the exact opposite. When I used the words 'the old', it is a metaphor for 'antiquated', or else what should I say? Should I just use the word antiquated?"



That wouldn't sound good, and it would not have any poetic feel. It would be too direct and impetuous. Professor Yan is also in literature, so he must understand this, right? In literature, you need to have a bit of pretense. Use some anthropomorphism and quasi-physical metaphors to make it sound more awesome. I really did not mean any harm!"

Yan Jiantao said angrily, "You are speaking nonsense!"

Zhang Ye said innocently, "I did not. That's really what I meant. Could it be that you, Professor Yan thought yourself as 'the old'? That you are antiquated and aging?"

Yan Jiantao said angrily, "I'm still young!"

Zhang Ye pointed. "That's it! Isn't this how it should be? I also think of you as a young man, so how could I be scolding you!? This is all about someone who doesn't know literary metaphors trying to malign me due to ulterior motives!" Turning his head to face Wu Zeqing and company, he said, "Leaders, you must be fair to me!"

When the few elderly professors heard this, they were all rendered speechless!

This Zhang Ye was indeed eloquent! Even while defending himself, he did not forget to abuse others!

He even talked about metaphors?

Metaphors your sister!

Even primary school students would be able to tell that you were scolding old people!

# Chapter 347: "How The Steel Was Tempered" Excerpt!

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At night.

Zhang Ye returned home.

The moment he walked in, Mom gave him a displeased look. "You even have the nerve to come back? Other people had a gala for primary and secondary school students which had nothing to do with you, but why must everything not lack you? Do you feel uncomfortable being too free? You don't feel good if you don't stir up some trouble everyday? Son, I'm really impressed by you. Your mother's heart isn't good. Stop giving me surprises all the time. We are in an aging society, and there are so many old people in society, but you sure were good. You scolded all of them in one breath. You even included your father and I!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Who did you hear that from?"

"Is there a need to hear? I saw it on the internet" Mom huffed and puffed.

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "You sure are getting better at using your cellphone. You are moving well with the times."

Mom said, "Don't try changing the subject. Let your father scold you to see if you are deserving of it!"

Dad looked at his son and ignored his wife. "Is it alright on the school's side? Would it affect your career at Peking University?"

"I don't know. It's hard to say." Zhang Ye took off his coat. "I'm now resigned to fate. I leave it to do as it pleases, for I'm not in the wrong. I did what I had to do as a teacher. For the children, sacrificing myself leads to the benefit of everyone."

Mom stared at him. "You're still in the mood to jest!"

"Enough from you." Dad said to Mom, before saying to his son, "Little Ye, we know you are well aware of things. We don't understand your job, nor do we bother about it. We know you can handle it well."

Zhang Ye acknowledged. "Thanks Dad."

Mom was speechless. "The two of you are of the same heart!"

Dad said, "Stop nagging. Hurry up and prepare food for our son. Nagging all day won't solve anything, right? Hurry, I'm hungry too."

Mom snorted angrily before throwing her hands up and walking to the kitchen.

Once Mom left, Dad nudged his chin towards the kitchen and whispered, "Ignore her. She's suffering from menopause."

Zhang Ye laughed. Since dinner was not ready yet, it would take at least half an hour before he could eat. Hence, he returned to his room and closed the door. He switched on his computer and checked the effects of his speech.

The internet was also bustling.

"Aiyah, hey! Aiyah, hey!"

"Wife, come and take a look! Teacher Zhang is scolding people again again again again again again again again!"

"Husband, I'm coming! Teacher Zhang really scolded people again again again again again again again again?"

"A few days ago, he declared war on the entire literary world. Great, it's just been a few days and he has declared war again? This time it's on the older age groups?"

"Hahaha! What good news!"

"Face-smacking Zhang is back in action! Everyone, be careful!"

"Teacher Zhang's scolding increases in scale every time!"

"It's not scolding. Didn't you hear the original version of the closing speech? It's mainly to teach the children!"

"Right, how can you say he is scolding people? The 'old' mentioned was just a metaphor. It's just an analogy! This speech's intention is to educate, and not derisive!"

"That's right, although Teacher Zhang is notorious, and has quite a bit of 'stains' on record, this 'Ode to Young China' is really not scolding!"

"Did you hear the original speech?"

"I only saw the textual version."

"I suggest that everyone to listen to it. The power delivered through text is too weak. It lacks the punch. Zhang Ye's passion when he made the speech, especially those last few words, must be listened for it really f\*\*king makes your blood boil! That literary talent is really defying of the heavens! I heard this finale's closing speech was assigned to Teacher Zhang at the last minute, so that he could save the situation. He did not have any preparations beforehand, and expressed himself on the spot!"

"Impossible!"

"Are you sure?"

"F\*\*k! He could do it so well even while doing impromptu?"

"It's true. I heard about it too. When the Peking University's President couldn't come at the last minute due to some sickness, there was only about ten minutes left to inform everyone else. No one wanted to do it since there was no script. So they thought of Teacher Zhang Ye, a person who never uses a script during his programs or classes, to let him do the speech. They really found the right person. Teacher Zhang really does not need scripts. Such a large prose with obscure meanings, yet is so orderly, poetic and logical. It was even educative and highly impactful. Zhang Ye is Zhang Ye! Awesome!"

"That's right, that's so empowering!"

"My magnificent Chinese youth!"

"Today, I have once again witnessed the quality of Zhang Ye's speeches!"

"Teacher Zhang has always had such a level. I'm not surprised about this, but what I'm worrying now is about those sentences about old people. It might cause quite serious effects!"

The official gala's video posted by Peking University did not have Zhang Ye's closing speech, but the reporters present were not to be trifled with. The moment they returned, they uploaded the missing parts on their own television stations or official newspaper websites. Following that, it had gone viral once again over the internet!

Just after 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was over!

Alright, it was really one event succeeding another!

A bunch of people exclaimed over Zhang Ye's speech. A bunch of people supported Zhang Ye's speech, while another bunch of people appeared and started scolding Zhang Ye. They said things like how he was full of nonsense and how he lacked respect for his elders. Anyways, regardless of what Zhang Ye did or say, it would cause quite a big commotion. This fellow was naturally born with a "Hatred Halo". Ever since he entered Peking University, he had never been lying low. He was the most controversial teacher in academia. No one disagreed on this point. Wherever Zhang Ye was, there would definitely be controversy. Those who liked him loved him to death, and right to their bones. As for those who disliked him, they hated him to the death, all the way, deep into their flesh!

On Weibo, discussion forums, or Tieba, there were constantly people questioning Zhang Ye, scolding his disrespect towards the elderly. Regardless of his intentions, saying such things was incorrect. There were even people asking him to scram from academia!

.....

These praises and scoldings were all seen by Zhang Ye. After being in the entertainment circle for some time, Zhang Ye no longer suffered from a pale face of anxiety towards all this. Regardless of the matter, he had already done and said it. There was no such thing as taking back the water that had been spilled, hence, Zhang Ye did not "repent" and instead began typing, posting the original text of "Ode to Young China" on his Weibo and Tieba.



The textual version had been posted by others, but as many of the words were rather obscure, people did not have the ability to simplify or understand it too well. There were still many mistakes, so Zhang Ye typed out the official version of the text, so as to prevent the wrong version from leading people astray!

The moment he posted his speech on Weibo and Tieba, his fame hit the roof!

Weibo's forwarding kept rising and in a blink of an eye, it increased by a few hundred, and after another, it was at a thousand!

"Supporting Teacher Zhang!"

"Unconditional support for Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang is the conscience of the industry!"

"Who shouted to dismiss Zhang Ye? I'm the first to disagree!"

"Swearing to support Teacher Zhang Ye! Supporting 'Ode to Young China'!"

"If Teacher Zhang is fired because of this, I'll drop out of school! I'll never go to school in the future!"

"Count me in! If a teacher like Zhang Ye is removed from the

educational world, then the educational world has no one else! Teacher Zhang Ye is the only good teacher in my heart!"

"Students! Everyone unite together!"

"Right! Teacher Zhang has been spurned by others because of us! If we don't step forward to speak for ourselves, then when do we speak!?"

"We cannot let Teacher Zhang leave!"

Seeing others denouncing Zhang Ye, a countless number of students rushed over, expressing their support. There were more and more people, such as Zhang Ye's Tieba fan club. As the number of people posting increased sharply, just a refresh of the page would see dozens, if not a hundred new threads appear. In the end, there was nearly an "Exploding Flood". Zhang Ye's Tieba fan club could not be opened for a whole two minutes, as people from everywhere surged over to express their support! Nearly all the students and youths stood behind Zhang Ye! Although it was an aging society, the power of the youth was always the largest and most craziest in any society!

Replies reached 10,000...

Replies reached 50,000...

Weibo's forwarding hit 8000!

Weibo's Likes reached 28,000!

Zhang Ye once again stood on the precipice of the wave!

Seeing countless numbers of children vocally supporting him, Zhang Ye felt different from the past. In the past, be it him scolding people or deriding people, it was all done on impulse. It was mainly for him to vent, but now, Zhang Ye was really without blame or regret because this was not only venting for himself, but the speech was also for the millions of children. From 'Dream of the Red Chamber', Zhang Ye felt that as someone who came from a different world. He had some responsibilities to shoulder. He could not always do everything for himself, so he had used the astounding "Ode to Young China" from his world today, so as to give this world's "lethargic" youths a boost.

There was not much he could do, so that was pretty much the only thing he could do.

Thinking of the people of the past, and the greats that had sacrificed and dedicated their lives towards education from his world, Zhang Ye felt that the bit of trouble he got himself in was nothing. He had to persist on!

"Zhang Ye is too great at causing trouble."

"He must be regretting to death now."

"Regardless if he is right or wrong, Zhang Ye really does not

know the ways of the world. For some meaningless things, he goes all around offending people, ending up having enemies everywhere. At some point, he will have reached his end. Can't he take things easy? In our country, people talk about not going too far."

"That's right. Look at him now. Just from this speech, his job at Peking University might even be lost."

On Weibo, there were some people, who sat on the fence, discussing this matter.

After many people saw this, they were also puzzled if Zhang Ye was feeling regret at this moment? Or was he furious? If he knew this would be the result, would he still have said that speech this afternoon?

"@ZhangYe."

"Is Teacher Zhang around?"

"Why hasn't Teacher Zhang spoken a word today?"

Many people were worried about Zhang Ye. They either @ him or private messaged him.

Zhang Ye saw this and closed his eyes to think. Then he immediately touched his keyboard, and typed out words that immediately tied up tongues and popped eyes, "Man's dearest

possession is life. It is given to him but once, and he must live it so as to feel no torturing regrets for wasted years, never know the burning shame of a mean and petty past; so live that, dying, he might say: all my life, all my strength were given to the finest cause in all the world—the fight for the Liberation of Education!"

This was an excerpt from his world's "How the Steel Was Tempered", but had been slightly altered!

Zhang Ye used it to perfectly express his unwavering attitude!

## Chapter 348: Going On [People's Daily](#)!

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Feel no torturing regrets for wasted years?

Never know the burning shame of a mean and petty past?

This was not a poem, nor was it prose. It was like a common sentence, but when Zhang Ye posted it on Weibo, many people, who were poking fun at or laughing at Zhang Ye immediately stopped speaking, and became silent!

What sort of person could write something like that?

What sort of person would have such feelings?

The moment many people saw this new Weibo post from Zhang Ye, they suddenly felt great amounts of respect for Zhang Ye. They did not know what to say, nor did they have anything to say!

"Haha, well said!"

"Teacher Zhang's words are always so poetic!"

"This is his literary talent! It's completely peerless!"

"Why is every word from Teacher Zhang Ye's mouth so moving!?"

"That's right! There are certain truths that everyone knows, or that can be said, but when the same words are come from Teacher Zhang's mouth, and still has the same meaning when it comes out, but it feels completely different! Isn't he just saying 'I'm willing to devote my life to education', but why does it feel completely different when you hear it!? Just reading it gives me goose bumps! I have to save this passage! Too classic!"

"Already saved!"

"I have a folder of Zhang Ye's recordings on my computer. Haha, it's devoted to recording Teacher Zhang Ye's words. Every work of his is too great. Not only does it give you a rush, it is also thought provoking. I don't know literature, nor do I know any great philosophical ideas, but I think this may be the most sublime literature!"

"Forever supporting Teacher Zhang Ye! If you aren't convinced,  
fight me! My large saber is again again again again again again  
again again again again again again again again again again  
again again again again unable to endure the thirst!"

"Big Saber Bro has come too!"

"Teacher Zhang has already declared war! Let us blow the trumpets for war!"

"Hahahaha, which eye of yours saw Teacher Zhang declaring war?"

"Isn't he fighting for the liberation of education!? Since he's fighting, if that's not a declaration of war, then what is!? Let's go brothers! Teacher Zhang has summoned us!"

Zhang Ye's fan club immediately felt their morale surging. Some people were still messing around with jokes. It was quite a relaxed atmosphere. Such an atmosphere could only be found in Zhang Ye's fan club. If it was any other celebrity's fans, they would be furious or worried if such a situation were to happen. They wouldn't have been in the mood to jest, but Zhang Ye's fans were different. These people had followed Zhang Ye from the beginning, and had gone through numerous storms! All of them were "battle-hardened", and no longer thought much of such "small matters". Everyone was accustomed to it! They felt that the matters of Teacher Zhang's swearing at others daily with them joining...was the norm. If Zhang Ye stopped for one day, it would make these fans unable to get used to it!

Flurry of discussion!

Arguments!

The excerpt, from "How the Steel Was Tempered", that was thrown out by Zhang Ye was also the most famous passage in the novel. It gave a boost to this matter!

Yan Jiantao also had Weibo. He stood forward to refute!

A few veterans of the education world and elderly professors,



with more than a dozen people came forward to denounce him. They were probably egged on by Yan Jiantao!

Zhang Ye smiled and looked past it. He did not take it to heart. The only thing that he noticed was Wu Zeqing's Weibo account had given him a Like. Wu Zeqing was famous in the education world, and was well known by the people. She was not a celebrity, and most people did not even know what she looked like. Although she had a verified account , and it was just a Like, which got flooded away by others with no one paying attention to it, Zhang Ye's sharp eyes noticed it. President Wu's Like was not for the "Ode to Young China" Weibo post that he had posted earlier, but that passage from "How the Steel Was Tempered". Zhang Ye guessed the reason. The other post was a lot more sensitive towards the elderly, hence as Peking University's Vice President, Wu Zeqing could not express her views. Hence, she supported Zhang Ye by Liking another Weibo post. She did not say anything, but her stance was clear!

What should have been seen had been seen.

What should have been said had been said.

Alright, time to finish dinner and sleep. Tomorrow, there will probably be more denouncement!

After finishing dinner, Zhang Ye washed up. He did not listen on to Mom's nagging. He returned to his room and tucked himself into bed. Before 8, he was already fast asleep.

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The next day.

In the morning, Zhang Ye got up to go to work.

For this matter, he could not think of a way to resolve it. Although he had explained that he was not scolding old people, even this fellow would not believe his own excuses. Hai, if this was not properly dealt with, he might even be removed from the education system.

What should he do?

It really seems like he had to resign himself to fate!

When he reached the office, Zhang Ye greeted everyone, "Good morning."

"Good morning."

"Teacher Little Zhang, you've come?"

"Teacher Zhang, what you said on Weibo yesterday was really good!"

Many people also looked towards him, while others consoled

him.

Suddenly, the phone rang and Zhang Ye saw an unrecognized number. "Hello?"

"Hello, this must be Teacher Zhang Ye, right?" It was a middle-aged man's voice. "I'm from Nanjing University. I know you are busy, so I'll cut to the chase."

Nanjing University?

What are you looking for me for?

Zhang Ye was stunned as he said, "Oh, please go ahead."

The middle-aged man said, "We are thinking of inviting you to teach at Nanjing University's Chinese department next semester. The course will be up to you to choose. You can continue teaching ancient classics electives or a main course. That can all be discussed. Then, we can see how the situation is, and if we need to change it, we will do so. Right, the Chinese department is also intending on opening up a new elective in the second half semester..." The person said a lot.

Zhang Ye was at a loss. He quickly avoided people and went to a window by the corridor outside the office. "Thank you, but I currently do not have such plans. I'm a Beijinger, so it's more convenient for me to teach here."

The middle-aged man said, "Now by plane, it's not far. You just need two to three hours to travel through the entire country. Why don't we do this? Every class, your air tickets will be reimbursed by us. As long as you come, anything can be discussed. We can do so in detail face to face."

Zhang Ye tactfully rejected. "We'll talk about it in the future. Thank you for your trust, but I'm not ready for such large steps yet."

After he hung up, another telephone call came in. It was a middle-aged woman. It was Beijing Normal University's Chinese department Dean. Her goal was the same. She was trying to invite Zhang Ye to their school to teach. The compensation was good, and everything could be negotiable.

What's going on?

Two famous schools want to invite me over?

Didn't they realize that this bro has a "criminal record"? The dispute of him scolding the elderly hasn't been resolved yet, right? If it was decided that Zhang Ye was to be disciplined, it might not just be as simple as leaving the Chinese department or Peking University, but rather it was highly likely that he would have to leave academia altogether. Even if they roped him in, he would not be allowed to teach either. Once the teacher qualification Peking University had applied for him out of exception had been canceled or suspended, then he would not be able to teach at all. It was the same as how the SARFT suspended his broadcasting host qualifications.

What's the situation?

Zhang Ye was a bit confused.

But when he returned to his office, Zhang Ye completely understood. He knew why Nanjing University and Beijing Normal University had invited him!

Su Na came to work!

Not only had she come, but she was holding a newspaper in her hands!

The moment Su Na arrived, she shouted, "Where's Teacher Zhang? Is Teacher Zhang not here yet? Aiyah, hey, take a look. Quick! This is a copy of today's People's Daily!"

Professor Zeng asked in surprise, "What about People's Daily?"

Su Na said, "You'll know once you see it! Third page!"

"What's the matter?" Zhang Ye happened to enter at that exact moment.

"Teacher Zhang, quick take a look. You were really impressive this time!" Su Na exclaimed.

With Su Na's shout, the other teachers from the Chinese department gathered around. "Let me take a look. What's this about?"

When they flipped to the third page and saw it, everyone exclaimed or turned silent from shock. "Little Zhang! Your 'Ode to Young China' made it onto People's Daily!"

Zhang Ye looked at it and was also stunned!

Holy sh\*t! He really was on it! This was the People's Daily!

The People's Daily was no stranger to the people. It was the country's largest newspaper. It was a mouthpiece of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China. No commoner bought it, as it was mostly political news. There was little to do with daily life and there was nothing much in it. It wasn't very readable, but everyone had to recognize the status of this newspaper in the country. It was the head of the pack. Every relevant institution or state-owned enterprise would subscribe to it!

This was a political newspaper!

The things written in it even indicated the inclinations of the political powers!

And at this moment, "Ode to Young China" had been published in

People's Daily! This completely stunned everyone! Although the newspaper did not publish the full text of Zhang Ye's speech, and had only published the last few paragraphs, it was still a very fascinating thing!

Su Na laughed. "Teacher Zhang! You must really treat us now! You have to treat us today!"

Professor Zeng also said excitedly, "There aren't many teachers from our Peking University who have ever gotten onto People's Daily despite its years of history! They can be counted with one's hands! Little Zhang, you are really in the limelight this time!"

Zhang Ye did not even expect this himself. His heart thumped heavily. Zhang Ye was quite flattered by the affirmation given to him by the People's Daily.

At this moment, Yan Jiantao also arrived at work. "Why is it so noisy?"

Then he noticed the newspaper that everyone was passing around. When he took a glance, his expression changed to that of a frozen eggplant. He did not say a word. The moment he finished reading the article, he turned around and left.

Everyone knew that Professor Yan would no longer gather people to denounce Zhang Ye. The criticism and invective towards Zhang Ye by old comrades on the internet would probably be put to an end today! Why? There was no need to ask why! The People's Daily had already published "Ode to Young China"! This explained that

the higher-ups had affirmed Zhang Ye's speech! This was People's Daily! This was a protective charm! Zhang Ye no longer needed to be afraid that people would accuse him of showing disrespect to the elderly! The publication in People's Daily was all Zhang Ye needed!



# Chapter 349: Popularity Rises Again!

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On the web.

At first, many people were still having a continuation of the topic from last night. There were more and more people joining in the ranks of those who supported "Ode to Young China". There were also more and more people joining the ranks of people who denounced Zhang Ye. It reached quite a fervent state. Then, suddenly, in an instant, the entire situation flipped!

"Ah Ah Ah!"

"My eyes!"

"Quick take a look at People's Daily!"

"What about People's Daily? Why should we look at it?"

"It's just a political newspaper. Which commoner would buy it!?"

"Let me take a look. My organization is subscribed to it...Holy sh\*t! My eyes are blind! What is this? The People's Daily has published an excerpt of 'Ode to Young China'!"

"Impossible!"

"F\*\*k! Is this real or not?"

"I have attached a picture. Please take a look for yourselves. Why would I lie to all of you!"

When a cellphone picture of today's edition of People's Daily's third page was uploaded, everyone was stunned!

"Breaking news!"

"That's too awesome!"

"Teacher Zhang has gotten onto People's Daily!"

"I knew it. How can 'Ode to Young China', something that can be immortalized, be condemned by people! This would definitely be passed down for centuries!"

Immediately, many people cried out in disbelief!

Elder Qian, Yao Jiancai, Zhao Guozhou, Hu Fei, Xiao Lu, Hou Ge, Hou Di, Wang Xiong, Dong Shanshan, Wang Xiaomei, etc. Zhang Ye's old friends and colleagues all forwarded it on Weibo.

Zhao Guozhou: "Congratulations."

Yao Jiancai: "Well done bro! Haha!"

Xiao Lu: "Teacher Zhang is so magnificent!"

Elder Qian: "As long as it is gold, it will glitter!"

Dong Shanshan: "Old classmate, I'm happy for you."

As for those people who had denounced Zhang Ye in outrage, they immediately became silent. A large number of people shut their mouths and silently went offline. There were still people who gave a few indignant curses, but their voices decreased till they completely disappeared! With People's Daily giving Zhang Ye's speech affirmation, it was meaningless for them to carry on denouncing it!

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Afternoon.

Zhang Ye treated everyone to lunch.

The dining hall was in Peking University's campus. It may have been called a dining hall, but it was actually a restaurant. Zhang Ye had reserved an area earlier. He did not know how many people would turn up, nor was he lacking in money, so he decided to reserve a room for twenty people. There were two tables, so it was surely enough.

"Teacher Zhang, congratulations."

"Thank you Teacher Xu."

"Little Zhang, I heard you were published by People's Daily?"

"Yeah, I didn't expect it either. Professor Li. Teacher Xu, you came at the right time. I was just about to invite you to lunch. I have already reserved some tables."

"Is it appropriate?"

"It's my treat. Everyone is going."

"Haha, alright then. I'll scrounge a meal from you then."

"It's almost the lunar new year winter vacation. We should gather for a meal too."

There were more and more people coming. Most of them were teachers from the Chinese department. Zhang Ye had also invited the Dean and the Dean's secretary, but Zhen Shuquan and Chang Kaige had both not arrived at work that day. They had gone to the hospital to visit the President. Another was out of town for a conference. They were not around, so there was no other way about it. As for Yan Jiantao and those elderly professors and lecturers that had good relationships with Yan Jiantao, Zhang Ye did not bother inviting them. He knew they were definitely feeling a grudge, and would not come, so Zhang Ye did not want to bring contempt on himself. Furthermore, he had won this time, and the

people that should have been scolded had been scolded, and faces smacked. If he were to invite Yan Jiantao, it would make people think he was intoxicated by success. It would not look good on him.

Ring, ring, ring.

A telephone call came.

There was no one around him, so Zhang Ye picked it up. "Hello?"

"Hello, Zhang Ye." It was a woman's voice. "I'm from the People's Daily. As the manuscript was rushed, we added your speech at the last minute, so I only had the time to inform you now."

Zhang Ye hurried said, "It's no problem whatsoever. In fact, I'm very honored to be able to be on People's Daily. I want to thank all of you."

The woman smiled and said, "It was recommended by your President Wu. After examining it, we found it pretty good. Hence, we decided to add it at 3 in the morning."

"President Wu recommended it?" Zhang Ye was stunned.

The woman said curiously, "That's right. You didn't know? Well, it's nothing. I'm contacting you to know what method you would like for us to transfer the royalty fees to you. Do you want to do it by registered post, or through the bank?"

Zhang Ye said, "There's no need to. I'm already extremely honored. There's no need for money."

"Just give me your bank account number. These are the rules, so we need to go through the process. The royalties aren't that much either. It's only around 23 bucks." The woman said.

Zhang Ye could only say, "Alright, then I'll text you my bank account number."

After hanging up, Zhang Ye sent her a text message. Honestly, the royalty fees from People's Daily was ridiculously low. This wasn't the first time Zhang Ye had been published on a newspaper. For example, for the Beijing Times, although the royalty fees were not that much, it was at least in the hundreds every time. If there were a lot of words, it could even break a thousand. Zhang Ye had received quite a bit of royalties from those poems and proses, but this was the first time he had ever received a two-digit royalty fee.

But then again, ever since Zhang Ye debuted, he had appeared on nearly all the newspapers over the entire country, or in different provinces, but he had never appeared on the largest People's Daily. As this publication had a political leaning towards it and had no entertainment section, if it was just a common celebrity, like singers or actors, these important figures would have no chance to appear on such a newspaper. Zhang Yuanqi was the same too, but Zhang Ye had done it. To be able to go on People's Daily was already extremely lucky, so royalties? That was nothing of importance. Even if there wasn't a hundred million people who wanted to get on this newspaper, there were at least tens of

millions. This was something you could not obtain with money. Ignoring the 23 bucks of royalties given to him, even if Zhang Ye had to pay a million, he would be willing to do so!

It represented fame!

It represented prestige!

This was a shimmering qualification!

Was Yan Jiantao awesome? Was he experienced? Was he reputable? But our old comrade Yan had never been on People's Daily! Or he wouldn't have gone back to his office after knowing about the news in the morning. He had not even stepped out of it since! This was because it represented something exceptional!

"Teacher Zhang, are we leaving?"

"Sure, Teacher Su. Let me make a call first."

"Alright, everyone will be waiting for you downstairs."

"Great. Go on down first. I'll be right there."

Su Na came looking for him, but Zhang Ye did not go with them. He made a phone call first. Ring Ring Ring. It connected. "Hello, President Wu. It's me, Little Zhang."

"Little Zhang." Wu Zeqing said.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "I'll be treating everyone to lunch at noon. So far, it is mainly teachers from the Chinese department, would you mind showing your face?"

Wu Zeqing smiled lightly and said, "Go on ahead. I won't be joining in on the fun."

"Don't say that. You are the star. If you don't come, I won't be able to eat." Zhang Ye said, "I heard that my 'Ode to Young China' was recommended to People's Daily by you. For them to use my text was mostly because of your recommendation. I must thank you properly." If it were the other Vice Presidents of Peking University who had their training in education, they would lack this ability, but Wu Zeqing was different. Zhang Ye knew she came with political training and was a political executive. Her network was naturally wider than other Peking University Vice Presidents.

Wu Zeqing's voice was always that soft and gentle. "If you say it in that way, I'll feel guilty. Hur Hur. You know better than anyone else what your speech represents. It's your literary talent that allowed you to be rewarded with such honors. It has little to do with me. I only took on the role of recommending it. That was all."

Zhang Ye said, "I've already reserved a place. We are just waiting for you. I'm just not sure if you are in your office, if not, I would have invited you in person."

"Don't go. I'm not in the office. Well, alright then. Go on ahead



first. Once I'm finished here, I'll come over." Wu Zeqing agreed.

Zhang Ye said happily, "Alright. Then we will be waiting for you."

.....

Restaurant.

On a balcony on the third floor.

Next to Peking University was a lake, so the scenery was exceptionally good.

Just as everyone took their seats, the door opened. Wu Zeqing had arrived.

"President Wu."

"President Wu, you came."

"Hurry and take the main seat."

Finally, Wu Zeqing was invited to take the main seat. Zhang Ye was the star of the show today, so he was invited to sit beside President Wu. On the other side of Wu Zeqing sat Professor Zeng, who had the most established qualifications.

Zhang Ye gave a toast. "President Wu, I'll use tea on behalf of wine to toast you."

They were all Peking University teachers, so they were certainly not allowed to drink alcohol during office hours, so they all drank tea and other beverages instead.

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "Today, you are the star. I'm not going to steal your thunder."

"You are my benefactor. If not for you inviting me to teach at Peking University, I would probably still be cooped up at home unable to find a job. It's all thanks to you." Zhang Ye said with some self-mockery.

Wu Zeqing clinked her cup with his and said gracefully. "With your literary talent, you don't have to worry no matter where you go. And even if you didn't come, it would be hard to say if our Chinese department would have received the number one ranking in the country. Now that your speech has gone on People's Daily, it is really me who should be thanking you for coming to join us." After she drank some tea, she looked at him nicely. "So how about it Little Zhang? Are you interested in joining Peking University as a full time teacher next semester? Place your focus here, while you put a hold the entertainment industry."

Don't work in the entertainment industry?

Teach in Peking University without anything else?

Zhang Ye exclaimed. "About that..."

Professor Zeng also laughed and said, "That's right. You are quite suitable for the education system. Although you have never taught before, your achievements in education in just these few days are known by all!"

Su Na smiled and urged him. "The entertainment industry is too messy. The school is so nice. Didn't you post on Weibo yesterday, saying all your life and all your strength would be given to the finest cause in the world—the fight for the Liberation of Education. It was said so well!"

The other teachers also nodded their heads slightly. Zhang Ye's words had really hit their hearts as educators!

Ah?

Did I say that before?

Are those words of mine?

Zhang Ye coughed. "About that, I can balance it on two ends. I can both develop myself in the entertainment industry, but neither would I affect my teaching responsibilities." He quickly changed topics. "Here, this toast is on me. Thank you for taking care of me all this while!"

"Come here."

"Cheers."

"Here we go."

"Cheers."

Although this semester had come to an end, and after things were settled, Zhang Ye still needed to return to his hosting job. He naturally could not focus on education as his heart was not fully there. His goal was a lot higher than what others thought. His accumulation in Peking University over these past few days had been too smooth. He had obtained great popularity, as well as exposure. This was already enough for Zhang Ye. As for the next step, it was time for Zhang Ye to change his camping ground!

# Chapter 350: Almost a C-List Celebrity!

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Where should he go next?

What program should he do next?

If he produced a program, would the SARFT approve it?

At the table, Zhang Ye's mind began to wander as he quickly recovered. He did not want to think too much. It was almost the lunar new year. He decided to relax in Beijing and rest well. As for work, he decided to think about it after the lunar new year. Anyway, his popularity had increased once again. He was also not limited in his further development. He did not need to worry about not being able to find an opportunity to improve. For work, it had to be both tense but relaxed. If he was in the limelight over a prolonged time, that was not necessarily good. People might get irritated if he always appeared in the news, so he could take this opportunity to relax. Ever since he came back from Shanghai, he had not rested very well. He had been busy at Peking University, so it was time for him to give himself a break.

"Little Zhang, why aren't you eating?"

"Oh, I will. Dig in."

"The day after tomorrow is basically school holidays. Does anyone have plans?"

"I'm going to my hometown for the new year. I've already bought the tickets to fly out in three days."

"This year's lunar new year is rather early. I still need to invigilate the make up exams, so I won't be able to return home."

"My family of three is planning to go traveling. We have decided to go on a trip to the South. Teacher Little Zhang, you are familiar with Shanghai, right?. If you are in Shanghai, we'll look for you. You will treat us to some food, right?"

"Haha, food and accommodation will be provided. You are warmly welcomed."

"What you said is all that matters. Hur Hur. We might not even go."

Everyone ate and had a good time. Everyone was already considering the lunar new year break. As teachers, they had it better. The winter vacation was quite a long school holiday, so they could take a long break. Of course, as university teachers, they definitely were incomparable to primary and secondary school teachers. They were not given as much freedom. For example, some professors still had to take care of their graduate students and attend meetings. Some had to write journal papers or write academic reports, etc. They all had many things to do. Amongst them, Zhang Ye was probably the most free. He did not have any other obligations that he had to meet, and was completely relaxed.

Wu Zeqing was a woman of few words. She ate in an exquisite manner. She chewed her food slowly, and from inside out, could be described as a classic gentle beauty.

After Zhang Ye was done eating, his attention moved to President Wu's body. Today, she was wearing a long qipao. It was a white, with green flowers. There were also some red petals on it. It was very light and soft, and was great at showing off her figure. It was also very attention grabbing. Near the top of the qipao, she wore a white knitted jacket with a button. Her entire person looked very dignified. It was different from Dong Shanshan, who previously wore a qipao. Dong Shanshan wore it sexily, but when worn by Wu Zeqing, it looked mild and classic. She wore a pair of white high heels on her feet, making her exude a certain charm. The heels were not very high, and was only about 4 or 5 cm tall, but since Wu Zeqing's body was very good, with long legs and not a short stature, even without 8-9cm heels, she was also able to look very exceptional!

Beautiful!

Great figure!

Virtuous!

And had a high position!

She was perfect classic beauty that you couldn't find anywhere else!

Zhang Ye noticed that many of the males at the table were acting similarly to himself. They were occasionally glancing at President Wu. Even an old comrade like Professor Zeng was no exception. There was a glimmer of appreciation in Old Zeng's eyes. Wu Zeqing was a landmark of Peking University. Not only the people from Peking University knew, but even many people from other schools of higher learning in Beijing knew that Peking University had a Vice President whose beauty could topple cities!

President Wu mentioned that she still hadn't gotten married?

If he were to marry her, wouldn't he be laughing to death, even in his sleep!?

Zhang Ye began to daydream about it jealously. He did not know if he would be able to marry such a pretty woman. President Wu, you must hold out. Don't let others snatch you away. Eh, right. It's the lunar new year, and he had nothing to do. He had all the time to do other things. With a glint in his eyes, he suddenly remembered an item inside his game ring inventory — Red String of Fate. In Shanghai, the reason why he could progress with such leaps and bounds with his old classmate, Dong Shanshan, to the point of staying together was all because of the "Red String of Fate". He had experimented with this item before. Its function and effects were all rather obvious. The difference between the Red String of Fate and the Cupid Sachet was that the cupid luck was random. It was unpredictable, but the Red String of Fate allowed him to specify his target. It could tie that person's Marriage Affinity with himself!

He had drawn two of them back then.



After using one, he still had one remaining.

Time to use it. Zhang Ye was prepared on tying it around Wu Zeqing's leg to give it a try, but here lay the problem. How would he tie it? Wu Zeqing was sitting completely fine there, yet he would have to lower his head to tie the Red String of Fate to her? In addition to this, there were so many people watching? He wouldn't be able to tie it now. Furthermore, he would be slapped to death by President Wu. He had to find some way to hide his actions and make it look natural. Immediately, he thought of how he gained the chance to tie the Red String of Fate to Dong Shanshan last time. His old classmate had dropped something, and Zhang Ye had taken the opportunity to pick it up for her. Hence, he got the opportunity!

That's the only way!

Let's try it again!

Zhang Ye did not feel his heart ache. To get closer to Goddess Wu, he even sacrificed his cellphone. He pretended to pick up his cellphone to take a look at it. After tapping on it a few times, he placed it back down on the table quietly. It was rather close to Wu Zeqing. Following that, Zhang Ye raised his cup and clinked it with the rest.

"Here, let me toast everyone again."

"Cheers."

"Teacher Zhang, cheers."

When he pulled back his hand, Zhang Ye placed his cup down and intentionally nudged his phone off the tabletop. Bada. His cellphone fell to the ground, causing even the battery cover to pop off.

Su Na exclaimed, "Aiyah, your cellphone!"

Professor Zeng said, "Hurry and take a look. Is it broken?"

Wu Zeqing pulled her leg back and looked down, "Where did it drop?"

"Carry on eating. Don't worry." Zhang Ye pulled his chair back and squatted down. He pulled up the tablecloth and grabbed his cellphone. Then with another hand, he opened the game interface, and took out the only Red String of Fate from his inventory. He stretched out his hand, pretending to look for his battery and phone cover, but was actually secretly looping the Red String of Fate around Wu Zeqing's calf. President Wu thought the battery cover was by her feet, so she moved her feet, and with this motion, it caused Zhang Ye's wrist to touch President Wu's ankle. Her smooth, nude-colored stockings rubbed against Zhang Ye's skin, making his heart quiver uncontrollably.

"Oh, did I kick you?" Wu Zeqing said.

Zhang Ye took the opportunity to wrap the Red String of Fate around. "It doesn't matter. Don't worry about me."

Immediately, he quickly tied a knot with his finders. Once he pulled the Red String of Fate's other end, a dead knot immediately formed on Wu Zeqing's ankles. Wu Zeqing did not have any reaction since the Red String of Fate did not have any physical attributes, and could only be seen and touched by Zhang Ye.

After picking up his battery and back cover, Zhang Ye resurfaced to assemble it. It still looked fine at first, since it was not broken. There was only a small dent mark on the back of his phone, so it was fine.

No one paid any attention as they carried on eating.

Zhang Ye's hand grabbed on to the other end of the Red String of Fate. When he found an opportunity, he crossed his leg and quickly formed a knot on his own leg while the others were paying attention to other topics.

Zhang Ye felt his leg go numb!

Wu Zeqing also suddenly looked downwards strangely!

Red String of Fate in effect! Their Marriage Affinity had been temporarily linked together!

Last time, when he experimented with Dong Shanshan, the Red

String of Fate had only lasted for a few hours. This time, with Wu Zeqing, Zhang Ye could not be sure how long it would last. It depended on his luck, and there might be some other random components to it too.

After lunch.

Wu Zeqing had something to tend to, so she left with her heels tapping.

Su Na watched with envy. "President Wu is really pretty today."

A Chinese department male teacher said, "That's right. Why do you think President Wu hasn't gotten married yet? Is it because her standards are too high? Ordinary people can't catch her eye?"

A intern teacher said, "Probably because no one dares to chase after President Wu. President Wu is way out of their league. Even an exceptional guy would be scared off."

Teacher Wu, who was almost about to be promoted to Associate Professor, interjected, "Don't talk about such things. It won't be good if she hears you." It was taboo to talk about the leadership behind their backs. Only the younger teachers dared to gossip secretly. Those who were older did not dare to do so. Everyone knew that Wu Zeqing was not an ordinary Peking University Vice President. To be precise, she was an official. She had been stationed here, and might be transferred back to the Education Bureau some day or to another ministry. She was completely different from them who had been cooped up in school for all their

lives. She had her future planned out. Even many established Vice Presidents, who were much older than Wu Zeqing, did not dare to put on airs in front of her.

"Right, let's not talk about it."

"I need to go home. I have something planned this afternoon."

"I still need to finish up some work. It's about time to post the final grades."

After a short while, everyone went their own separate way. Some returned home, while others busied themselves with work.

Zhang Ye returned to the Chinese department office. He did not have anything to do that afternoon, but did not leave. He was waiting to see the effects of the Red String of Fate.

Five minutes...

Ten minutes...

As he waited, he could only browse the internet.

Oh right, the celebrity rankings should have been updated. What was his current ranking?

Zhang Ye immediately opened the official website that ranked celebrities. He did not search for his name, but instead directly opened the D-list celebrity rankings. And looked from the top to bottom. And after just a few names, Zhang Ye found himself. He was already ranked amongst the top D-list celebrities!

Sixth place!

He had been pulled up to sixth place!

Just thinking of back when he went to Shanghai to produce a talk show, his ranking was barely the last amongst the D-list celebrities, but after a few episodes of the talk show, causing a controversy with the SARFT, followed by his lectures on 'Dream of the Red Chamber', and today's publication of "Ode to Young China" in People's Daily, all this popularity and exposure allowed him to go from last few of the D-list to the top few of the D-list celebrity list in less than two months. If he were to rise another 5 or 6 ranks, he would become a C-list celebrity! And there were still dozens of episode of his talk show that had not been aired yet. He believed that once "Zhang Ye's Talk Show" was fully released, he would definitely qualify to be promoted to a C-list celebrity!

What was the concept of a C-list?

It meant being considered a quite popular celebrity!

Zhang Ye felt that his expedition in Peking University was absolutely the best decision. If he had gone elsewhere or walked another path, it would not have increased his popularity by so

much!

Zhang Ye glanced at the Reputation points in his game ring. It made him even more excited. There was so much that he couldn't look straight at it!

Reputation points: 39 million!

The total amount of Reputation points that he had earned before added together would probably be less than this!

However, Zhang Ye did not plan on using all his Reputation points. Since it was the lunar new year soon, and he wanted to take a break, there was nothing on hand for the time being. The items in his inventory were still enough for him, so he could not waste it wantonly. This was what fueled his fame. There was never enough no matter how much he saved. He planned on saving up more Reputation points, and using them when the opportunity arose. He wanted to be able to put the game ring to its maximum use, and not use it all now. When he encountered an emergency without any Reputation points, then he would be in big trouble!

He felt really good!

Zhang Ye enjoyed his cup of tea. As his popularity grew, his reputation also increased. He had taken another big step towards his goal!

# Chapter 351: Nearby Person—Water Lotus Moon!

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Afternoon.

It was already 3PM.

No matter how long he waited and waited, the Red String of Fate did not seem to have taken effect!

Oh? It can't be? Why was there no effect this time?

Zhang Ye had waited for so long, that even the flowers had wilted. Don't even talk about developing further with Wu Zeqing, he had not even been able to meet with President Wu. Thus, Zhang Ye did not stay any longer and just packed up. He said goodbye to his colleagues before joining a few other lecturers downstairs who were also heading home for the day.

Who knew that when Zhang Ye reached the first floor, he immediately spotted Wu Zeqing who was not too far away. It was not that his eyes were sharp, but that Wu Zeqing was too eye-catching. Such a beauty would be the focus of attention wherever she went. You couldn't help but see her even if you didn't want to. There were five to six people walking alongside Wu Zeqing. It looked like she had brought them along for official matters. From their conversation, it sounded like a small auditorium in the school needed some renovation work.



"It's not simple to modify the roof, right?"

"It needs to be refurbished once over no matter what."

"If the facility lighting needs to be completely changed, then the overall work required would be rather intensive."

Wu Zeqing and those workers walked past Zhang Ye. She did not even look at him.

Zhang Ye stood still for a moment, thinking if there would be an unexpected situation. Like whether Wu Zeqing would suddenly call him over or she might suddenly say that she was knocking off and ask Zhang Ye to send her home. He was just looking forward to something happening that would let the two of them become closer, but Zhang Ye was disappointed once again. President Wu had already brought the group to the small auditorium. Nothing happened and Zhang Ye had wasted the entire day waiting.

Whatever.

It's time to go home.

Zhang Ye could only drive off in his car. This lousy Red String of Fate was not doing its job today. Could it be that the gulf between him and President Wu was too large and their Marriage Affinity could not be connected together? That couldn't be. Zhang Ye looked down and saw that the Red String of Fate was still tied to his ankle and had not broken yet. This showed that their fates

were still connected somehow. Hai, as he pondered further, Zhang Ye also slowly realised that for two people to get together, would usually take long term battling together, getting to know each other, etc, etc, etc. It would be a long path to traverse and this was even with connected fates. Some people knew each other for over 10 years before finally getting together, so for him, these few hours was nothing to be too anxious about. Marriage Affinity and cupid's luck were 2 very different things.

.....

At home.

It was the weekend, so both of his parents were resting.

Zhang Ye was opening the gates with his key when someone suddenly opened the door from inside. Zhang Ye had a big fright!

It was his mother!

Zhang Ye wiped the sweat from his head said, "It's you! You gave me a scare!"

"My son is back! Quick, quick! Come in, come in. Are you tired?" His mother pulled Zhang Ye into the house in a very warm and passionate manner.

Zhang Ye changed into his slippers, "I'm not tired. The classes ended already and there wasn't much to do at school today."

Dad nodded, "Little Ye is back?"

"Yes, Dad. What are you two doing? Why aren't you watching TV?" Zhang Ye asked.

Dad said, "We were just talking about you."

Zhang Ye said, "Oh, what about me?"

Mom broke out into a smile, "What do you think? You have done your Dad and I proud! You've secretly gone on the pages of People's Daily! That's really good! I've always said that my son's a great person! I've said it before! You see! We're talking about People's Daily here! It's not a paper that any Tom, Dick, or Harry could get onto! Even if you paid a lot of money, you wouldn't be able to appear on it! It's still my son who has such an ability! That "Ode to Young China" was so well written!"

Dad said in a speechless manner, "You said that? What did you say? Did you say that last night? You stopped our son and gave him such a scolding yesterday, saying that he did not respect his elders!"

Mom rolled her eyes, "Did I say that?"

Dad ignored her and just continued reading the paper, "You know it yourself, whether you said it or not."

"Son, quickly have a drink." His mother did not bother to bring up last night's events, "Hur Hur, Mom will prepare dinner tonight, tell me what you want to eat!"

Zhang Ye laughed, "I'm fine with anything." As he said that, his eyes swept over to a stack of newspapers on the coffee table. There were more than 10 copies sitting on it, "Oh, what's that?"

His father looked over and said, "Your mum bought all the People's Daily newspaper she could find on the streets from more than 10 newspaper vendors. She was giving them out in the district until the security guards came over to stop her thinking that she was handing out advertisements. Your mum with her bad temper even got into an argument with them."

Zhang Ye: "..."

His mother said indignantly, "Who asked that guard not to know better? With my looks and bearing as a celebrity's mother, would I need to give out advertisements? Wasn't he asking to be scolded?! I was just chatting with our neighbours. Why was he so bothered? Of course I would give him a piece of my mind!"

Dad said in an annoyed fashion, "A celebrity's mother has such qualities? What would others think if they knew? Our son has done us proud, but you should also think of how you should do him proud."

His mother said in a flustered tone, "Son, did Mom make you lose face? Tell us!"

What could Zhang Ye say? He could only cough and say, "No."

"See what our son says!" His mother stared at his father, "I'm shaming our son? You are the one who's throwing away his face. Always wearing that sort of clothing and never changing your style. Little Ye is now doing well and earning big bucks. He's given us enough and you don't even want to buy new clothes? You are like a country bumpkin!"

Dad stared back, "My shirts are all handmade. Look at the quality, it's so good. They don't need changing even after so many years too, how is it old fashioned?"

Mom pouted, "Let your son decide, I can't be bothered about you."

The old couple began squabbling and Zhang Ye was at a loss of whether to laugh or cry. He did not want to get himself involved, so he slowly walked back into his room and lay on his bed waiting for dinner.

After dinner.

His parents were back to how they were before. They started talking about his marriage.

"Old Zhang, what kind of girl do you think we should look for our Little Ye?"

"It's up to him. As long as he likes her, I have no opinion."

"What does a child like him know? We need to help him with such things. We definitely cannot get someone from the entertainment industry. They don't have good reputations. I won't agree to that. A teacher is not good either since they spend so many years teaching children already. They would be totally annoyed by them and when they have children themselves, so their tempers wouldn't be good. No one from the finance industry either, they have nothing in common to talk about with our son. The marriage will definitely go wrong if that's the case. And....."

His mother was talking non-stop by herself.

Zhang Ye became a little dizzy from listening to all the chattering, "Dad, Mom, I'm going out for a while."

Mom frowned, "It's already so late, where are you going?"

"I'm going out for a run, to get some exercise." Zhang Ye said, "I'm off now."

Mom said, "Come back soon! Remember to wear your sunglasses and a mask!"

"I know." Zhang Ye prepared himself to get up, then left the house. He could not stand that mouth of his mother. What marriage? There's not even a hint of a girlfriend!

It was already evening. The sky had slowly darkened and the stars were twinkling.

Zhang Ye walked along the road, enjoying a rare feeling of peace. He could even admire the moon.

He had not exercised in a long time, so he decided to do some jogging. Exercising was not something to skimp on, just as what his landlady had said before. Martial arts was never going to be easy, one would need to be determined while training.

He began running!

Zhang Ye maintained a steady speed. His physical strength had been getting better and he had managed to run for over half an hour without resting. As he was running towards Xuanwumen, a vibration came from his pocket.

Di di di.

His cellphone rang.

Zhang Ye could tell from the ringtone that it was from his chatting app. It was already this late, so who could it be? He remembered that he had only logged into an old account. Using his own name to chat would be too troublesome. Many people had somehow gotten his contact either by searching or some other way and were adding him every other day. They would message him in

private. Zhang Ye was someone who was willing to chat with anyone who liked him, but there were too many chats to deal with. If he chatted with someone, then what about the others? It wouldn't be good to snub anyone, so instead he decided that he would not login to that account as often.

He stopped. Catching his breath, he took out his cellphone and took a look.

An avatar was blinking — It was Water Lotus Moon!

He saw her message: "Where are you at?"

Zhang Ye perked up, "Where? I'm jogging outside."

Water Lotus Moon sent another message that left Zhang Ye surprised, "You are in Xuanwumen?"

"Ah?" Zhang Ye was dumbfounded. He looked around him and saw that there was no one around. There were only cars on the road that were passing by. He immediately replied, "How did you know? I just ran over here, did you see me? That can't be. I did not send you any pictures before and you do not know me!"

Water Lotus Moon sent another picture. It showed that the distance between them was approximately 200 meters.

Zhang Ye exclaimed with some vulgarities. Many chatting apps in his previous world also had such functionalities, but they were



usually not that accurate. Sometimes it would display the distance as a few dozen meters, but in reality, the distance was a few thousand meters. He was not too familiar with the chatting apps of this world, but it seemed like they were quite accurate. If he knew, he would have turned off the location tracking functionality. This was giving away too much information of his location, "You are in Xuanwumen too?"

Water Lotus Moon: "Yes."

Zhang Ye: "It can't be a coincidence?"

Water Lotus Moon, "Looks like we have some fate. I sent the pictures wrongly to you before and just now, I was just fiddling with the people nearby function and somehow I found you."

Zhang Ye looked around: "Yes, that's must be fate. Where are you at?"

Water Lotus Moon: "Your specific location?"

Zhang Ye hesitated before replying: "I'm in the vicinity of Zhuangsheng Department Store."

Water Lotus Moon replied: "I'm at the side of Liulichang, looks like it's a little more than 200 metres."

To the east of Xuanwumen, one street over was Liulichang just over 500 metres away.

Zhang Ye replied, "What are you doing at Liulichang? At this time, the antique stores should already be closed?"

Water Lotus Moon: "I'm buying some Xuan paper."

Zhang Ye: "Are you involved in cultural work?"

Water Lotus Moon: "This Big Sis works at a bank. I deal with purchasing. There will be an exhibition in the unit in a few more days and we will be using a lot of paper and ink. What about you, what do you do?"

Zhang Ye blinked. He couldn't possibly say that he was a celebrity. It was not something that could be said without thought. If he were to be recognized, it would be troublesome. So he replied: "Oh, I am in the finance industry. I invest in stocks and such. Yes, so have you finished buying what you needed? Are you going home now?"

Water Lotus Moon: "I'm not in a rush, I'm admiring the moon."

Zhang Ye: "What a coincidence, I was just jogging and appreciating the moon too."

# Chapter 352: The Difficult Questions From Water Lotus Moon!

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Under the moonlight.

Xuanwumen, or more accurately speaking, it was near the school yard entrance.

Zhang Ye found a spot on the staircase in front of a bank. He did not carry a look that suited a teacher as he sat down heavily on the steps. He was already tired from his run and his momentum had all but stopped since he received the message through the chatting app. Without that momentum, he no longer had the strength to carry on running as he started panting heavily.

He was tired.

But his heart was alive because a beauty was chatting with him.

Zhang Ye typed: "Today's weather is really nice and the moon looks beautiful too."

Water Lotus Moon replied quickly, "Yes, that's why I was not in a rush to get home."

Zhang Ye tested her by typing: "Do you stay nearby?"

Water Lotus Moon: "Not around here. It's rather far. Have you

finished running?"

Zhang Ye replied: "I'm tired from running, so I've stopped. There's nothing to do at home anyway, so I found a place to sit down to chat with you. It's rare to share such fate. Amongst the sea of people on the internet, the two of us nearly bumped into each other." The first time, it was the Cupid Satchel's effect, while this time, it was a coincidence. Zhang Ye did not expect Water Lotus Moon to be in Beijing. It was already this late at night too and yet he had run to a place near here. If this wasn't coincidence, what could it be? Zhang Ye had been busy with work the past few days and did not have the time to exercise. Even the reason for him to come out today was because of his mother's incessant nagging.

Water Lotus Moon: "That's true."

Zhang Ye replied with some emotionally deep words, "We travelled a thousand miles and met due to fate."

Water Lotus Moon: "Hur Hur, we still have not met."

Zhang Ye definitely wished to meet Water Lotus Moon once. This Big Sis who worked at the bank had too alluring of a figure. Zhang Ye had been dreaming of Water Lotus Moon's naked body every night for the past few days. He could not take his mind of her body. When he tried probing, she did not follow up on it, so Zhang Ye did not find it appropriate to carry on mentioning it. If he directly said to meet up out of the blue, he might end up putting her off. The crux of the issue was the timing wasn't right. This was the internet after all. Everything was quite unreal. It was very difficult for people to trust each other with a screen separating them.

Di Di. The message came.

Water Lotus Moon: "Did you delete the pictures from before?"

Zhang Ye immediately sent a screenshot. "My camera basically doesn't have pictures. It's empty. The internal memory is also cleared. Even my chat history is clean, so rest assured Big Sis. No one can force me to do things I don't agree to, but anything that I agree to, I would definitely do. I have that level of integrity. If you don't believe me, I can use my character to assure you that I have not stored a single one of your pictures, nor would it leak out from me."

Water Lotus Moon: "Okay. If I didn't believe you, Big Sis would not have sent you more pictures previously. Hur Hur. Just look at it as if they are artistic pictures."

Zhang Ye said with pretense. "Definitely. Those are artistic pictures." After he sent the message, he found it lacking and began flattering: "Your body is really a work of art from the heavens. It's really too perfect." Be it in Zhang Ye's previous world or in this new world, there were body art pictures. However, this fellow, Zhang Ye, was just saying empty words. How could he know anything about such artistry? He did not have any artistic foundations or understandings. All he looked at were the thighs and breasts. That was all this fellow was interested in.

Water Lotus Moon: "How can these kinds of pictures be seen by others. It was only seen by you because I made a mistake. Hur Hur.

There's no need to even mention letting others take pictures of me."

Zhang Ye gulped a mouthful of saliva. He knew it was inappropriate but could not help but ask: "Then, if you don't mind, I am willing to belabor myself. Since I'm your only audience member, and have seen it before. cough, although I never studied photography, I still know how to take photos. It will at least be better than the angles of your self-photography." Hey, it was a pleasure to help others. As an excellent Young Pioneer member, he naturally would never reject doing such things, or else how could he be called a Red Scarved Scout?

The other party immediately turned silent.

Zhang Ye waited helplessly for her reply.

After tens of seconds, the cellphone beeped. Water Lotus Moon: "Hur Hur, we only got to know each other for a few days, and furthermore, it was through the internet. That wouldn't be appropriate, right?"

Was this a rejection?

However, Zhang Ye said, "But we are fated. There is a good saying..." Just as he was about to throw out the poem, he suddenly recalled that this poem did not exist in this world. He was currently a person "in finance", so how could he have such talent? It might even reveal his identity, hence he did not dare send a poem. "There is a good saying, it does not matter how long we

know each other. We are soulmates and confidants. It all depends on feelings and not time. You might know someone for decades, but that does not make him a soulmate. Someone you met in one day might gain your trust, allowing to speak your woes and joys. For example, I'm a classic weakling, and someone without any guts. You can completely trust me." To meet Water Lotus Moon, Zhang Ye was willing to even say he was impotent, much less that he was a weakling.

Water Lotus Moon: "You sure are humorous."

Zhang Ye: "If it's your camera, I won't be able to keep the content either."

After another pause, Water Lotus Moon sent: "Let me consider it."

Upon realizing he had a chance, Zhang Ye's eyes lit up. He began typing: "Didn't you want to keep memories of your youth? Those pictures of yours are all self-taken, and the angles aren't good. Some are too low, and others are too high. The main issue is that it's too near. If another person took the pictures for you, the effects would definitely be especially good. Furthermore, we are so fated, so..."

Water Lotus Moon cut him off: "Truthfully, I have always wanted to get someone to take the pictures for me, but for such explicit stuff... Hur Hur, it's not easy to find such a person."

Zhang Ye once again volunteered himself bravely, "We don't

know each other. We don't even know each other's work place or address, so you can definitely feel assured with me."

Water Lotus Moon: "If you really knew me, I wouldn't have sent you my pictures. Alright, it's not early. It's time for me to return home."

Zhang Ye said unwillingly: "Don't."

Water Lotus Moon: "We can talk about this in the future."

Zhang Ye replied, knowing that the other party was still a little uncertain about him. "Why don't we skip the talk about photography and just meet up first? Shall we meet over coffee or something?"

Water Lotus Moon: "Our fate is still not fully there yet. Otherwise, we would have met already. Hur Hur."

Zhang Ye replied nervously, "Isn't this considered fate already?"

Water Lotus Moon, "Sure then, you were mentioning earlier about soulmates? Then I have a few questions. They are very simple questions involving colors and numbers. If you can tell me what I am thinking about, then Big Sis will believe that you are my soulmate and meetup with you, how's that?"

Zhang Ye was a little stunned but replied, "Ah? Guess something like that?"



Water Lotus Moon sent a smiling emoticon over, "Didn't you say soulmates?"

Damn, how can that even be guessed. Guessing a color might still be OK, but numbers? He did not know even know what the range of numbers might be, so how could he guess?

"That....." Zhang Ye understood that the other party probably did not wish to meetup, so she had set it up with high levels of difficulty.

Water Lotus Moon: "Hur Hur, we should not meet if we aren't soulmates. Let's talk about it again when our fate allows for it. Big Sis will be returning home now."

Suddenly, Zhang Ye had a stroke of genius. Eureka!

Wait a moment! Who said that he did not have a way?

Zhang Ye suddenly came up with a wicked trick and had his heart set on answering. He happily agreed: "Sure! Let's give it a try!"

Looking down on me?

This bro is not just anyone!

# Chapter 353: Meeting Water Lotus Moon!

---

The wind was blowing.

It was not strong, but still, it was a winter night. A light wind would also be cold.

Zhang Ye's body shivered. He did not wear much since he had just come out for a jog. He stood up from the staircase, and ran to around to the other side of the bank and found a place to shelter himself from the wind. He squatted down facing a cafe and restaurant on the opposite side. Since he did not bring his wallet, he could not go in either, so he decided to settle for staying in that spot.

Guess what she was thinking?

This sort of question was simple, because there was no need for thinking or technicalities to consider. Yet it was also the most difficult as it was purely made for guessing only. Of course, this was the case for other people. They would probably not be able to guess unless they were really lucky, but for Zhang Ye, this was not something that he couldn't do!

Right now, Zhang Ye only had one thing to do. He opened the game ring's virtual screen and reached into his inventory to take out a crystal. He crushed it.

[Saving Game]

[Game Saved]

[Saved Game Validity: 30 minutes]

This was his last "Save Game Crystal" that Zhang Ye had. In order to meet Water Lotus Moon, he had to sacrifice it all. His heart ached the moment he crushed the crystal. This was because he knew how important it was. It could even be said that Zhang Ye could only successfully become a host all thanks to the "saved game". Otherwise, he might still not have found a suitable job up to now, much less to have developed so successfully in the entertainment industry. Yes, but then again, such items were drawn so that they could be used, right? He could not hoard it till the day he died just because it was valuable. That would be most unwise. Zhang Ye did not want to be a miser, besides he might still be able to get a valuable item like this in the next lottery draw. When it was time for it to be used, it should be used. This was a case of no pain, no gain!

The other party now was a beautiful lady with a voluptuous figure. Even if she was not some peerless beauty, she shouldn't be too bad looking. The manner in which she spoke was also very appropriate and this touched Zhang Ye. Of course he had to grab at this chance. If he missed it, he might no longer have another chance in the future.

At this moment, he received Water Lotus Moon's message: "Are you sure you want to try?"

"Yes." Zhang Ye replied: "Please ask, what are the questions?"

After a short while, Water Lotus Moon asked: "I am thinking of a color now, soulmate. Tell me what color am I thinking of?"

Zhang Ye made a wild guess: "White!"

This was because he had seen Water Lotus Moon's white colored panties earlier, so the color just rolled off his mind.

Water Lotus Moon sent a faint smiling emoticon: "Pity, you guessed wrong."

Zhang Ye replied: "Next question."

Water Lotus Moon: "I've thought of a number, it's your turn."

Zhang Ye asked: "How many digits?"

Water Lotus Moon: "I can't give you that hint. Otherwise, how is this a soulmate test?"

Zhang Ye randomly said: "32!"

Water Lotus Moon: "Hur Hur, such a pity, you are wrong again."

Zhang Ye: "Then what number and color were you thinking of?"

Water Lotus Moon: "If I said you were wrong, then you were definitely wrong. I have no reason to lie to you, no? Alright, since you don't sound convinced, let me give you a few more questions. For these questions, you only have to guess one correctly as to what I am thinking of and I will admit that we are soulmates. How about that?"

Zhang Ye did not give up of course, "Go ahead and ask."

He did not know if Water Lotus Moon was just playing around with him, but was clearly intrigued, "What sort of books do you think Big Sis likes to read?"

Zhang Ye blinked, "I guess that you like to read Chen Tianmo's prose essays?"

Water Lotus Moon: "What a pity again. Do I prefer raw Pu'er or ripe Pu'er?"

This was a question of 2 choices and there was a 50% chance of getting it right. Zhang Ye was excited at this prospect as Water Lotus Moon had mentioned earlier that he only needed to get 1 question right before she agreed to meet up. After thinking it through, most people preferred ripe Pu'er. Could the answer be the opposite, but if it were so simple, why would Water Lotus Moon ask it? Unless the answer was really ripe Pu'er? He had to think using reverse-reverse psychology? Zhang Ye decided to answer: "You like ripe Pu'er!"

Water Lotus Moon: "Wrong again. Alright, let's not fool around anymore. Big Sis has to go now, let's chat again when there's a chance."

Zhang Ye quickly replied, "Don't go. You haven't told me the answers yet! Big Sis? Big Sis?" He continuously sent out 3 to 4 messages but she did not reply.

He had not expected this to happen!

F\*\*k! If there's no answer, how am I supposed to do this!

Zhang Ye was unwilling to accept defeat as he continued to send a few more messages, but even though the other party's avatar was lit up, there was still no response. He did not know if it was because she did not reply on purpose or whether she was driving. Thinking of this, Zhang Ye decided to try his luck. He ran straight towards Liulichang at a very fast speed, similar to that of a short distance sprint!

In about ten minutes, he arrived at Liulichang, but upon looking around, the streets were mostly deserted. Several shops that sold the Four Treasures of the Study were already closed for the day. Two of them were preparing to close their shops. There were no cars to be seen around the area. Clearly, Water Lotus Moon had already left. Regrets. He should not have fooled around on chat with Water Lotus Moon. He should have just come directly to take a look and it would have been the same, right. but then again, that might not have been okay. Liulichang was a huge area and was split into the east and west streets. Who would have known where Water Lotus Moon was buying Xuan paper and appreciating the

moon from? Behind was a section of alleyways which would make it too difficult to look for someone. The problem was that he did not even know what Water Lotus Moon looked like. Would he have to search for her by staring at people's chests? Figure it out by look at the size of their breasts? Zhang Ye did not have such a skill anyway!

It was a wrong move!

He really did not expect this!

Zhang Ye did not have any other way out, so he walked home listlessly. He did not know how long he had walked for as he headed south past Hufang bridge, but at that very moment, his cellphone received a message!

It was from Water Lotus Moon: "Big Sis has reached home, you rest early too."

Zhang Ye's wait was finally over. He quickly replied: "I'm not home yet, still outside. I've been trying to guess the answer to those questions, but still can't figure it out! If you don't tell me your answers, I won't even have the mood to go home!"

Water Lotus Moon: "It was just a joke, there's no need for that."

Zhang Ye: "There's a need for it! I see everything as important! If I don't get this clear, I wouldn't be able to sleep!"

Water Lotus Moon sent him a calm faced emoticon: "I don't mind telling you. Big Sis thought of the color, purplish blue. The number I thought of was...."

As she was telling him the answers, Zhang Ye kept looking at his watch nervously. When Water Lotus Moon finally said all the answers to her questions, Zhang Ye did not hesitate one moment longer and quickly pressed on an option on the virtual screen of his game ring!

[Reading file]

[Retrieving data]

[Data retrieved!]

.....

His head was dizzy!

His eyes went into a blur!

Zhang Ye's tiredness from running to Liulichang suddenly disappeared. What was left was just the little bit of tiredness from his earlier jogging. The lights and scene of Hufang bridge was also no longer in sight. The scene before him changed and Zhang Ye was back at the side of the dimly lit bank. A few people were walking past him.



He's back!

The saved data had returned him to the time from 28 minutes earlier!

What a close shave! Another 2 minutes, no, just another minute more and the save would have been wasted. The saved data could only be stored for 30 minutes at most! Whether it be 1 minute or 30 minutes later, the saved data would be able to bring Zhang Ye back to the save point, but once it was past 30 minutes, the saved data would not exist. This was a matter of life or death!

Looking at the time on his cellphone, it was exactly 28 minutes ago when he was on the chat app with Water Lotus Moon. Zhang Ye had just sent the message "Let's give it a try".

Di di!

The alert sounded!

"Are you sure you want to try?" Water Lotus Moon asked.

It was the exact same words as before!

Zhang Ye was afraid that he might change the outcome, so he stuck to the same words as before, "Yes. Please ask, what are the questions?" He even knew that the reply from Water Lotus Moon

would come in 5 seconds.

1 second.....

3 seconds.....

5 seconds.....

As expected, Water Lotus Moon's reply came: "I am thinking of a color now, soulmate. Tell me what color am I thinking of?"

Zhang Ye replied without hesitation: "Purplish blue."

Water Lotus Moon immediately replied: "....."

Zhang Ye smiled: "Did I guess correctly?"

Water Lotus Moon seemingly pondered: "Your luck is pretty good."

Only Zhang Ye knew that it was not due to some shitty luck. If it were red, orange, yellow, green, blue, or purple, it might have been luck, but thinking of the color purplish blue, cyan, or khaki, etc, even a deity would not be able to guess correctly. This was already not some primary color. It was a secondary color like sky blue, purplish blue, sea blue, etc, etc, etc. Just how many were there to choose from? Who would guess that!

Only Zhang Ye could have used a different way to find out, but even if he knew the answer, he understood that Water Lotus Moon was not actually planning on meeting him. This was because if she did, she wouldn't have come up with such questions that might seem simple to guess, but were in fact not down to luck. This was probably similar to the odds of striking lottery!

Water Lotus Moon: "Let me ask another one."

Zhang Ye: "Please."

Water Lotus Moon: "I've thought of a number, make a guess?"

Zhang Ye directly answered: "19!"

Water Lotus Moon: "....."

Zhang Ye laughed: "Did I get it again?"

Water Lotus Moon: "What sort of books do you think Big Sis usually likes to read?"

Zhang Ye answered without a thought: "Analects!"

Water Lotus Moon: ".....You can even guess that?"

Zhang Ye smiled and replied, "We're soulmates after all. I only

guessed because I like reading 'Analects' too."

Water Lotus Moon was stunned: "Alright then, I have 1 last question. I like to drink tea, do you think Big Sis prefers raw Pu'er or ripe Pu'er?"

This was the most tricky question!

He had initially thought that this was a choice between 2 answers, but Water Lotus Moon had actually dug a hole for him to jump in!

Zhang Ye smiled, "I feel that you like neither raw Pu'er or ripe Pu'er, but you actually prefer Tie Guanyin instead."

When he finished answering this question, Water Lotus Moon did not reply.

Zhang Ye blinked: "Big Sis?"

Water Lotus Moon: "Yes."

Zhang Ye coughed: "Did I get them all?"

Water Lotus Moon: "Big Sis only started liking Tie Guanyin in the past few days. Even those who have known me for many years would not know this, I don't understand how you guessed it."

Zhang Ye reply: "I just blindly guessed."

Water Lotus Moon: "I know that you guessed it blindly, otherwise how would you even know what number I was thinking of? Could you really be a Big Sis' soulmate?"

Zhang Ye quickly replied: "You think too highly of me."

Water Lotus Moon: "Big Sis has never believed in fate, but today I can't say that anymore. Since I made the promise, I will do it. Let's meet up today."

# Chapter 354: It's You?

---

Meet?

It was really happening!

It's done!

At this moment, Zhang Ye, who was taking shelter behind the bank building, was overcome with emotion. He had invested so heavily into this, if he did not manage to meet up, then he would have suffered heavy losses. It's a good thing his hard work did was not for naught! He was extremely excited. If it were just a normal meetup, Zhang Ye would not be this worried, but as Water Lotus Moon did not have any intentions to meet up in the first place and did not even give him a chance, Zhang Ye had thrown out all his tricks that he had by using "Save" to break through the impossible. He had resorted to a very practical method to create this chance. The fact that it worked had left him with utmost satisfaction.

His legs felt numb? It seemed like it felt better now?

Yes, maybe because the weather was a little too cold.

Water Lotus Moon: "Are you there?"

Zhang Ye finally reacted, "I'm here, I'm here!"

Water Lotus Moon: "Hur Hur, so are we meeting or not?"

Zhang Ye replied quickly: "Meeting, of course we are meeting. I was just taking shelter from the wind and did not have the time to reply. It's rather cold outside and my legs became numb. Yea, why don't I go back and get a change of clothes first?"

Water Lotus Moon: "There's no need to go through such trouble, right?"

Zhang Ye: "I live nearby, it wouldn't take more than 30 minutes. Besides, I did not bring my wallet out."

He had wanted to go back home to change and get his wallet. It was always better to be prepared to leave a good impression on the other party.

Water Lotus Moon: "There's no need for that. It's not early anymore, Big Sis is waiting to go home too."

Zhang Ye replied: "Then alright, where shall we meet?"

Water Lotus Moon: "There are a lot of alleys around here, so I'm not too familiar."

Zhang Ye smiled, "It's OK, I'm familiar with this area. Tell me where you are and I will go look for you."

Water Lotus Moon: "I'm in the middle of East and West Liulichang, at Nanxinhua Street where there is a bridge. I'm waiting underneath the bridge here."

Zhang Ye replied: "Where the old bridge of white marble was? OK, I know where that is. Wait for me, I'm running over there to look for you."

Water Lotus Moon: "OK, no rush."

Zhang Ye had already ran quite a distance, not including the amount before he reloaded the save data, but when he knew that he would be meeting the beauty with a large bosom from the photo, his spirits lifted and he felt full of strength again. He continued running past the eastern alleys towards Liulichang. To ensure he did not look too tired when he reached there, Zhang Ye maintained a slow jogging pace. The more he ran, the better he felt.

He sent her a message while he was running: "How do I find you? What do you look like? Otherwise, I will go and ask if it is you whenever I see any pretty lady?"

Water Lotus Moon: "Big Sis is not a pretty lady."

Not pretty?

But she can't look bad either!



Zhang Ye was full of confidence, knowing that she was just being modest. So he replied: "So how do I look for you? Which road are you on? There should be a lot of people around, right? Do you have any special features? Otherwise, we could have a secret signal?"

Water Lotus Moon: "Hur Hur, this is not some secret agent mission. There's no need for that, I drove here. When you arrive, you should see a white BMW 7 series parked on the roadside of Luxi Pavillion. You can just get in the car directly."

Zhang Ye was stunned, "BMW? 7 series? Didn't you say that you work in the purchasing department of a bank?"

Water Lotus Moon: "Even if that is so, can't I buy a nice car?"

Zhang Ye agreed. She might be the leader of the purchasing department of the bank. That position would have enabled her to earn loads. "Sure, then I will just get in directly."

Water Lotus Moon: "OK, Big Sis will be waiting."

Zhang Ye was running faster by now. He could no longer wait to meet this sultry lady. He had already been fantasizing about her for many days now!

After about 10 minutes.

Along the roadside of Liulichang.

Zhang Ye had jogged over from West Liulichang. When he got here, he could immediately see the bridge of white marble. In Zhang Ye's previous world, the white marble bridge had already been torn down some years ago to make way for a new steel bridge. It even had an elevator access, but in this world, Liulichang was a little different. The white marble bridge was still there though the shape was slightly differently. Around it, the architecture and buildings also looked different. Like the famous "Yidege" was non-existent here. It was replaced by a shop selling precious stone bracelets. The building itself looked different too.

Where was the car?

Where was it?

Zhang Ye was dizzy from the running, his mask was restraining his breathing, so he decided to take it off since it was already dark and there weren't many people around and no one should be able to recognize him.

Hey!

It's there!

The car was parked at the side of the road!

Zhang Ye's eyes shone with excitement when he saw the white BMW beside Luxi Pavillion. The car was parked directly below a

street lamp and a figure could be seen in the car under the illumination. A long black haired woman was seated in the driver's seat. It looked like she was wearing a shirt with a white collar. The rest couldn't be seen clearly from where he was. Zhang Ye quickly straightened his clothes and made himself look more presentable. Then he brushed his hair a little and walked over. Oh yea, he was a celebrity after all, what if the other person recognized him? Hai, if she does recognize him, so be it. It wouldn't matter. So what if he was a celebrity, couldn't he meet an online friend? To help someone in need of a photographer was a good thing, isn't it?

40 meters.....

30 meters.....

20 meters.....

He walked closer and saw everything much more clearer.

Water Lotus Moon's head was lowered like she was looking at something, either her cellphone or a book. From this, their age difference could be seen very clearly. Zhang Ye had gotten nervous and worried a lot from the thought of this meetup. His mind was always finding something to focus on, but Water Lotus Moon was not like him, she was after all an elder sister in her thirties. She was calm and collected, and was not even looking around in her car. She just sat there looking at something on her lap, as if she did not think too much about this meetup.

A white BMW, it was impressive!

Zhang Ye sent a message hoping to get a confirmation, "I'm here."

Then he only saw the woman in the car lowering her head once more and picking up a phone. Then, Zhang Ye got a reply: "OK, get on." The beauty inside did not even turn back or look around.

Perhaps this was what you called self-restraint.

Yes, this was also a kind of demeanor.

Zhang Ye was even more attracted to her now. He took a deep breath and strode towards the car door. He pulled on the door handle and got on. Then he closed the door as he said, "Hi, I am.....Ah?" When he saw her, he was confused for a moment. The words that were coming out from his mouth got stuck!

F\*\*k!

What was the situation?

Zhang Ye was shockingly surprised until he was about to curse!

The beauty also looked at him stunned, "It's you?"

Zhang Ye was dumbfounded, "It's...it's you?"

"Little Zhang?" The beauty called him by his surname.

Zhang Ye was breaking out in a full sweat now, "President....Wu?"

The person in the car was in fact Wu Zeqing, who was dressed in her qipao.

Wu Zeqing looked at him in the eye, "You are 'I am your father'?"

"And you are 'Water Lotus Moon'?" Zhang Ye felt as if he was going to faint the moment he finished saying those words. He nearly coughed out blood too. "Didn't you say you were working as a purchaser in the bank?"

Wu Zeqing retorted, "Didn't you say that you were dealing with stocks and investments in the finance industry?"

Zhang Ye nearly cried, "I, I was just bullsh\*tting!"

Wu Zeqing simply acknowledged and said gracefully, "I was also just saying for the sake of saying." Her expression did not change much, but at this moment she also took a deep breath. Clearly, she was not as calm as she looked on the surface!

Two people bullsh\*tting with each other!

Neither had expected to bump into someone they knew!

What's more, they had only met each other in the day, they didn't even have a change of clothes yet!

And so, there was silence in the car. The atmosphere in the car had turned as awkward as it could get. It was so awkward that no words could describe it!

Wu Zeqing!

Water Lotus Moon was actually Wu Zeqing!

Go to hell! How could there be such a coincidence!

After chatting for so many days with this beauty and even seeing the naked photos of hers, it turned out to be his leader? It turned out to be the goddess that everyone was admiring? President Wu?

Wait, a coincidence? Zhang Ye lowered his head to look at the Red String of Fate that was tied to his ankle. Then he looked to the other end of it that was still tied onto Wu Zeqing's ankle. At this moment, he understood that this was no coincidence, but was an effect from tying the Red String of Fate around President Wu's ankle that afternoon. It had brought together their fates in a short period of time. This Red String of Fate had created seemingly coincidental chances for the two to meet. It was no wonder nothing had happened that afternoon. This was because everything was delayed to nighttime instead. Even an evening run would enable him to be found by Wu Zeqing? This was definitely the work of the Red String of Fate. This Red String of Fate had created Marriage

Affinity for them! Zhang Ye was still wondering earlier why he had fate with Water Lotus Moon even though the Red String of Fate was tied to Wu Zeqing. That was because the two were actually the same person! The Cupid Sachet had attracted Wu Zeqing, while the Red String of Fate was tied to Wu Zeqing. These two incidents were actually linked!

Everything had been explained!

Zhang Ye finally understood everything!

Wu Zeqing came to Liulichang to buy Xuan paper? She was a calligraphy lover after all and the Peking University auditorium was about to undergo renovations. She was probably going to write a piece for it as every Peking University auditorium had a calligraphy piece exhibited in them! Then Zhang Ye remembered about ten minutes ago, when Wu Zeqing was asking him her questions, his ankle felt a numbness. He initially thought that it was because of the cold, but then thinking about it again, it probably was because the Red String of Fate was about to break. This was similar to the feeling when the Red String of Fate between him and Dong Shanshan broke. It clearly showed that the distance between Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing was too far apart and their Marriage Affinity was barely there. Thus, even before their Marriage Affinity had started, before they even met, the Red String of Fate was already about to break. It was due to Zhang Ye's use of "Save" that had turned everything around and allowed the Red String of Fate to strengthen between the two of them. Otherwise, it would have already broken off as the Marriage Affinity between them was too difficult! He and Wu Zeqing would not have met either!

But at this moment, Zhang Ye was in no mood to be happy. Instead, he had horror written all over his face!

It's over!

This time, it's really over!

He nearly wanted to act like he was crazy. He had wanted to express to Wu Zeqing that he actually did not know anything nor seen anything at all!



# Chapter 355: Too Awkward!

---

Di di!

The sound of a car honking sounded!

There was a large public bus and a van behind. The van might have wanted to park and could not find a spot. The public bus was stuck there, sealing off the road. Since the van could not reverse nor move forward, it could only honk at the white BMW 7 Series in front of it. The public bus, that wanted to enter the bus stop and two sedan cars that were stuck, began honking. It was very noisy.

"President Wu?" Zhang Ye coughed and said.

Wu Zeqing stepped on the accelerator and started driving the BMW.

Once the van steered to the side, the traffic behind immediately became smooth.

Wu Zeqing did not stop either. She just drove quietly, with her eyes looking forward.

Zhang Ye naturally could not guess what she was thinking. He could only explain, "Let me tell you first that I really did not know it was you. If I knew that earlier, I would never have dared to look at your pictures. This was all a string of incidents piling onto each other. It was a complete coincidence."

Wu Zeqing said gently, "I know."

However, the more gentle she was and the more she spoke, Zhang Ye felt apprehensive!

He quickly took out his cellphone. "I really did not keep any of the pictures you sent me. I wasn't just being perfunctory. You can look at my cellphone if you wish. If there is really any picture in there, I'll eat the cellphone. Besides, besides, about that. Cough Cough. My memory is bad, and is especially terrible. I will forget whatever I see after a few minutes. I really can't remember anything now. My lips are sealed too. You should know that, right? So rest assured. I will never mention this to anyone."

If she was someone he did not know, this would have been nothing of importance. Everyone was a willing party. You were willing to send it, while I was willing to look at it. It was completely fine. However, it had to be the case of them knowing each other, and were even in a superior-subordinate relationship, which made matters extremely serious. Zhang Ye rushed to explain himself!

Wu Zeqing did not speak a word.

Zhang Ye was feeling an upheaval of emotions!

What was he to do!? This was bad!

The car was still driving on, nor did he know where he was heading. Zhang Ye did not dare ask. He was no longer thinking of things like beautiful legs. He was only thinking of a way to get out of this situation. Lust was always accompanied with violence. Those ancient sayings were so f\*\*king well said. If not for him being bewitched by Water Lotus Moon's beauty, how would he so foolishly wanted to meet her? This was just him causing trouble for himself!

The car drove on in silence.

Zhang Ye could not help but glance at Wu Zeqing's body. She was wearing a white qipao, with green flowers and some red petals on it. He had seen her wearing it at Peking University in the afternoon, however, when he recalled the picture Wu Zeqing sent him, it was her taken upskirt in the car, so he could not tell what the skirt was like. Now when he thought about it, wasn't that a qipao? Only a qipao's opening could be pulled up so much. The beautiful legs under nude-colored stockings and the green panties made Zhang Ye's nostrils turn warm. It was alright just looking at pictures, but now, he was looking at her in person. Furthermore, it was the gentle classic beauty he knew in his heart. Just recalling those pictures from before, Zhang Ye really could not endure it any further. The visual and psychological impact was just too intense!

Was it really Wu Zeqing?

Zhang Ye still was in disbelief!

Who was President Wu? She held a high post and was extremely beautiful with a great body. Her gentleness and gracefulness was

known by everyone in Peking University. How could she have such hobbies? She had nothing better to do when alone at home that she stripped her clothes to take photos? She carried on sending him pictures after the first accidental ones? Wanted him to evaluate it? Zhang Ye rubbed his eyes as he was speechless. My classic goddess can't be so sultry!

You really can't judge a book by its cover!

Everyone had their different sides. When Zhang Ye thought of himself, wasn't that the case too?

However, the problem was, how was he to mediate this situation? Laugh and act the fool? That was already impossible! Could Old Wu want to silence him?

Ten minutes passed.

Zhang Ye was feeling extremely anxious.

Suddenly, the car slowed down and turned at a corner, into a high-end residential area.

Zhang Ye was stunned. He knew this place! The last time he sent Wu Zeqing home, he had sent her to this area. This was President Wu's house? Why did she bring him to her house?

The security guard let them through.

The safety barrier was slowly raised.

The car started moving again, and shortly after that, it stopped at the entrance of a villa. The garage door was opened and Wu Zeqing drove the car in. After she stopped, she alighted.

Villa?

Taoran Pavilion's villa?

In this world, the price per square feet in Beijing did not change. How was President Wu so rich?

When Zhang Ye saw her alight, he could not say a word but alight along with her. After entering the villa, he entered a large living room. Zhang Ye was stunned by the opulence in front of him. It was not because the renovations were very well done, but the style was very ancient and classic. She used rosewood furniture and sandalwood chairs. Those sure were expensive. The house was infused with the beauty of ancient times, but it was not old. There were plenty of modern elements inside too.

The villa was two storeys tall. There was a garden outside, and it was not a terrace house, but one that stood alone. The garden and the villa were surrounded by a wall that wasn't too high, but it prevented others from looking in. There were a few stone tables and benches in the small garden. It was unknown if it came with the house or bought during the renovations. There were also tea sets on them. There was a stone pavement and carpet grass, as well

as all sorts of flowering plants and trees. The perimeter of the first floor was lined with transparent glass that allowed one to see the scenery outside. The garden was even larger than the area the villa was built on.

"Sit anywhere you want." Wu Zeqing said to him.

Zhang Ye flattered her. "Your house is a high-end villa."

Wu Zeqing said modestly, "It's not bad. What type of tea do you want? Well, I only have Tie Guanyin and Longjing. I seldom have guests, so I'm not very prepared .

Zhang Ye hurried said, "You are being too polite. I'm fine with plain water."

The heater in the house worked well. It was very warm, allowing Zhang Ye's tense body to finally warm up.

Wu Zeqing placed her outerwear on the sofa before entering the kitchen to boil some water. After a while, she took out an electric kettle. She then made a cup of Tie Guanyin for herself, before smiling and say, "Little Zhang, I've already taken out the tea leaves, so feel free to help yourself."

"Alright, thank you." Zhang Ye poured a cup of plain water for himself in a restrained manner. He then sat very politely on the sofa, like his body was clammed up. If it was normal day interactions, such as him sending Wu Zeqing home, Zhang Ye

would definitely not behave like this. As that would be normal interactions, but the crux of the issue was that the current situation wasn't normal. Worst of all, Zhang Ye had seen Wu Zeqing's unglamorous pictures, so how could he face her normally?

Wu Zeqing held a teacup and then sat across Zhang Ye gracefully. "If you want to smoke, go ahead. I don't have many restrictions in my house."

"Is it appropriate?"

"Go ahead, I'm not afraid of the smell of smoke."

"Alright, then I'll have one."

Zhang Ye had been yearning for a smoke since a while ago. It was not because he was addicted to smoking, but because the situation was too awkward. He needed to have a smoke to calm himself down, and allow himself to think of what to do next.

Ba da.

After lighting the cigarette, he blew a mouthful of smoke.

As he looked at the time, it was already 9:30. It was also not appropriate for him to bid his farewells. President Wu had just brought him home, so how could he leave after sitting there for a few minutes? There was no way to open his mouth!

Silence him?

Dicing him into pieces?

Burying him in the garden?

All Zhang Ye could think of were these possibilities. Suddenly, he thought of the possibility of poison in the water! This fellow's mind was already in disarray. He treated everything as a threat! Now, he really wished Wu Zeqing wasn't that gentle. He wished President Wu would mention the matter for them to communicate about it. If that were the case, things would be fine. It was an accident to begin with, but of all things, Wu Zeqing did not mention it at all. She did not say a single word to him on the way home. This resulted in Zhang Ye being fidgety, like a blade was hanging above his neck!

Wu Zeqing sipped her tea. "You left work early today?"

Zhang Ye acknowledged. "I returned home in the afternoon, since I had nothing to do at school."

"It's almost the lunar new year, so do you have any plans on bringing your parents somewhere?" Wu Zeqing crossed the full legs beneath her qipao.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "No, there is just too many people during this time of year. It's also the Spring Festival travel season,



so I don't want to suffer through that. There's nowhere to go, as there's people everywhere."

Wu Zeqing smiled faintly as her hands slid across the tea cup's rim. "That's true. I also wanted to travel, but it has to be after the lunar new year. There's too many people during this season, so it's impossible to travel."

Zhang Ye was done smoking as he snubbed the cigarette and pretended to look around the house.

Wu Zeqing leered at him and said gently, "The lower level has been converted into a living room and kitchen. Do you want to take a look upstairs?"

"Sure." Zhang Ye said subconsciously.

"Let's go. It's rare for me to have a guest, so let me bring you around." Wu Zeqing put down her tea cup and got up and headed up the staircase. She then lightly stepped up the stairs.

Zhang Ye followed her from behind.

The area upstairs was not small either. There were quite a number of doors. It was unknown how many bedrooms there were.

Zhang Ye began praising. "Your renovations are really nice. It's so classic. I believe the palaces of ancient princesses are somewhat

like this? Aiyah, right, I forgot to change shoes! Look at me being impetuous. I've dirtied your floors!" He quickly tip-toed.

Wu Zeqing, who was wearing white high heels, said, "Don't worry. I usually don't take off my shoes, so you don't have to feel so restrained."

What was Old Wu thinking?

Was she not planning on pursuing the manner?

Or was she trying to let me lower my guard and kill me while I was unaware?

Zhang Ye became more tense the more he thought about it. After viewing the house, he followed her downstairs.

Suddenly, his leg went numb as the Red String of Fate wobbled and then broke off!

The Red String of Fate had lost its effect!

At the same moment, Wu Zeqing's cellphone rang. "Hello...Alright, I got it...Okay. Send the Workers' Union's report template to my e-mail...Right..." After hanging up, she said to Zhang Ye, "I have some work to do. Since your house is nearby, I won't be keeping you."

Zhang Ye felt saved. "Alright, alright, then I'll be going home!"

After Wu Zeqing acknowledged, she looked at him and said, "About the pictures, just you and I knowing it would be enough."

She finally talked about it!

This bro has been waiting for so long!

Zhang Ye immediately guaranteed her. "Don't you worry. I understand!"

Wu Zeqing said with a slow and gentle manner, "Go back. Be careful on the way home. There is a stretch of road without street lamps in this district, so watch your step."

Zhang Ye said, "Alright, then have an early rest. Goodnight."

"Goodnight." Wu Zeqing sent him to the villa's doorstep.

# Wu Zeqing's Birthday Arc

# Chapter 356: Looking For Zhang Ye To Be A Spokesperson?

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The next day.

It was around 7 in the morning.

Zhang Ye was awoken from his nightmare. Touching his back, he could feel it was completely soaked from his cold sweat. Hai, it was all because of last night's incident that had given him a big scare. To be honest, it wasn't so much being scared, but rather that he was totally embarrassed about the situation.

The door opened.

His mother walked in, "You're up?"

"Yea." Zhang Ye acknowledged.

His mother said, "Then come quickly and have breakfast, you still have to get ready for work."

Zhang Ye blinked a few times, "I don't think I will be going to work today? After all, there's no classes at the university anymore and it's the last day before the winter break."

His mother haughtily brushed him off, "That's all the more reason you should step up. Why do you have to find an excuse on

the last day? Quickly get up and have your breakfast. Don't be lazy like a pig. I have not questioned you why you came back so late last night. You jogged for 2 hours? Since when did you have so much stamina!"

Zhang Ye quickly waved her off, "Don't bring up yesterday's issue. I get a headache whenever you mention it. I will just get up." He continued grumbling as he got up, "Hai, if I said I was going to have a jog at that time of the night, why didn't you and dad stop me?"

His mother was amused, "Rascal, you said that you wanted to go out for a breather, how dare you push the blame on me and your dad now?"

Zhang Ye wanted to cry, "You must definitely stop me next time if I mention I'm going out at night."

After breakfast, Zhang Ye went off to work. Once bitten, twice shy. Truthfully speaking, he really did not want to go to the university today. He did not know what he would do if he bumped into Wu Zeqing. Although there was already a conclusion for the case of the photos from Wu Zeqing, Zhang Ye still did not feel comfortable about it. Even if she had said so and assured him, things do not get brushed aside so easily. After all, those photos were not any normal photos.

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Peking University.

Zhang Ye drove into the university.

The security guard took a look, then smiled and greeted, "Teacher Zhang, good morning!"

"Good morning." Zhang Ye said.

There were so many teachers at Peking University and the security guard couldn't possibly know all of them, but he knew Zhang Ye well. Not a single person from Peking University would not know Zhang Ye. He said, "There are some renovations going on at the Chinese department auditorium. There are construction materials all over the place and the car park is closed off. I suggest you park your car outside."

Zhang Ye looked at him, "OK, thanks for the heads up."

He parked his car outside and walked towards the the main entrance.

As he made his way over, a lot of people were looking at him. About 7 or 8 people surrounded him.

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"Aiyo! We finally saw him in person!"

"Are you here at Peking University to work? Let's get an autograph quickly!"

There were old ladies and young children in the group. Men, women, seniors, and young people were all fans of his. Even as an A-list celebrity, it was rare to find someone who could attract such diverse fans. A typical celebrity would usually find themselves with a more specific demographic of fans. Like those singers from Korea, their fanbase were mainly targeted at teens below 20. Then the A-list domestic actors mainly attracted those in their 20s to 30s, while some of those veteran actors would have fans ranging across several age groups, but still generally around 30s to 40s. However, it was different for Zhang Ye. He had not limited himself on the topics that he could talk about. He had read children's stories, created 'Lecture Room', created a talk show, wrote a song, published a book, scolded people, and made trouble. These were the reasons why there was no particular age or gender of the people who liked him. His fans ranged from age 4 to 80, all pretty similar in numbers.

To other people, this was Zhang Ye's disadvantage because he did not have a proper focal point for fans, but Zhang Ye himself thought otherwise and felt that this was an advantage instead, since his goal was different from others. He wanted to become the top celebrity in the world. This was something that no one had managed to achieve yet and was obviously not something that someone with a focused age group fanbase would be able to do. There was no meaning to have a focused fanbase and they would never be able to reach the top that way. Even though Zhang Ye's path would mean that he would move along slower than others and may be more difficult, each and every step he took was real advancement and was very steady and stable. His foundation was also very strong. This was the meaning of a beard well lathered is



half shaved. Although his popularity was a little messy right now as he has been dabbling in all areas of work and had not reached an end point where he could fully maximize his popularity and fame, Zhang Ye was already extremely satisfied. The advantage of having such an all encompassing fanbase would slowly show in the near future.

"Zhang Ye!"

"Please give me your autograph!"

"Teacher Little Zhang, my kids especially love you."

"Teacher Zhang, my dad is a fan of yours. He said that your lecture about 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was really good. Can you take some pictures with me? My dad would be delighted."

Everyone surrounded him and did not let him leave.

Zhang Ye was in no rush, so he obliged to everyone's request.

There were still some passers-by who looked at the scene curiously. They clearly did not know who Zhang Ye was. In Beijing, Zhang Ye's popularity was very high, but still he wasn't so popular that everyone would instantly recognize him. His spread out development in different areas of work had caused him not to leave such a deep impression like those who constantly focused on one aspect of the audience. Among similar ranked celebrities, Zhang Ye definitely had the highest popularity and reputation. No

one was better at this than him.

It was time to go.

After he finished giving out autographs, Zhang Ye slowly strolled into the university. Many of the students who saw him also greeted him warmly. Zhang Ye also returned their greetings with a "Good morning".

It was the Chinese department right up front.

Indeed, there were many big trucks going back and forth. They were all carrying construction materials.

There were a bunch of people busily giving directions there. Zhang Ye had wanted to walk over directly, but with a sweep of his eyes, he subconsciously shivered a little — He had spotted Wu Zeqing.

The person that he wanted to avoid the most!

How did he bump into her the moment he arrived at work?

Zhang Ye suddenly felt that he was down on his luck today. He hurried to find another way around and pretended not to see her, trying to avoid her.

Wu Zeqing was still dressed in a qipao today, though the color

was different. She was dressed in a purplish-blue qipao, embroidered with a black flower on the chest area. Other than that, there weren't any other decorations. A purplish-blue dress was hard to carry, especially a qipao. A normal person would not be able to wear it well as it would make them look older than they were, but not on Wu Zeqing....all right, she looked a little older too, but that was what her age was anyway. She couldn't possibly be all dolled up like young people. As the weather was cold, she also had a coat over it. In any case, she still looked beautiful however she dressed!

Wu Zeqing was standing over there with a man who was similar in age to Zhang Ye, speaking to him.

Wu Mo was speaking in a little spoilt manner with her, "Aunt."

Wu Zeqing did not look at him, but continued supervising the construction work. She smiled and said, "Don't say anymore, quickly go back to your office. I still have work to do."

Wu Mo sighed, "Are you the only one busy while I am not? Do you think it is easy running a company? I still have over a hundred mouths to feed, so can't you help me out this time? Otherwise, my company will not be able to make it through New Year. The company's sales are getting worse by the day and I'm dying of anxiousness."

"Old Zhang, these materials cannot be exposed to the rain. Let your people bring them inside. Good job, go in and take a rest now" Wu Zeqing told the few men who were working. Then she turned around and said gently to her nephew, "Little Mo, when your

family wanted you to study well back then before starting your career path or just for knowledge, you refused to listen. You tried entrepreneurship before you even earned your degree. Now you know it's difficult? Did you think that a company would be so easy to run?"

Wu Mo said, "I've borrowed quite a sum of money from my parents and might even lose more than that. How would I be able to face them in the future. You must really help me out this time."

Wu Zeqing casually said, "I still have some money with me. It might not be able to cover what you'd owe, but at least it should help stabilize your business a little."

Wu Mo refused, "I can't take your money. Besides, it's not enough and would not solve the root of the problem. What I need now are sales volume and results. It's almost New Year's and I have already taken a 15 second commercial slot on Beijing Television Station's satellite channel with all the money I have left. This is your nephew's last shot, so why would you refuse my request? I am not asking for much. All I want is for you to mention to Teacher Zhang Ye that I'm requesting for him to be my company's product spokesperson and to plan an advertisement campaign on it if he could. Of course, it would be good if he does not request for a high fee. cough cough."

Eh?

Why did they mention me?

Zhang Ye had coincidentally overheard their conversation. He could no longer pretend he did not notice, spokesperson? Commercial? Wu Zeqing's nephew?

# Chapter 357: Spokesperson For Brain Gold!

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Chinese department in the school campus.

There were trucks going back and forth, carrying construction materials and making loud noises.

Zhang Ye slowly walked up as he listened in on their conversation.

Wu Zeqing blandly replied, "With so many celebrities in the entertainment circle to choose from, why did you have to find our school's Little Zhang? Wouldn't it be all the same if you just got someone else? Hur hur, since Little Zhang's from Peking University and we are an educational institute, it would be fine if we were discussing educational work. Even if I am your aunt, I cannot give you a pass on this. If it gets out, it wouldn't be good, would it? Look for someone regarding this, wouldn't it be the same no matter who your spokesperson is?"

Wu Mo had a rather handsome face. His face was a little small, but he still had nice features. He and Wu Zeqing shared certain similar features.

Wu Mo quickly answered, "Of course it won't be the same. How can anyone else compare to Zhang Ye? I can't possibly afford an A or B-list celebrity, their fees are too high. As for those C or D-listers, only Zhang Ye stands out amongst them. I value Teacher Zhang Ye's fan base very much. His fanbase has people from all sorts of age groups, a few years old, teenagers, 20-somethings, 30-

some things, 40-some things. Other products might not like it since they are only targeting a certain age group, but our company deals with health food, the wider the audience, the better."

Wu Zeqing said, "Aren't there other celebrities that fit your description too?"

"There are." Wu Mo said, "But they can't be compared to Zhang Ye. Among those who sing or act, there are a few who are suitable, but the management team in my company had come to a conclusion after two days of discussion that Zhang Ye is still the most suitable. There's no other reason than how authoritative Zhang Ye is. He has a good image too. What I mean is not the image that is his appearance, but the fact that he is a Peking University lecturer. Who doesn't know about Peking University? It is a trusted name to everyone. As someone who is in the education industry, he is someone who would naturally be trusted. He's very convincing as he is famous for speaking his mind. He had never done a sponsorship for someone before, so it has to be him!"

Wu Zeqing looked at him, "What? You even want to use education to cheat people?"

Wu Mo quickly explained, "Aunt, I'm not trying to cheat people here. Don't you know me well enough? Our products are all certified by the authorities and are of industry standards. The quality is guaranteed. Can you just hook me up since Zhang Ye is not formally a teacher of Peking University, there shouldn't be any restrictions to him endorsing us."

Wu Zeqing smiled, "Why don't you go find him yourself?"

Wu Mo said helplessly, "Do you think I didn't try? I had gotten the advertising company to contact Zhang Ye. They didn't get to meet him and even didn't manage to contact him. According to my knowledge, a few other companies have also tried to get Zhang Ye to endorse them but all of them hit a roadblock. The WebTV station rejected all of them because Zhang Ye apparently did not want too much trouble and he does not have a manager. That is why he asked his unit to reject all approaches from companies for endorsements. According to them, Zhang Ye will not accept small and medium corporation's endorsements, so there is no way to even negotiate."

A drop of sweat dripped down Zhang Ye's forehead. He had indeed said something like that.

With his current popularity, he was in great demand. For example, Nanjing University wanted to invite him to take on teaching duties, while there were publishing houses who wanted to invite him to write a book for them. Quite a number of singers wanted to invite him to write songs for them, and many television stations wanted him to create programs for them. There were also many companies who wished he would be their spokesperson. However, Zhang Ye was different from other celebrities. When he became a spokesperson, it was not because of money. To him, money was not something he needed in excess. What he valued the most was popularity and fame. If he became a spokesperson for a small company in a small commercial, especially those that were counterfeit products, every appearance on television would drop his name. It was not up to the mark. So even though he would earn money and receive some exposure, the effects on his popularity would only be negative. People would look down on Zhang Ye every time they saw such a commercial, so it was not worth it.



Hence, he never accepted commercials from small companies. If he wanted to do one, he had to do a big one, one that showed his face. Even if there was no money to be made, he would do it.

Such as an advertisement for Coca-Cola.

Or a listed company's commercial.

However, conglomerates would not be lacking in money. They would hire A-list or even S-list superstars, or international superstars. They would naturally not invite Zhang Ye, hence, Zhang Ye had never set up "camp" in this arena, and never thought about being a spokesperson.

Wu Mo carried on. "Aunt, can't you just take pity on me? I really want to invite Teacher Zhang Ye. It was just a joke to ask you to help my company hire him through the backdoor. As long as he accepts the commercial, we will not be stingy on the fees for his services. Actually, what we value the most is Zhang Ye's commercial planning ability. Back when he had planned two commercials, one was the electricity conversation Public Service advertisement, and the other was 'I'll speak for myself' as a program promotional clip. You should have seen both of them, right? They were all done by Zhang Ye himself. It was too awesome! We got the commercial company to customize a few commercial proposals, but all of them were far from ideal. There was little creativity in them, so it would definitely not work. The airing of the fifteen second commercial every day costs a lot, so it has to be used properly. Be it the spokesperson or the commercial planning, I can only count on Teacher Zhang Ye. There are only a few days left before the commercial needs to be aired. If this goes

on any further, my company will really go bankrupt!"

Wu Zeqing calmly shook her hand. "It's not appropriate for me to mention such matters, nor can I do so."

Wu Mo said, "Teacher Zhang is from the Chinese department. If you can't do it, who can?"

"I think it's better if you..." Upon saying this, Wu Zeqing looked sideways. "Little Zhang?"

With Zhang Ye spotted, his pace returned to a normal speed, "President Wu, good morning."

Wu Zeqing smiled. "Good morning."

Wu Mo's eyes widened as if he was a weasel seeing chickens. "Teacher Zhang! You are Teacher Zhang, right!? Aiyah, I nearly failed to recognize you. You are so much more handsome in person than on TV!" Disregarding everything, Wu Mo immediately began flattering. He rushed up to shake Zhang Ye's hand, and as he forcefully shook it, he said, "Nice to meet you. I've heard so much about you. I've always been hoping to meet you, but it was a pity I never managed to meet up with you!"

Zhang Ye pretended to not know anything. It wouldn't be right if they knew he had been eavesdropping. "Oh? Is there something for me? And you are?"

Wu Mo said, "I'm Wu Mo. I'm the CEO of a small company. This is my aunt." He pointed to Wu Zeqing, so as to strengthen their bonds.

Zhang Ye shook hands with him. "So you are President Wu's nephew? Nice to meet you."

Wu Zeqing did not say anything, as if she pretended not to hear anything. This was already something, as she did not forbid her nephew from using her as a liason. Of course, there was no way to deny it as it was a fact.

Wu Mo held onto Zhang Ye's hand without letting it go. He then began to ramble on most of the things Zhang Ye had already heard once. He threw out a warm invitation and then said, "As long as you are willing, our company will be willing to pay you the price of a C-list celebrity. The commercial planning fees will be separately counted!"

It seemed like a generous offer since Zhang Ye was offered the cost it took to hire a C-list celebrity despite being one of the top few D-list celebrities. In fact, that was not the case because Zhang Ye walked the untrodden path. Although the Celebrity Rankings had yet to push him into the cadres of C-list celebrities, the cohesiveness of his fans were even better than lowly-ranked C-list celebrities. Typical C-list celebrities had large number of fans, but the fans lacked cohesion. To put it another way, these fans liked them, but did not like them to the bone. However, Zhang Ye was different. There were people who did not like him or people who did not like any literature, novels, or television programs existed. There were even people who did not know him. However, those

who truly liked Zhang Ye liked him to their very bones. Some loved his poems deeply, and there were others who were completely smitten by his talk show. This was his value, the core value that Zhang Ye had which was different from others! Hence, he was worth such spokesperson fees!

Zhang Ye asked courteously, "May I know what the situation is of your company?"

Wu Mo's eyes flickered as he said, "We sell health supplements. The product's name is 'Brain Gold', made of DHA. It improves the brain's functions, and is extremely good for the elderly. It promotes longevity and is anti-aging. It also slows down the effects of memory loss and diseases such as Alzheimer's. It lowers blood pressure and cholesterol, widens blood vessels, and rejuvenates..."

Got it!

It was something that cured a hundred illnesses!

And it's called Brain Gold? Why did this name sound so familiar?

Zhang Ye found the sales talk unreliable. "Friend, are your products certified?"

Wu Mo apologized. "You can rest assured that they are definitely certified. I got carried away. There's nothing I can't tell you. The product is really good, but it's not so miraculous. It can improve memory and promote good health. That is true. As for the

rest...it's just in principle or theory, and the actual effects might not be too apparent. For example, we add ginseng, and would naturally add the effects that comes from ginseng. However, as the amount we add isn't in large, it is all just in principle. The medical effectiveness might not be that great, but in the realm of health supplements, it is definitely beneficial to the body without any adverse effects. I can guarantee this with my personal reputation. If not it would not have passed the certifications from relevant authorities, right?" That was the truth.

Zhang Ye nodded. "That's good then."

Wu Mo observed Zhang Ye's expression. "So, do you think we can discuss this matter in detail? It's best if we can discuss it now as time is tight to produce the commercial. There's less than two days left."

Zhang Ye confirmed once again. "Are you sure your health supplements are beneficial to the body?"

Wu Mo immediately responded. "Definitely. Why don't I give you a few boxes so that your parents can try it. Also, young people can drink it too! It's beneficial to anyone who uses their brain. If you don't believe, you can ask my aunt. I bought the authorization to sell the product at a high price a few years ago. Our company has all the relevant certification and documents. I'll give it to my family monthly too. My parents drink it daily. If you don't believe me, you can even visit our company at any time."

Zhang Ye acknowledged. "I believe you. There's no need to visit. I'll agree to the endorsement."

Wu Mo was stunned. He knew from a long time ago that Zhang Ye never wanted to be a spokesperson for a small company. Furthermore, they had not even discussed the exact fees for his services, but he had already decisively agreed to it?

Wu Zeqing noticed this and interrupted. "Teacher Little Zhang, you must give this matter some thought. You don't have to consider me."

Zhang Ye chuckled and said, "It's not because of you. I have never been a spokesperson for any product, and since this Brain Gold seems pretty good, I was tempted."

Wu Mo was extremely excited. "That's great! Then that's too great!"

Everyone could tell that Zhang Ye was clearly giving Wu Zeqing face!

Brain Gold?

What did their company have?

Money? The money they gave was not the highest!

Product? The product was also not the best!

The company's scale? It completely lacked any scale!

For what reason would Zhang Ye be their company's spokesperson even though he had never conceded or lowered his standards? He did not even talk about price? It was of course due to Wu Zeqing!

Wu Mo felt utterly relieved. He had finally solved the biggest problem he had. He was extremely confident with Zhang Ye. It was all thanks to his aunt. He was very grateful. Although his aunt said she would not help, they were, after all, relatives. So even if she did not say a word and stood by the side, that was an attitude that spoke volumes. She had her nephew's interests at heart. However, upon further thought, Wu Mo felt that he had to thank Teacher Zhang Ye. If it was any other Peking University lecturer, it would not have mattered much, but who was Zhang Ye? Who didn't know Zhang Ye's position in Peking University? It was an extremely independent one. Furthermore, education was not Zhang Ye's main job. It did not matter much with or without it. On the contrary, Peking University desperately needed him. Even Nanjing University's Chinese department attempted to pull him in. Hence, Zhang Ye's decision was clearly not because he was trying to suck up to Wu Zeqing, as he did not need anything from her. There was no need for him to do so!

With Wu Mo being cognizant of this point, Wu Zeqing was naturally fully aware of this.

# Chapter 358: Signing The Endorsement Contract!

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The endorsement deal was settled.

Wu Mo said happily, "Teacher Zhang, let me treat you to a meal."

Zhang Ye pointed to his watch. "It's still early in the morning, and I ate just before I arrived."

"Then let us do it at noon. I'll invite the people from the commercial company to join us, so that we can negotiate the contract. After that, we can discuss the commercial's planning, and then let them produce it according to your intent." Wu Mo said.

Zhang Ye blinked before suddenly making a request. "The contract can be signed any time. You can decide on the endorsement fees. As for other matters, I'm fine with anything. I only have one request, but if your company can't agree to it, then I won't be signing the contract. This is the only request I have for your company before being your spokesperson."

Just one request?

No problem! As long as it's not about increasing the fees!

Wu Mo joyfully smiled and said, "No problem! Go ahead and tell me!"



Zhang Ye said, "The planning for the commercial I'll be endorsing must be decided by me alone."

Wu Mo nearly failed to stifle his laugh. He was still wondering what the matter was. "Definitely. We invited you mainly because of your commercial planning ability. If you didn't suggest any ideas for us, the commercial might not even be done in the next few days. Even though we have been racking our brains for many days, not a single suitable proposal has been produced. We will definitely have to listen to you. I can immediately agree on this. We were still afraid you did not want to participate in the planning."

Zhang Ye looked at him and said, "This request has to be written in the contract."

Wu Mo was stunned. "Oh? Write it in the contract? About that...typical contracts don't include this, right?"

Wu Zeqing was directing the construction workers by the side, but when she heard this, she turned around and glanced at them.

Zhang Ye said, "I know. It is also why this is a request of mine, and the sole one. The commercial planning must go through me during its entire process. Since you want to do a one-off payment for the commercial, then let's do it that way. It doesn't matter how much you give. I do not have any problems regarding the price, however, the commercial company has to produce the content according to my requests. To put it bluntly, regardless of the commercial's content, everything will be decided by me. This

clause has to be written into the contract. If your company does not agree to my commercial planning, I will pull out from the endorsement. You will have to pay me an amount no less than the endorsement fees and the commercial fees for breaking the contract. Other than that, I have no other requests."

Wu Mo was stunned. "About that..."

The commercial was to be fully decided by Zhang Ye?

Even the company's boss who paid for it had no right to veto?

Zhang Ye said, "I know this might be a bit difficult on you, and there is no such precedent. However, I only have this tiny request, so if you are agreeable to it, we can sign the contract now."

Wu Mo broke out in cold sweat as he wiped his forehead before saying, "Teacher Zhang, it's not that I don't trust you. Anyone in the commercial world knows your ability in commercial planning. But as the saying goes... What was it? Right. Horses might lose their footing, while humans might lose their touch. Everyone is convinced with your ability, but to err is human, right? There is a need for the wisdom of the crowds and bystanders' foresight. Furthermore, shouldn't I check my own company's commercial? Shouldn't me and the few major shareholders of the company need to watch the commercial first before deciding? If the commercial really is...and I'm just saying in the unlikely event. In the unlikely event that it is inappropriate, then we have to find other commercial proposals. If it's decided by you alone, isn't that a bit... What say you?"

Zhang Ye was insistent on this point, because he already had a general gist in his mind. Furthermore, he did not know how difficult it would be to execute it. Hence, he decided to play the villain first. It was best to agree on everything beforehand. Even though he was Wu Zeqing's nephew, Zhang Ye would not abandon this principle. There was no need for Zhang Ye to take on this sort of endorsement, and if he were not Wu Zeqing's relative, Zhang Ye would have completely ignored him. Taking on the endorsement was 80% due to President Wu. The other 20% was because the company's product garnered the interest of Zhang Ye. Zhang Ye believed he could make the health supplement, Brain Gold into something greater.

Large companies did not consider Zhang Ye. Was he a celebrity who wasn't too famous or unknown?

Good endorsements were not something a celebrity of Zhang Ye's caliber could place his hands on?

Since he could not do those endorsements, how many years would he have to wait before he could take on those commercials when he became a A-list celebrity? It was better to strive for it himself. If not, it would be a waste of his popularity. For his ambitious goals, Zhang Ye naturally did not want to squander every chance and resource. Hence, it was best to start off through commercials. If the commercial really succeeded, the sales of the company's product would massively increase. From this, Zhang Ye would gain popularity. It was a good thing for him. Many people might even get to know him through the endorsement, and could increase Zhang Ye's Reputation, allowing him to forge ahead steadily.

Hence, there was such a request. If the other party could not accept it, Zhang Ye would not agree to the endorsement. He needed absolute control, because the commercial...was a bit "lame".

Zhang Ye said, "CEO Wu, I know what you are getting at. It's not like I've never been in the advertising circles. I know all about it, so I can understand your reservations."

Wu Mo said, "It's great that you can understand. We..."

Zhang Ye carried on speaking. "But I still have to insist on this request of mine."

Wu Mo: "..."

Zhang Ye said, "You can first consider it. If your company can agree to it, I'll take on the job. If not, then please trouble someone else."

Wu Mo was troubled. He never expected that Zhang Ye would have such a request for a simple endorsement. He knew Zhang Ye would not harm him, as there was this level of relations from his aunt. Although Zhang Ye was not purposely harming him, who could guarantee that the commercial he produced would be excellent? Zhang Ye would guarantee it himself? That would be useless. It had to be affirmed by the market! Hence, Wu Mo faced a dilemma!

What was he to do?

Should he agree to it?

Eventually, Wu Mo's eyebrows were already fully knitted together. "Teacher Zhang, I can't make the decision on this matter. I will need to discuss it with the other shareholders."

Zhang Ye nodded and said, "Alright."

Wu Mo was in a rush to return. "Then wait for my phone call. I'll be leaving first. Aunt, I'm leaving."

Wu Zeqing gave a dull acknowledge. "Don't speed."

"Got it." Wu Mo's mind was preoccupied and he quickly drove off.

Zhang Ye looked at Wu Zeqing as he explained. "Sorry about that President Wu. I did that because..."

Wu Zeqing gave him a gentle smile. "There's no need to explain it to me. Let's go to my office." After instructing the construction work's supervisor, she left.

Zhang Ye followed behind her. President Wu's qipao was really very beautiful. He could not help but steal a few glances at it, as his eyes landed on Wu Zeqing's perky butt. Just looking at her made

his hands itch. He really wanted to give it a touch, and felt it would be worth it to be beaten up over it.

.....

In a building.

Wu Zeqing's office.

"What tea would you like to drink?"

"Anything would do. Let me do it."

"Tie Guanyin it is. Just stay seated."

President Wu boiled a kettle of tea before pouring it into two cups. She then pushed a small teacup to Zhang Ye.

"Thank you." Zhang Ye said gratefully. Then he gave the teacup a whiff and said, "Nice tea!" Bullsh\*t nice tea. This fellow didn't even know the difference between Tie Guanyin and Longjing, so how could he tell what tea was good? However, since it was a chat, he had to say it that way.

Wu Zeqing sat behind her office desk and took off her jacket. As she held the teacup, she took a sip in a very proper manner. She said with a smile, "A friend gave it to me. If you think it's nice, take some when you leave."

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "There's no need. It wouldn't be appropriate."

The slit in her qipao reached high up. The purplish-blue qipao reached up to her thighs, and through the slit, one could see her soft, white skin. Zhang Ye, who had eaten breakfast, turned hungry just watching this. The saying how beauty could be consumed was probably such a situation. If it was anyone else, a glance would be fine. However, the critical point was Zhang Ye was different. He had seen Wu Zeqing's nude pictures. Which part of her body had he not seen before? Just seeing her thighs made his thoughts wander to her other parts, as he turned warm inside.

He knew how full Wu Zeqing's breasts were.

He knew that Wu Zeqing had a mole on her inner thigh.

However, they were all hidden underneath the qipao, not to be seen.

Suddenly, Wu Zeqing spoke. "That nephew of mine has been spoiled since he was young. He has never suffered, so he doesn't know hardship. Do you think it was incurring of ridicule?"

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "Not at all. CEO Wu is much better than me. Not experiencing hardship doesn't mean immaturity. Similarly, having experienced hardship doesn't necessarily mean maturity. I am the best negative example."

Wu Zeqing laughed. "The both of you are incomparable. That tiny bit of talent my nephew has is not even worth a thousandth of yours. If the opportunity comes, please advise him."

Advise him?

Advise him on literature?

That was clearly impossible. Zhang Ye understood Wu Zeqing's intentions. She wanted him to help Wu Mo, and helping his company tide over the crisis. He said, "Don't worry. I will definitely help if I can do it. I will not spare any effort. That is the reason why I made that request and for it to be in the contract, because..."

Wu Zeqing waved her hand and said gently, "You don't have to explain it to me. I will not barge in on matters regarding business. I invited you here to talk about the classes for next semester."

Zhang Ye said, "About that, I haven't decided on what to lecture."

The two of them chatted for more than ten minutes.

Finally, Zhang Ye bade farewell and left. He took a pound of Tie Guanyin. He knew that Wu Zeqing had owed him one, and the matter regarding the photos had come to a close. It would probably not be pursued further.



That was great!

If not, he would feel jittery every day!

On his way back to the Chinese department, Zhang Ye felt completely relaxed.

At this moment, Wu Mo called. "Teacher Zhang."

"Hi, CEO Wu, please speak." Zhang Ye did not know what his answer would be.

After a pause, Wu Mo said, "The few of us shareholders have discussed and come to a decision. Let us sign the contract before noon. We will add a clause to the contract as requested by you!"

Zhang Ye chuckled. "Alright, thank you for CEO Wu's trust."

Wu Mo said, "I can't not trust in all the talent you have!"

## Chapter 359: The [Brain Platinum's commercial copy](#) has landed!

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Afternoon.

After lunch, Zhang Ye and Wu Mo signed the contract.

The contractual terms were all standard, and in addition, a term stating that Zhang Ye would have full rights to directing the commercial was added. Zhang Ye checked that everything was in order. The company did not lowball the endorsement fee either. In fact, they had given quite a tidy sum.

"Teacher Zhang, I'm glad to be working together with you."

"Glad to be working with you too."

"Do you think we should head over to the advertising company?"

"Sure, anytime."

"OK, let's head over now then. I've already made an appointment with them. The thing is that we only have a few more days before the commercial is slated for broadcast. It would be best if we could get the draft out by today and then start on its production, otherwise it might be too late and fees paid to Beijing Television Station would not be refunded."

"OK, I will do my best."

"We are all depending on you."

Then, a group of them all headed to the creative department of the advertising company.

Wu Mo had actually agreed to the terms of the contract as he was left with no choice. The shareholders of the company did not really support this decision either, but were out of choices too and had to agree. The commercial was due soon and the company was on the verge of bankruptcy. If their products did not sell, they would be left with nothing but a huge debt. This was what everyone of them wanted to avoid at all costs and therefore, they agreed to bet on this.

.....

At the advertising company.

Wu Mo began introducing everyone.

Zhang Ye also greeted everyone from the advertising company.

Many of them were quite friendly. When they saw Zhang Ye, their eyes glowed with admiration. It was clear that they had all heard of Zhang Ye's advertising achievements.

"Teacher Zhang, nice to meet you." said a middle-aged man.

"Nice to meet you, Director Wang." Zhang Ye shook hands with him.

"I am in charge of this project, why don't we discuss it further inside?" Director Wang was a man in his forties who was a little plump and looked honest and good-natured. "We've all heard about your achievements in the advertising circle. When we first heard that you would be coming over to take charge of the planning this time, a lot of our staff wanted to join in to get some guidance from you."

Zhang Ye quickly replied, "You speak too highly of me. You are the professionals and I'm just an amateur fooling around."

A youth standing behind said, "Teacher Zhang, you're too humble. All the advertisements you have planned turned out to be classics. Even us professional use them as study material in our classes."

Zhang Ye said, "Your company is one of the leading names in the advertising world in Beijing. I dare not accept such a title."

Everyone did not say too much as it was only their first time meeting. It was just some random chatter and complimentary greetings to one another.

Actually, the advertising company was not just complimenting

Zhang Ye without any reason. If it were any other person who was taking over the production planning of the commercial, they would definitely be unhappy about it. After all, they were the true professionals in this field, but Zhang Ye was different, he had experience and even a few accolades to back him up. He even created a new style of creative advertising. It was rumored at that time that the top 3 advertising firms had all headhunted Zhang Ye and this was why Zhang Ye's abilities in this field was doubted by no one.

A crowd of people streamed into the meeting room.

After the doors closed, everyone settled down to discuss the agenda.

Wu Mo was very focused as he had paid a lot of money for this. To the advertising firm, it was also a big project that they placed great importance on.

Director Wang got the staff to give out copies of the project plans, "This is a copy of plans that we came up with earlier. As CEO Wu was not too satisfied, we did not use them."

Wu Mo said to Zhang Ye, "Take a look?"

"OK." Zhang Ye took a copy and glanced at it for a while.

It was not flawed, but neither were there any highlights. It was quite normal.

Wu Mo said, "We don't ask for much in the commercial planning. It can be any type of commercial, as long as it can boost our sales. What we need now is sales figures, otherwise the company will not be able to operate any further. We cannot afford our high overheads anymore." In front of them, Wu Mo did not have anything to hide anymore. There was no need to.

Zhang Ye said, "For commercials, they are assessed by whether they can sell the products. This is the requirement and not something that you just talk about. If it were me, I would not agree to it either."

Director Wang, "Oh? It seems like Teacher Zhang already has some ideas?"

Wu Mo quickly interrupted, "Tell us what's on your mind? What direction should we take for this commercial?"

Everyone in the meeting room focused on Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye coughed a few times. Right now, he felt a little embarrassed and was not sure if this advertisement would work, but there was no turning back now so he proceeded to expand on his idea, saying, "I do have a plan, shall we listen to it?"

"Please."

"I'm all ears."

Everyone turned serious.

A few creatives even took out pens and paper. Some even brought voice recorders, wishing to record everything Zhang Ye had to say, making it convenient for them to learn from in the future.

Zhang Ye cleared his throat. "This commercial is actually not complex. It is very simple, and generally it's just one advertising catchphrase that will be sung."

Sung?

In the form of a song?

That's new! As expected of Teacher Zhang Ye!

Just think about that "Shuidiao Getou" that was adapted to become "Wishing We Last Forever". It came from Zhang Ye and even the melody was composed by him. He was deeply skilled in this!

Everyone's eyes became even brighter as they stared unblinkingly at Zhang Ye's face.

Then Zhang Ye began to sing. "I'll just sing it simply for you to get a taste of it. Well, here goes." With a deep breath, and under the gazes of eyes filled with anticipation, Zhang Ye sang with a

high note. "I will not accept any gifts this year! No gifts accepted, no gifted accepted! No gifts accepted, no gifted accepted! The only gift I will accept is Brain Gold! Brain! Gold!"

Then, Zhang Ye noticed how everyone in the entire meeting room was dumbfounded. Each and everyone was stunned silent!

Wu Mo stared and said, "Is that it?"

Zhang Ye acknowledged with a cough, "Yeah."

Wu Mo nearly fainted on the table. "What sort of commercial is that?"

Director Wang's eyebrows kept twitching as he forced a laugh and said, "Teacher Zhang, I know you do talk shows. Hur Hur, you sure are humorous. Let's get serious. What's the real advertising catchphrase?"

Zhang Ye said with a sweat, "That was it."

When Director Wang heard this, he nearly fell to ground!

That was it?

You f\*\*king call this an advertisement?



Everyone present nearly coughed out a mouthful of blood!

Wu Mo was nearly crying his heart out. "Teacher Zhang, can we do it properly? This advertisement...is really too shameful! If this thing goes on TV, wouldn't my company become the laughing stock of the entire industry? That can't happen! This commercial won't be able to drive sales up!"

Director Wang dabbed the sweat off his forehead, "About that, I also suggest changing it."

Zhang Ye refused to agree. "CEO Wu, didn't you forget the clause on our contract? You have to listen to me on this matter. There will definitely not be any problems. I guarantee you that the sales will soar!"

Wu Mo: "..."

Director Wang: "..."

Others: "..."

Soar your sister!

What the heck!

Wu Mo immediately said, "No! This commercial will definitely not do!"

Zhang Ye leered at him and threw his hands up. "Then I can't do anything about that. I won't take on this endorsement. Your company can choose not to use the advertisement, but you will need to pay the penalty for breaking the contract." The contract was still held close to Zhang Ye's chest and had not even cooled down. It was written in black and white what breaking the contract cost!

When Wu Mo heard this, his face turned green!

Holy sh\*t! Why do I feel like I was scammed by Zhang Ye!?

Wu Mo's tears were about to flood down his cheeks. "Teacher Zhang, you are harming me!"

Zhang Ye said with a wry smile, "I'm not harming you. You know I wouldn't too. How the commercial turns out will be decided by the market. When the commercial is broadcasted, you will know the situation. When that happens, everything will be decided, so now, the content of the commercial has to follow my instructions. Furthermore, do you think I will stake my reputation on this? If the results of the commercial are bad, it's bad for me too."

Wu Mo's eyes were already red. "But this commercial...isn't it too brainless?"

Director Wang added on. "Not only is it brainless, there's nothing that puts the commercial in the spotlight. How can you call this a commercial? It's not as good as the few proposals we had before!

And let me say something unpleasant, your proposal is so much worse than ours. It's really a commercial that can't be aired. Not only Brain Gold company, even we will become laughing stocks!"

Zhang Ye still insisted and said. "Just use it. You have to believe in me."

Wu Mo grabbed Zhang Ye's shoulders. "It's not that I don't believe you, but it's too...too... Can we change it? Please don't fool around Teacher Zhang, can we change the commercial? I know you are a comedian, so you must be pulling our legs, right?"

Zhang Ye shrugged his shoulders. "I am serious."

Wu Mo: "....\$###%@@#@! !!"

Zhang Ye had expected this, so he had requested for that clause to be added to the contract beforehand. "Anyway, that was my plan. CEO Wu, please believe me. Just with Wu....Big Sis Wu's level of relation to you, I will not scam you. If you really think it won't do, then I'll give up the endorsement."

You aren't scamming me?

You are f\*\*king scamming me!

Wu Mo felt he was a true retard, a pure retard. Why wasn't he satisfied with the proposals from Director Wang's advertising firm? Even the trash amongst those proposals were ten thousand

times or even a hundred million times better than Zhang Ye's! If he had known so, he would have directly used theirs! Would there be a need to agree to that contractual clause of Zhang Ye's? This was scamming him to dig a hole, pushing him in, and then burying him! The company was already in bad shape! Now it's even better! Zhang Ye was making the matters worse!

Using this commercial?

Or pay the breach of contract fees that amounted to more than a million Yuan (~147,600USD)?

Wu Mo wanted to pay the fees. He really wanted to, but the company was already drained of all its liquidity. This was a desperate bet of the company, so why would there be any additional money left!?

Zhang Ye asked, "CEO Wu?"

Director Wang also said, "CEO Wu, you must think carefully!"

Wu Mo struggled for a long time and after more than ten minutes, he slammed the table with tears nearly streaming down his face. "I'll use Zhang Ye's commercial! So what if I die! At most I'll start from zero again!" At this moment, he no longer addressed him as Teacher Zhang, and used his full name.

Zhang Ye did not mind and smiled.

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Translators' Note: Those who are wondering how the original Brain Platinum's advertisement campaign turned out, feel free to click [this](#).

# Chapter 360: A Series Of Shocking Promotional Bursts!

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Afternoon.

The production of the commercial had begun.

In the modern office space, Zhang Ye was the authoritative figure. He began instructing the advertising firm's staff to follow his directions and the requirements needed for the content of the commercial.

Zhang Ye did not listen to anything that they tried to suggest as he took charge of everything down to the details that were seemingly unimportant to the others. Zhang Ye made sure that everything was done according to his instructions. There was no other way. Zhang Ye was forced to do things his way as he knew of the miracle the Brain Platinum commercial had created in his world. In this world, only Zhang Ye knew about it. In order to recreate the miracle over here, he had to be on the safe side and did not intend to change the content of the commercial at all. At least it could not stray too much from the original. Every step had to be done accordingly, in the way it had been done in his world, so that nothing unexpected could happen!

"What? You are not going to sing the jingle?" Director Wang asked in a stupefied fashion.

Zhang Ye said it in a matter of fact manner, "Of course I'm not going to sing it. Let the dubbing artist do it." He thought to himself

that since it was such a retarded jingle, how could this bro go and sing it?! Do they think that I'm stupid?

Director Wang asked surprised, "Then how is the commercial going to be filmed?"

Zhang Ye said, "Didn't I already explain it to you? There will be 2 animated characters, an old man and old lady who will be dubbed as if they are singing. Their characters will be dancing around. The characters will look cartoonish and cute. Can your team do the designs according to those requirements first? I will take a look at it later."

Director Wang asked incredulously, "Then what will you be doing in the commercial?"

Zhang Ye pointed to himself, "Me? I will just make an appearance, holding the Brain Plati.....Brain Gold product at the end of it. The focus of this commercial should not be on me."

Today, Director Wang and the project team staff had their eyes opened for once. After so many years of experience in the advertising industry, it was their first time they had witnessed such a production. A big company had spent so much to employ you to endorse their product and you sure are good. All you do is appear in a perfunctory shot and that's it? Isn't that too easy an endorsement fee that you're getting? And what's with the Brain Gold company, why did they even include a clause like that in the contract!?

Director Wang looked at Wu Mo, "CEO Wu, this...."

Wu Mo looked like his confidence was completely shattered and only simply waved his hand saying, "Just do as Zhang Ye says, don't ask me anymore. I'm going outside for a smoke." He didn't care anymore and felt like he was just throwing a tantrum. It seemed like he had boarded Zhang Ye's pirate ship this time and was forced into a corner. He was not going to do anything about it anymore.

Zhang Ye was not bothered by this and continued giving out instructions.

"Is this image OK?"

"No, they look too young."

"How about this? The hair is now white."

"I'm looking for a cartoonish character. This is not cute at all. They need to look cuter and look kind. In their kindness, they also need to look like they are full of vitality. Adjust their eyes to look bigger, yes, the body proportions should decrease a little more. Make the old man wear a suit and the old lady dressed in a bridal gown. Don't make them too old either, they need to show a youthful vigor."

"How about now?"



"Good, that's OK. That's perfect!"

The commercial's proposal had been decided, so all that was left was the production. This was not something that Zhang Ye could participate in, as he did not have any animation skills.

.....

Outside.

On a balcony at the end of the corridor.

Wu Mo was smoking over there. There were already 7 to 8 cigarette butts lying on the ground.

"CEO Wu." Zhang Ye smilingly said as he walked over. He took out a cigarette, "I'll have one too."

Wu Mo glanced back at him, but didn't say a word. He was ignoring Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye knew that he was angry at him since this afternoon. He lit his cigarette and walked over to the bench and took a seat. He offered a cigarette to him, "Having one?"

Wu Mo grabbed a stick, "Teacher Zhang, my aunt mentioned you to me before. She said she really admires your literary skills and even said that you were a talent that no one else could ever replace

in our nation. I've also seen your poems, listened to your speeches, and watched your advertisements. I believe in your abilities. You are also older than me by a year or two and so I address you as Brother Zhang, but you can't go and take advantage of me like this. I'm just a small businessman and my company is going to go bankrupt soon. I can't go through this sort of setback now." Zhang Ye's status as a famous host, writer, literary person, and Redologist was known by all. He was even a very popular person in the Chinese department of Peking University, so Wu Mo didn't direct his anger at him.

Zhang Ye did not know what to say either. After some thought, he asked Wu Mo, "CEO Wu, since you've watched my advertisements before, then tell me whether the saving electricity advertisement was influential or not?"

Wu Mo said with a sigh, "Influential!"

Zhang Ye asked again, "Then my 'I'll speak for myself' advertisement... was it hot or not?"

Wu Mo was stunned but still said, "It was hot!"

Zhang Ye said with a smile, "If I may say so, whether it's in the field of broadcast, novels, TV hosting, poetry, literature, giving speeches, or even advertising, have I ever made a wrong move before?"

Wu Mo was surprised for a moment, then pondered over what Zhang Ye said. He realized what Zhang Ye said was true. He had

really never made a wrong move before. No matter what sort of work he did, it was all extremely popular. Even if others did not think he would succeed, Zhang Ye would eventually prove them wrong!

Since he was Wu Zeqing's nephew and also quite a nice guy who placed great importance on a commitment and also because he was young and not such a scrupulous businessman, Zhang Ye decided to say a few more words, "When I did my lecture on the Three Kingdoms, how many people doubted me? When I created my Talk Show, how many people called for my death? When I started lecturing on 'Dream of the Red Chamber', how many people were ready to skin me alive? In the end, I have never disappointed those who have trusted in me. CEO Wu, if you believe me, then just leave the whole advertising project planning to me. I will bend over backwards just to ensure your company is profitable!"

Wu Mo stamped out his cigarette, "I have no other choice!"

Zhang Ye had also finished smoking, "Then why don't we go inside? What sort of concept does the product, Brain Gold have? Explain to me in detail the science and technicalities behind the product."

Wu Mo asked, "Why do you need to know about these things?"

Zhang Ye asked, "The commercial we are doing, is actually the trump card, but having a trump card is not enough to create a miracle. We still need a supporting strategy."

Wu Mo naturally had no objections, "Alright, let's talk while we walk."

Along the way, Wu Mo gave Zhang Ye a detailed explanation of the product.

Zhang Ye discovered that this Brain Gold was actually the same as his previous world's Brain Platinum. The main ingredient was melatonin and only slightly differed on the additional ingredients.

This was even better than expected!

This campaign is almost a done deal!

.....

In the meeting room.

Wu Mo called for a meeting with all involved personnel.

But Zhang Ye closed his eyes instead and bought a Memory Search Capsule from the game ring's system. After eating it, he went back to his world within his memory to remember all there was to know about the Brain Platinum's advertising campaign strategy. In his previous world, the biggest reason for Brain Platinum's success was the television commercial. It was especially retarded, but in the face of all those who thought it was the most retarded commercial ever broadcasted, it had created a miracle that had left everyone in the industry dumbfounded. In fact, in the

history of the People's Republic of China, there had never been a commercial that had created a miracle like this that had left the deepest impression on so many eyeballs. Zhang Ye was one of those who had personally experienced it.

But the success of Brain Platinum was not down to just the credit of the commercial. Zhang Ye had mentioned that it was only the trump card in creating this miracle, but it still needed some special conditions!

One of these was the quality of the product. This was already a present condition.

The second was an omnipresent marketing campaign.

Thirdly, scientific editorials that did not have any traces of advertising to build up the campaign.

The last was the miraculous TV commercial that could brainwash people!

"Teacher Zhang?"

"Zhang Ye?"

"Aren't we having a meeting?"

"Why did he fall asleep?"

Everyone was discussing while at a loss at whether to laugh or cry. This person was a legend of the advertising world? Bullsh\*t! It's really a case of meeting beats hearsay! To them, the legendary Zhang Ye was really too damn unprofessional!

Finally, Zhang Ye opened his eyes. "Sorry, I was just thinking about something."

Wu Mo was now resigned to his fate, "Tell us, what else do you need us to do?"

Zhang Ye said, "CEO Wu, I would like to know how much of our marketing budget is left? What I mean is, are there any additional funds that could be used. What is the highest figure?"

Wu Mo said helplessly, "Excluding your endorsement fee and advertising costs, we still have about one million."

Zhang Ye found it quite small, "Could we increase that?"

Wu Mo rolled his eyes, "We are an almost bankrupt company, how much more do you think I can use? We are already going for broke. We even took out a loan and put our bets on this."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "How about this, I won't take my endorsement fee and advertisement planning fees for now. Your company can pay me in a few months time instead. A few years later is fine too. We can add that clause to the contract too."

Payment can be made in installments within 5 years, I'm fine with that. Then we can add that sum to the marketing budget. Since we are betting big, we might as well bet as much as we can! Knock on wood because if the company really closes down, then I won't take a single cent in endorsement fees. This can be added into the contract too!"

Director Wang was stunned!

Wu Mo and the staff of Brain Gold company were also stunned!

"Brother Zhang...." Wu Mo said, "Are you serious?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "I'm a man of my word. If I said it, then I definitely won't go back on it. Even if you don't put it in the contract, I will still do as I said."

If it were others who said this, no one would have believed them.

But since these words were uttered by Zhang Ye, no one doubted it!

What sort of person was Zhang Ye? This was a man who became broke to help save the life of a fan that he barely knew! At that time, how much money did he spend to help with his fan's treatment? It was much more than this endorsement fee! Zhang Ye did not care about money! That matter was just too beautiful. Even now, there were still many people and media relishing over this matter. This was also the only incident since his debut that Zhang

Ye did not receive flak for. Zhang Ye's personality in other aspects may be considered terrible and he was infamous, but in terms of his character, no one had ever doubted him, nor could they doubt him. He had indeed done things in a fashion more beautiful than anyone else!

No one had expected these words from Zhang Ye. This was clearly a suggestion that was not in line with the interests of Zhang Ye.

Wu Mo eyes quivered for a moment. At this time, he finally believed that Teacher Zhang Ye was sincere in helping him. He had not been teasing him and was definitely not kidding everyone!

Wu Mo was still a fair-minded person. In a certain sense, he was very similar to Zhang Ye. They acted according to the maxim, 'However I get treated, I will treat others back the same'. "Teacher Zhang, that's not necessary. We will pay you however much you deserve. Our company will still be able to cough up another 300 to 400 thousand. With 1.3 to 1.4 million, that should be enough."

Zhang Ye shook his head, "It's really not enough. CEO Wu. Listen to me, just include my endorsement fee into the marketing budget. Even with that, I still find it lacking."

A woman from Brain Gold company asked in surprise, "What do you intend to do with that much money?"

Zhang Ye answered, "We will carry out large-scale advertising with it. We can't afford another TV commercial spot for now, but



in Tieba pages, forums, internet TV, newspapers, we can still do a lot of advertising. We need to maximize the exposure for the provincial level, prefecture level, county level, and even the special districts. I am planning a large scale and multi-pronged carpet bombing attack of advertisements on all fronts. We cannot afford to do that for the long term at the moment, but in the short term, it is still possible. We need to do it all in the golden period during these few days before Chinese New Year. The more advertisements, the better!"

Director Wang was sweating, "Is that OK?"

Zhang Ye answered him, "Even that is not enough."

Wu Mo's eyes blackened, "Not enough? We still need more money?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "Not anymore. After we do all of this, the rest of it is simple. The money we need is also significantly less. Not even 100k is needed -- We need to find a guerrilla team!"

An advertising firm staff asked, "Why do we need them for?"

Zhang Ye said, "To post on forums and Tieba. To help us rally up awareness of our product!"

CEO Wang was almost speechless, "A guerrilla tactic is such a cheap technique. They can't do it legitimately and there's no meaning to it, right? It is already a thing of the past."

Zhang Ye said confidently, "The guerrilla tactic is a thing of the past? That is because the correct method and strategy has never been used. This sort of promotion technique will never get outdated."

Wu Mo said, "But if we resort to making advertisements in this manner, we would attract the ire of the masses. Everyone would be conflicted against us and the campaign would have a negative effect. The people these days are much more aware than in the past. They would easily be able to tell if it is an advertisement and won't even click on it."

Director Wang also said very professionally, "It's like this. In the past, our company had employed such means, but we no longer do so. Because it really is a waste of time."

Zhang Ye said joyfully, "When did I say we were going to advertise?"

Many advertising people who were present were left wondering, "Not advertising? Then why are we spending so much money for?"

Zhang Ye explained, "We are going to do a scientific editorial, going the deceptive path of a public service announcement. There will be no traces of advertising!"

Wu Mo did not understand, "What do you mean?"

Zhang Ye looked around, "Do you have a pen and paper?"

"Yea, what kind of paper and pen?" an advertising firm member asked.

Zhang Ye thought of showing everyone, so the words would have to be big. So he said, "Some Xuan paper and a calligraphy brush. A thin brush."

"Then I will go get them." A youth said.

In a short moment, the Four Treasures of the Study were prepared for Zhang Ye.

They did not know what kind of editorial script Zhang Ye was talking about, so all of them gathered around to see.

Zhang Ye did not eat the Memory Search Capsule for nothing earlier. He picked up the brush and immediately started writing. He would bring over all the scientific editorials for Brain Platinum from his world into this one. With some slight modifications, he wrote:

"A woman at forty, could be a blooming flower or a wilted flower".

For a woman who is past 40: Her skin becomes rougher and more wrinkly. Her body also becomes more bloated and there would be constant hair loss. All kinds of blemishes would appear and cause

her to be more self conscious about her appearance. Unable to face herself in the mirror and with impending menopause, a large change would happen psychologically and physiologically. Due to this, people say: A woman at forty, could be a blooming flower or a wilted flower. Modern science has discovered that all of these changes in the brain are dictated by - DHA (Brain Gold). The brain is structured layer by layer, like an onion. The outermost layer is the cerebral cortex, while the innermost of the core is comprised of DHA. The amount of DHA in the brain directly affects the aging of organs in a person's body, and at the age of forty, the amount of DHA would be about 30% of the amount one has in childhood, resulting in most organs beginning to age. If a moderate amount of DHA is consumed every day, it can return one's organs to their youthful state. Skin cells will begin massive production (in deep sleep). Dead cells will be removed, and loose skin will turn elastic again. It will greatly delay the formation of wrinkles. The intestines would also return to a youthful state, effectively preventing toxins that are harmful to the skin from invading the body. It would eliminate colored spots, and even push back menopause.

Etc, etc, etc.

Zhang Ye finished writing.

Wu Mo exclaimed, "Is this the scientific editorial public service announcement that you were talking about?"

Director Wang was also staring dumbfounded. He suddenly exclaimed, "Great creativity! This is really great creativity! One will look at it and think it is scientific fact, but in reality this is

really advertising! It may not be written clearly and obviously, but a seed would be buried. Once the Brain Gold advertisement is released, everyone would immediately recall the scientific editorials!"

A few other advertising creatives also gave remarks of admiration. So an advertisement could be done this way too! It can even be so silent and not outstanding! It's too sinister!

Was it unethical?

It was indeed a little bit unethical!

But those present looked at Zhang Ye with admiration!

However, Zhang Ye was not bothered by them. He just kept on writing the editorials with such speed onto the Xuan paper.

"Can humans become immortal?"

"2 Biological Bombs"

"Americans can sleep soundly, while the Chinese work! "

"A 'clock' exists in the human body"

"How astronauts sleep"

"A human can survive only five days without sleep"

"Not passing motion for a day = Smoking 3 packs of cigarettes"

He began writing from 3PM in the afternoon and continued on until it was 7:30PM. For almost 5 hours straight, Zhang Ye did not say a word and just wrote. He did not stop to have a drink, a bite of food, or even a rest in this period of time. It felt like he did not even blink or put down his brush during these 5 hours.

Everyone around him could only look on in awe!

"Teacher Zhang?"

"Uh, do you want to rest for a while?"

"We still have time."

"Teacher Zhang, why don't you have something to eat first?"

Zhang Ye's memories were strengthened by the memory search capsule and he continued on writing. He did not reply to them and just concentrated on writing.

Only after he finished his last editorial, did he put down his brush. He suddenly felt a rush of tiredness and he heaved a sigh and rubbed his eyes before quickly sitting down.

Wu Mo shouted, "Water! Water!"

A person rushed to get it, "Coming, coming!"

"Go and get takeout for Teacher Zhang!" Director Wang was also rather worried.

Quite a few of them had taken their time earlier to go and have their dinner while Zhang Ye was busying himself with his writings.

Many of the advertising creatives were curious about the writings that Zhang Ye had done. They browsed through a few pages of it and counted each one. All of them could only look on admirably at Zhang Ye. They finally understood why Teacher Zhang Ye was so famous. With this skill of his, who could ever compete with him? He stood there motionlessly on the spot for five hours writing. He did not even have a draft, and yet there was not a single wrong word! The writing was fluent and every sentence was on point. It was so well written that it made the point directed at the sales crowd. Things like insomnia or aging for women were all presented in a way that maximized the use of scientific knowledge to back it up. If someone read this, they would be 'brainwashed' by all the 'DHA (Brain Gold)' words that were used!

Every word was a classic!

Every sentence was shocking!

The words were good, so the sentence's were even better!

He definitely deserved the title of a legend. He was just as good as they had heard he was! The creative writing was just too impressive!

If it were any other advertiser, just picking out a random editorial from those that were written, would have required the brainstorming of a team for several days before they could come up with a copy at such a standard, but look at Teacher Zhang Ye? Without rest, he had written seven to eight editorials in one fell swoop!

One of him would be enough to match ten advertising teams!

They all looked at each other, stunned by the capabilities of Zhang Ye!

Director Wang, who had taken a look too, could only suck in a deep breath. He looked at Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, if you would join our firm, we would definitely break out of Asia! Your writing talent is too amazing! Our company's staff strength, even when combined, would not match up to your ability!"

Zhang Ye just smiled, "This is what I do professionally. Writing something like this is my forte. That is why I might be a little quicker than you all. Here, take a look everyone."



They had all finished reading it already and they couldn't stop praising it at all!

It was so crafty! This advertisement was full of deception!

There was not a single mention of eating "Brain Gold" anywhere, but yet every sentence was telling everyone that if there was a lack of Brain Gold, they would not be able to survive!

Zhang Ye said, "With these, we need to send people to post them onto Tieba pages and forums to spread the word. Then through the guerrilla teams, we can make it go viral to complement the TV commercial. This would signal the beginning of the first step!"

Wu Mo finally revealed a smile, "Brother Zhang Ye. Only now do I realize that giving you over a million in endorsement fee was well worth the money!" If it were anyone else, who would work as hard as Teacher Zhang Ye!? It was really worth every dollar!

Zhang Ye gulped down his water and finished the bottle. Then he said, "It was definitely worth it for you, but now I'm exhausted. Can I get a meal? I need some food desperately!"

Although Wu Mo and Director Wang still did not think that the jingle "The only gift I will accept is Brain Gold" was good, they still recognized the guerrilla marketing tactics. There was also nothing to criticize about Zhang Ye's editorials. Director Wang's team looked like amateurs in front of Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye began eating, while stuffing food into his mouth.

Spotting a chance, Wu Mo suggested, "This marketing technique is so good, we should really focus more on it. As for the TV commercial, shouldn't we change it a little? Change it to a promotion style similar to propaganda? We could first talk about the harms before we promote our product. Although 15 seconds is not enough, by condensing it a little, there should not be any problems."

Zhang Ye shook his head, and carried on with his dinner without a word.

No one was clearer about it than Zhang Ye. If not for the TV commercial, all of this publicity would amount to nothing!

Forum advertising?

Spreading editorial messages?

Guerrilla marketing online?

Any of these could be canceled, but definitely not the retarded TV commercial!

But this was not the time to explain, since none of them would get it anyway. This was why Zhang Ye did not bother to explain, as long as the whole process was done according to his instructions, they could always thank him later!

# Chapter 361: Wu Zeqing's Birthday!

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At night.

He reached home after 8.

Mom opened the door. "Why are you home so late?"

"Someone invited me to be a commercial spokesperson, so I was busy discussing." Zhang Ye said.

Dad lowered the television's volume. "Spokesperson? For what commercial?"

Zhang Ye chuckled and said, "It's a health supplement. It's called Brain Gold. You will know about it in two days when it goes on TV. It will definitely be broadcasted before Chinese New Year."

Mom immediately became high-spirited. "How much are they paying?"

Zhang Ye said, "Around a million. It's a year's worth of endorsement and advertising planning."

Mom said in an overjoyed manner, "That's not a small amount. They will give you a million a year if you just need to come up with an idea, shoot the commercial, and ignore everything from then on? This amount of money sure is easily earned. It's so much more

than what you can earn working at the television station. You tire yourself endlessly for those television programs, but how much is your monthly salary and bonuses? It can't even compare with the income you receive doing a commercial in one day. What's the point? I think you might as well just focus on endorsements. By being a spokesperson for a few products, wouldn't the money just come rolling in? Hehe, that's so lucrative!"

Dad said in a speechless manner, "Why are you only concerned with money?"

Zhang Ye also laughed. "Mom, you don't understand. You may think the endorsement fee for a commercial is a lot, and seems relaxing, but why would others pay so much money to be their product's spokesperson? It is still the popularity I gained due to my novels, poems, television programs, etc. It's because of my fame that others would even offer me so much money. If I did not produce programs or work, without the support of my popularity, who would want me to be a spokesperson?" He then used a different manner to explain. "Just like the Spring Festival Gala in a few days, everyone knows not a single cent is earned from it, and you might even up spending money because of it. One needs to pay for board and lodging, delaying one's working schedule, canceling commercial performances, but even so, why do people try with all their might to appear on the Spring Festival Gala? It's all due to popularity. No matter how rich a celebrity is, without popularity, they cannot even be considered a celebrity. Popularity is of the essence."

Mom said in an enlightened manner. "That's true."

"Have you eaten, Son?" Dad asked.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "I ate takeout, and I'm still quite full."

Mom said unhappily, "Why did you eat take out? I'll make something good for you!"

"There's no need, Mom. I'm already full. Let me take a warm bath. I'm a bit tired. By the way, someone gave me tea leaves. Try some of it with Dad. It should be pretty good tea." Zhang Ye returned to his room, taking off his coat and then wore his autumn wear to the bathroom. He then enjoyed a bath.

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In the bedroom.

He lay comfortably in bed.

As Zhang Ye scratched his wet hair, he began to fiddle with his cellphone. After flipping through a few webpages of entertainment news. This year's Spring Festival Gala's lineup was mostly out. They were undergoing rehearsals now, and in the lineup, Zhang Ye saw Zhang Yuanqi's name. The song's name was "Wishing We Last Forever", which had its lyrics adapted from Zhang Ye's "Shuidiao Getou". This song was not very appropriate for the Spring Festival Gala, but it was not too much a problem. As long as the words used were beautiful, everything would be alright. Furthermore, she was the Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi. She was a regular on the

Spring Festival Gala.

Spring Festival Gala.

Hai, when would he have the opportunity to be on it?

Let's take it slow. He still was not popular enough, and it had to be slowly accumulated. There was no way to rush it. Next year, Zhang Ye could attempt, but now, he was still lacking in popularity. Furthermore, he was lacking in productions that could possibly go on the Spring Festival Gala. Recite a poem at the Spring Festival Gala? Or give a talk show? Talk about 'Three Kingdoms', 'Dream of the Red Chamber', or some ghost story? It would not be a wonder if people cursed him to death. There was no such precedent. Hence, it looked like he needed to expand in several directions this year. Either he produced a work that could vie for a spot on the Spring Festival Gala next year, or he would have to take on the route of being a professional host, so as to become the Spring Festival Gala's host? The latter was a bit difficult.

Let's not think about it. We can talk about it in the future.

Since a song with his lyrics and melody was going the Spring Festival Gala, it was also an honor. His popularity and game Reputation would also increase a bit as a result of this.

Reputation?

Right, let's play the lottery!

The total Reputation points was already at 40 million!

A few days ago, Zhang Ye did not feel any need for it. He was also planning on leaving the Reputation points for his next step. Now, his Reputation was increasing by the day. Also, his inventory did not have many items, so it was time to substantiate it. Of course, he could not spend it all in one go. He still needed to leave it for future use. Well, let's use 10 million and try our luck first. If he was lucky, he could carry on playing the lottery. In the past, 10 million Reputation points was an astronomical value to Zhang Ye, but now, this fellow was extremely wealthy. He no longer thought too much about it. As his fame grew, the amount of Reputation points also increased rapidly. He was now on a different plane. He could not be the same person from half a year ago, who felt distressed just spending 100,000 Reputation points for each draw at the lottery. That would be too much a loser!

This bro has all the Reputation in the world now!

As long as the items he drew were useful, he was not afraid of spending much!

Without any hesitation, Zhang Ye tapped open the lottery interface and bought a chance at the lottery. The needle began spinning. He was definitely going to buy Additional Stakes, but he wanted to observe the situation. He planned on buying Additional Stakes for Consumption Category items. After all, his inventory was nearly empty. He had used the Red String of Fate and Save, and the remaining items in his inventory was the two Difficulty Adjustment Dice. Zhang Ye did not dare to use these items. He had

been horrified by the hijacking last time. So naturally, he needed to replenish his inventory, such as Lucky Bread? Or a Save? Or Cupid Sachets? Anything would do! With ten million Reputation points, he could buy 99 Additional Stakes. If he exchanged for a hundred of the same item, especially if he was lucky enough to obtain the Lucky Bread that was never enough, Zhang Ye was willing to spend all the 40 million Reputation points just for it, let alone 10 million. This was because the item was too amazing!

The needle started to slow down.

Slowly, it was about to stop!

With his keen eyes, Zhang Ye immediately tapped the Additional Stakes button. He made the wheel stop and then looked at the needle's momentum. It was already in the Consumption Category region, and had just entered it. According to the situation and the speed at which the needle slowed down, it was likely to stop in the Consumption Category. There was a very high chance.

He got whatever he wanted!

Was he able to get it all in one fell swoop?

Zhang Ye was pretty happy and planned on buying Additional Stakes!

How much should he add? A million or five million? Or should he add all the ten million? Thinking how he was like a nouveau



riche now, he was not lacking in that part. If he really struck the Lucky Bread or something even better, wouldn't he receive a windfall? If he only bought a few Additional Stakes, that would be too regretful. With enough courage and increasing capital, he also began to gamble at a larger scale. Hence, Zhang Ye directly tapped 99, throwing ten million Reputation points into it!

The spin continued!

The needle slowed down!

A bit...A bit...Just a bit more...

However, maybe it was due to not having played the lottery for quite some time, Zhang Ye's sense of the wheel and needle's speed had deteriorated. He watched the needle move forward, and just as it was about to stop in the Consumption Category region, it suddenly moved forward a bit, entering the next region.

Holy sh\*t!

It was a Skills Category region!

Zhang Ye nearly cried out. His luck was too bad, wasn't it? He did not get whatever he wanted!

However, the Skills Category prize had previously given Zhang Ye some pretty good skills. Even the Computer or the Lock-Picking Skillbooks he received had been put to good use. As such, he was

also not that depressed. Treasure Chests appeared, flooding the ground. There were a total of hundred golden Treasure Chests (Small). As there was not enough space in the room, the Treasure Chests stacked over each other, making it quite a spectacular sight. Zhang Ye reached out and opened the lid of one of the Treasure Chests.

[ Calligraphy Skill Experience Book ] 100!

Seeing the Calligraphy Skillbooks-laden chests, Zhang Ye was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. He had obtained these Skillbooks in the past. Be it his brush or pen writing, they were already more beautiful than in the past. And it only had that bit of use, and did not seem of much practical significance.

Why did I get it again!?

If it was Taiji Fist, how great would that have been!? If he had bought it, the Taiji Fist Skillbooks would cost a million Reputation points per book, but if it was obtained from the lottery, every book cost only 100,000. It was ten times cheaper! Skillbooks such as Taiji Fist were extremely valuable to Zhang Ye. If not, he would not have spent the ten million Reputation points to buy the Taiji Fist after earning it from the hijacking. This was a defensive skill. There was never too much of such a skill!

Calligraphy!?

Why did it have to be Calligraphy!?

Zhang Ye felt it was not something very useful. However, he had already received it, and there was no way to return it. His Save had already been used up, so there was no way to regret it anymore. He could only flip through the Calligraphy Skill Experience Books, and "consume experience".

1 book.....

10 books...

100 books...

He had finished consuming them!

All the information in the Calligraphy Skill Experience Books entered Zhang Ye's brain!

Since he had a bad beginning, and made poor judgment, forget it. No more drawing today. We'll talk about it in a few days!

Zhang Ye turned thirsty and drank some of the tea made from the tea leaves Wu Zeqing gave him. He narrowed his eyes in enjoyment. It was indeed good tea. Although he was not an expert at tea, he could tell the difference between this tea and the cheap tea he had bought in the past. The difference was too great. Only then did he return to his room, preparing to sleep. Others might not be able to sleep after drinking tea, but Zhang Ye was different. After drinking some hot tea, it might even help him sleep even more soundly.

Ring, ring, ring.

A phone call suddenly came in.

It was from Wu Mo. Zhang Ye did not know what it was about.

Zhang Ye picked it up. "Hello, CEO Wu?"

"Have you slept yet, Teacher Zhang?" Wu Mo asked.

"Not yet." Zhang Ye said.

Wu Mo said, "It's this. Tomorrow is my aunt's birthday, so I decided to call you. My aunt asked me to invite you. It will be a party for industry insiders. There will be food and chatter amongst scholars. It's at noon. I'll send you the exact address later."

Zhang Ye blinked. "You aren't going?"

"Why would I go? All of you are people in literature or calligraphy. I don't share a common language with you. I'll only suffer by being there. Furthermore, I need to monitor the advertisements." Wu Mo said.

Zhang Ye asked, "Then I'll bring some gift?"

Wu Mo gave it some thought before saying, "I don't think there's a need? My aunt isn't a particular person. Just showing up would do. If you really need to, writing some calligraphy would also do. My aunt really likes things like calligraphy. Oh, those people from the calligraphy world also seem to draw stuff on the spot. It won't be too late to think over it when you are there. Anyway, I don't know the details. I have never joined in such meals with scholars, so I'll leave it to you."

He was completely ignorant.

Zhang Ye could only say, "Alright, I'll definitely go."

# Chapter 362: The Calligraphy Association Anniversary Gathering!

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The next day.

It was almost noon. The weather looked good.

Zhang Ye had woken up late. After looking at his watch, he immediately got out of bed. He got dressed as he rubbed his eyes. He went to the bathroom outside to wash up as he called out, "Mom, do we have the Four Treasures of the Study at home?"

His father had already left for work.

His mother was scheduled for an afternoon shift today and was still around, "What do you think? You bought some before when you were in primary school, but we don't have them anymore. Maybe it's in a box somewhere? Even if you can find it, they won't be usable anymore. What do you need it for? Isn't the university on break? What are you hurrying around for? You still need to go to work?"

Zhang Ye said, "Not for work, but it's my leader's birthday."

His mother said, "Then why didn't you get up earlier? Hurry up and go!"

"I know. Can you help me get my bag, put my cellphone inside."

Zhang Ye did not bother too much and quickly brushed his teeth. Then, he took the bag from his mother and rushed downstairs to his car.

What about the birthday present?

He did not even have a brush and ink and there was no time to get one now!

Zhang Ye was a carefree person, since Wu Mo said it wasn't necessary to get anything, he did not bother to. He decided to just go directly. If there was a need, he would buy a present later on and give it to his leader.

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The sun was very strong.

It added warmth to the winter weather.

He drove a little faster than usual and reached a restaurant north of the city a few minutes before noon. He stood in front of the entrance of a two-story restaurant that had an ancient vibe to it. It also had a large yard towards the rear of the building. The restaurant wasn't too small and was designed to have an ancient classical look to it. There were red lanterns hung at the entrance and it looked like the whole location had been reserved for the day. There were a lot of cars parked in front and more and more people were beginning to move inside. A lot of them were holding

calligraphy scrolls or similar items in their hands as they walked in, leaving Zhang Ye a little confused. To him, Wu Zeqing looked like someone who wasn't too ostentatious. If she was having a birthday celebration, it wouldn't be possible that she invited so many people. Old Comrade Wu didn't have such a lavish personality.

After getting off, Zhang Ye straightened his clothes a little.

"Eh? Isn't that Teacher Zhang?" A woman called him out from behind.

Zhang Ye turned around in surprise, "Yo, Teacher Su, you came too?"

It was Zhang Ye's colleague from Peking University, Su Na. She was wearing an overcoat which was rather thick, "Why are you here too? Oh, President Wu invited you too?"

Zhang Ye vaguely acknowledged her. Actually, he was very clear that he would not have been invited to such an occasion if not for the fact that he was endorsing her, Wu Zeqing's, nephew's product. Since he was doing his part for her nephew, she was obliged to give him face.

Then so, why was Su Na here too?

Even Professor Zeng was not invited, right?



Zhang Ye wondered, "You are here because?"

Su Na said laughingly, "I'm not important to enough to warrant an invitation from President Wu. I came with my father. He is already inside. He's with the Calligraphy Association."

Zhang Ye suddenly asked, "There are so many people here today?"

"Yes, it's about the same every year, but last year was even more vibrant than this year." Su Na said casually.

Zhang Ye was left even more confused, "They are all here to celebrate President Wu's birthday?"

"Birthday? You don't know?" Su Na said, "How would President Wu be so lavish? Today's the 31st anniversary of the Calligraphy Association. Every member would gather on this day to have an exchange of calligraphy and literature. This is the main event. As for birthdays, today is also coincidentally the birthdays of a senior of the calligraphy world and President Wu. So we celebrate them all together, but it's not the main focus. It's mainly still a gathering for those involved in calligraphy. Of course, if you want to give them presents, that's fine too."

Zhang Ye coughed, "Then, did you bring a present?"

"I did not." Su Na chuckled, "But my dad wrote two scrolls, that's good enough."

"All of you are well prepared. I woke up late today, so I did not bring anything." Zhang Ye said depressingly. When the others presented their gifts later and he came empty-handed, it would be embarrassing.

Su Na blinked and said, "If you didn't bring a present, it's alright. A lot of people are not gifting anything either. If you really want to give something, you can always write a poem and gift it during the calligraphy event, right? How's your calligraphy skill?"

Zhang Ye subconsciously replied, "My words can't be shown."

But he suddenly remembered that, hey, he had just gotten those calligraphy experience books last night and eaten them all. He had eaten a total of 100 books. Even if he had not tested it out, based on previous experiences, his writing shouldn't be shabby. A hundred books! He wouldn't know how it would turn out. Who knows if it might even be better than Wu Zeqing's calligraphy?

Right!

He could write it on the spot!

He definitely had to give a present to President Wu!

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In the restaurant.

At the back yard.

This place looked like an exhibition stand, exhibiting lots of famous people's calligraphy and paintings. Some of them were even the writings of members from the calligraphy association, who were also the current generation of calligraphy masters.

"This is a calligraphy piece of Sun Gu?"

"It's surely a copy, right? Hasn't it been lost long ago?"

"This is the real deal. I heard that it was in Master Zhou's possession. Master Zhou spent a lot of money to get this piece. To be able to see it today is really our honor!"

"This won't do, I definitely need to get a picture of this later!"

"Eh, isn't that Teacher Cheng's calligraphy? Seems like his cursive calligraphy has had a breakthrough in the past year!"

"Haha, President Wu is also showing her calligraphy today. Little Wu's words have always been so elegant. It's beautiful no matter how you look at it. It's very rare in the calligraphy world."

No one went to the second floor, since the banquet had not started yet. Everyone was just hanging around in the backyard

discussing the exhibited works today. Although it was not an official exhibition, the works that were displayed were even more rare and precious than those in official exhibitions. In an insiders' exchange, no one hid anything from each other. The Calligraphy Association 31st anniversary gathering could also be seen as an exhibition of academic achievements.

Wu Zeqing had already arrived and was chatting with a few friends.

The other person who was celebrating a birthday today was Old Master Wei. He was around 80 years of age and was seated on a solid wood antique chair. A number of juniors went up to greet him.

"Master Wei, how are you doing?"

"I'm not as good anymore. Getting old. Hur Hur."

"I can't see that. The calligraphy that you put up on display shows that you are still going strong!"

The yard was scattered with people that numbered around 70 to 80. Those who were present today were the elites of the calligraphy and literature world and their families. All of them were important people and even the lowest of them were well established members of the calligraphy association. Of course, there weren't that many people who turned up. After all, it wasn't a decennial anniversary, so there were no guests from other fields present to congratulate them. It was just a normal gathering using

the anniversary as an excuse.

At this moment, Su Na stepped in, "Dad!"

Father Su looked to be in his fifties. His hair hadn't grayed much, but his mustache had already turned white, "Why are you so late? Didn't you leave early this morning?"

Su Na chuckled, "I met a colleague at the front door and we chatted for a while."

Thereafter, Zhang Ye followed in behind and entered the backyard, but as he was wearing shades and did not have much in common with those from the calligraphy world, no one recognized him. In fact, some people did not even know him. At best, they would have heard of his name before!

# Chapter 363: Calligraphy Contest?

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In the backyard, the smell of ink was in the air.

The sweet smell of Xuan paper also lingered in the air.

"Teacher Wang."

"Yo, Mr Liu."

"Master Chen is here too, where did you come from?"

"I came over from Shanghai. It's Old Master Wei's birthday, so I can't not come."

They were all people from the same circle, so they were familiar with each other. The old friends began chatting heartily, looking like they had not seen each other in a long time.

In the corner, only Zhang Ye was standing there alone. Many people saw him, but did not know who he was. Because he looked rather young and was strangely wearing shades, no one bothered about him. As Su Na was ushered by her father to greet his friends, Wu Zeqing was still chatting with her friends, Zhang Ye found a chair and sat down. Since he had not had his breakfast, he tried out some of the refreshments on the table. It was actually quite tasty, so he poured himself a cup of hot tea and crossed his legs back relaxingly. He started munching on some sunflower seeds, fully making himself feel at home.

"Who is this person?"

"Don't seem to know him."

"Whose family member is he? Is he that hungry?"

"I think I saw him come in with Teacher Su's daughter."

"Old Su's son-in-law? No way, I am old friends with Old Su, so how can I not have seen this kid? Little Na Na isn't married either. so it can't be."

A few people looked at Zhang Ye with askance.

Zhang Ye felt like he was too flamboyant, so with a cough, he stopped eating.

It was unknown when Wu Zeqing walked over. Today, she was dressed in a beige qipai. The red flowers that adorned her dress were very eye-catching. She had been wearing a qipao with a sweater of coat draped over her. Her high heels were beige in color to match her qipao, making her look extremely alluring.

"You were eating?" Wu Zeqing gave a faint smile.

Zhang Ye beamed and stood up. "I didn't eat this morning, so I was hungry."

Wu Zeqing lowered her hands, "Just carry on eating. It's alright."

Zhang Ye said, "If I knew today was the Calligraphy Association's anniversary, I wouldn't have come. I'm not someone from this circle. I don't really know much about calligraphy. If I knew this early, I would have given you a birthday present privately. Unfortunately, I didn't have time this morning, so I didn't bring anything."

Wu Zeqing gently smiled. "There's no need for presents. It's alright if you do not know calligraphy. Inviting you here was to let you enter this circle. You are a person of literature, so knowing more people won't hurt. Hur Hur. Alright, carry on eating. I'll go greet a few old friends."

"Sis Wu."

"Teacher Wu."

More people came from outside.

Wu Zeqing walked over with a smile.

After a short while, almost everyone had arrived.

"Everyone, may I have your attention please. Hur Hur." At this moment, a very famous calligrapher spoke. He gathered the people



over and said, "Today is the 31st anniversary of the Calligraphy Association. I would like to thank everyone for their participation and well-wishes. I've been writing all my life, so I'm not good with words, so I'll keep it short. I think it's best we go by the old rules. Let's have a short competition to kick off auspiciously before having our meal. How about that?"

"Alright!"

"As you wish."

"Haha, another competition?"

"Master Zhou, what's the auspicious item about this year?"

Everyone had expected this and asked with smiles.

There was no lack of this segment in every year's Calligraphy Association gathering.

The old calligrapher, Master Zhou, curved his mouth and waved to his two disciples by his side. He got them to open up a piece of calligraphy. "I'll incur ridicule first. This is the calligraphy piece I wrote last year. Now it shall be used as an auspicious item. Same old rules, whoever wins gains this auspicious item!"

Master Zhou's work?

This year's item sure cost an arm and a leg!

Everyone knew the most ordinary piece of calligraphy produced by Master Zhou could be auctioned off for tens of thousands. If it was a good piece of calligraphy, such as this long calligraphy piece, it could be auctioned off for at least a hundred thousand. There was no upper limit, for if someone really liked it, they would be willing to pay hundreds of thousands for it!

"Nice work!"

"Elder Zhou sure is generous!"

"Then we won't stand on ceremony!"

Everyone were eager to try as they coveted it.

Su Na left her father's side and walked over to Zhang Ye.

"Teacher Su." Zhang Ye was also surprised to see that calligraphy piece. "Who is that?"

Su Na nearly fainted. "Ah? You don't even know Master Zhou? He is one of the few remaining master calligraphers still alive. You really don't care about anything outside of the entertainment industry, do you?"

Zhang Ye praised, "This piece of work is too artistic!"

Su Na said, "Of course. Just Master Zhou's name would cause calligraphy lovers to come in droves. Even a draft would be worth a considerable amount."

After eating a hundred Calligraphy Skillbooks, Zhang Ye's appreciation and understanding of calligraphy had been greatly upgraded. He knew the piece of work in front of his eyes was no ordinary piece of work. It was much better than the words written by President Wu back then. It could even be said to be on different realms. President Wu's standard may be high and was famous in the industry, but Wu Zeqing was, after all, not a professional in this. She just had calligraphy as her hobby, while her career for in the foreground. However, Master Zhou was different. He was a professional. He had spent all his life studying just calligraphy, so their standards were naturally different!

Su Na leered at him, "You also like this piece of work?"

"Yea." Zhang Ye only found the piece of work very good, but did not have other thoughts. His mind was not in the field of calligraphy. Without any exaggeration, this piece of art was inferior to Wu Zeqing's naked 'artistic pictures' to Zhang Ye. Those pictures were more real and empowering!

What a bunch of losers!

They really do not know art!

Seeing the ugly expressions of these people desperately wanting a

crappy piece of art, this fellow, Zhang Ye looked down on them. You guys aren't even looking at Wu Zeqing's beautiful full legs and her ample breasts that nearly tear her qipao apart. What kind of art are you looking even looking at? It's no wonder people who made a living in art would die alone. Can you be a bit more promising? A mountain of gold is in front of you, yet you don't know?

Zhang Ye believed he was a person who truly knew art. Hence, he retracted his gaze from the calligraphy piece and moved it onto Wu Zeqing's legs. He peeked at her white legs through the slit in the qipao.

Su Na did not notice the direction in which Zhang Ye was looking, and said, "I really want this calligraphy piece."

Zhang Ye asked nonchalantly, "Are you participating in the competition too?"

"No way. My calligraphy is terrible. All I know is what I was forced to learn by my Dad when I was young. I stopped practicing since then. As for my Dad, he might have some hope." Su Na felt enthusiastic.

Zhang Ye thought to himself. Man, not another one who doesn't know true art...

Many people present had eyes filled with insatiable thirst.

Master Zhou immediately announced, "Alright, I shall be this year's judge. Everyone should be okay with that, right? Hur Hur, then let this year's competition exchange begin..."

Suddenly, the birthday boy, Old Master Wei, who was sitting on an armchair, spoke. As he stroked his beard, he smiled and said, "Old Zhou, hold on a moment."

Master Zhou smiled and said, "What's the matter, Old Wei?"

Master Wei joked, "You old fogey sure aren't particular. Half a year ago, I saw this calligraphy piece at your home. Back then, I wanted it, and was even willing to exchange something for it, but you adamantly refused to give it to me. What's the matter now? Now you are taking it out? You sure aren't giving your old friend face. We have been friends for decades." After a pause, he carried on. "No way. This calligraphy piece has to be mine. Today is my birthday, so I'll just take advantage of my seniority. I hope everyone will give this old man some face. Can this calligraphy piece be acceded to me?"

"Uh."

"This..."

"The birthday boy is biggest today."

"Old Master Wei, don't try robbing it from us juniors. Haha."

The crowd said all sorts of things, nor was there any harsh tones in their words. It was just a form of entertainment. Although it was a competition, it was not meant to hurt feelings.

Master Zhou was amused as he motioned his hand. "That won't do Old Wei. We may be friends, but I have already announced my intentions. I can't just rescind them, right? Since you want it, you can also participate in it. Furthermore, you are not the only one who is celebrating their birthday. Little Wu's birthday is today too. If I give it to you, what about Little Wu?" After some thought, he said, "Let's do it this way. I'll give a suggestion. With the two birthday stars in consideration, this competition should be split into two teams. Old Wei will lead one team, while Little Wu will lead another. Whichever team's combined calligraphy prowess defeats the other, the auspicious gift will be their's. It could be either Old Wei or Little Wu. I'll just treat it as a birthday gift. What does everyone think about it?"

Old Master Wei pointed at him, "You sure became craftier with age."

Master Zhou was an old friend of his, so he spoke casually with him. "It has to be fair. If it's just a individual competition, with you having written calligraphy all your life, you will definitely win. There will be no suspense, nor will there be any meaning behind it. A competition must have some suspense."

Everyone thought over it, but did not have any opinions

"I'm fine with anything."

"Haha, this will be interesting."

"Alright, we'll follow Master Zhou's arrangement!"

"Old Master Wei, let me be added to your team."

"Count me in too. Since Old Master Wei is insistent on winning, I must contribute a bit."

Everyone coveted Master Zhou's calligraphy piece, but they all knew themselves. Even quite a famous calligrapher like Su Na's father knew he was no match for Master Wei. Since the birthday boy wanted it that much, they would not be able to get it, nor was there any chances for them. Of course, they would not be able to fight it out. He was celebrating his birthday, and was an old senior in the industry. Although Master Wei's calligraphy skills were far inferior to Master Zhou, his seniority was an advantage that could suppress everyone else. So no one wanted to compete with Master Wei, or they would appear too aloof. Hence, Master Zhou's suggestion made everyone find it very interesting.

The two birthday stars would lead teams in a competition?

Wu Zeqing versus Master Wei? The winner gets the auspicious item?

Immediately, quite a number of people stood behind Master Wei. Soon, there were dozens.

Father Su also laughed out loudly. "Then let me join in." Saying that, he entered Master Wei's team.

Wu Zeqing had no one on her side. However, she was not angry, and was her usual gentle self. She gave a slight smile and said, "All of you are bullying my lack of qualifications."

Master Wei joked, "Little Wu, I think you should just give up. After I receive Old Zhou's piece, I'll lend it to you for two days before you return it to me."

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "That wouldn't be good. Master Zhou's calligraphy is rarely seen, especially such a long piece of calligraphy. I also truly want it. It happens that I'm lacking such a piece of art at home."



# Chapter 364: One Person Is Enough!

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A commotion stirred in the backyard.

Master Wei was bent on having it, while Wu Zeqing did not back down. Although some people were beginning to feel hungry, no one said anything about eating, as they knew something interesting was about to happen. Master Wei was a respectful person of distinction in the world of calligraphy. Although most of his contribution came from the development and expansion of the Calligraphy Association, which meant he was on the administration side, his calligraphy skills were still exceptional, and not poor in any way. Everyone knew Wu Zeqing was an amateur calligrapher. She was one of the most outstanding ones, and was not inferior to professionals. However, the chances for Master Wei's victory was higher. However, it was not like Wu Zeqing did not have any chance. It depended on what experts were in her team.

"Then, has everyone agreed?" Master Zhou smiled and asked.

Master Wei said without any pressure, "I'm fine with it."

Wu Zeqing smiled gracefully, "I'm fine with it too." Then she said to Master Wei, "Old Master Wei, don't blame me if I bully you as a junior."

Master Wei did not remain perfunctory, "Of course not. As for me, I'm afraid you will blame me for stealing a beloved item of yours after I win the auspicious item."

Many people booed and hissed upon hearing this.

Actually, all the harshness was just lip service. Everyone was just joining in on the fun. What status did Master Wei have? What status did Wu Zeqing have? How could they bear grudges? That would be too petty, so whatever said was just to make the atmosphere be more lively. If there was no sense of competition, the atmosphere would remain cold.

A few family members went upstairs and did not enter the backyard. There were so many people in the backyard that there was no space, so the family members leaned against the windows to watch in interest.

"Come on!"

"They are going to begin!"

"This will be fun!"

Instantly, everyone's gazes gathered at the backyard.

The splitting of teams began. Everyone choose their own teams.

Master Wei was authoritative in the world of calligraphy and had numerous disciples. He had a wide social circle, so people who had enjoyed his grace naturally chose Master Wei's team. The other

older calligraphers were also Master Wei's friends, so there was no other need to mention them. Since Master Wei wanted a gift for his birthday, they would naturally help, so more and more people gathered on Master Wei's side. In contrast, Wu Zeqing's side was quite neglected. She ended up standing there alone without anyone behind her. No one had expected this situation to occur, but it was not a surprise after some careful thinking. Although it was a competition where friendship came first, everyone could tell Master Wei truly wanted Master Zhou's calligraphy piece. He was elderly and of high stature. He was also the birthday boy, so who wouldn't give him face? Although Wu Zeqing held a high position, it was in the world of education. Wu Zeqing was not in the forefront in the field of calligraphy, so everyone knew who mattered the most. It was reasonable for them to stand on Master Wei's side. This was the mischief caused by the People's Republic's traditional beliefs. They were in calligraphy and the arts, so what they researched was classical culture, so such beliefs were entrenched.

Wu Zeqing did not have any other expression on her face except a faint smile.

A few female family members could not stand idly watching this.

"Hey, what's going on?"

"Why is everyone helping Master Wei?"

"Not even one went to President Wu's team?"

"What's the matter? Isn't this bullying a woman!?"

"President Wu's calligraphy skills are weaker to begin with. Now, with her alone, what's the point of competing. You might as well just gift the auspicious gift to Master Wei."

"If I knew calligraphy, I would definitely help President Wu!"

"Man, this really isn't appropriate. At least someone should help Big Sis Wu, right? If not, it wouldn't look good. It's just not right!"

People below and above began to murmur.

No one expected Wu Zeqing to definitely win. After all, there was a gap in ability between President Wu and Master Wei, but even if she lost, she shouldn't lose too badly. It had not even begun, and everyone already subconsciously went to Master Wei's team? How could Wu Zeqing compete alone?

Su Na was also fuming. What's the matter. She immediately stared at her father, "Dad!" She was a member of Peking University, so she naturally sided with Wu Zeqing.

Father Su pretended not to see it and carried on chatting with a friend.

Su Na turned anxious. Heh, with her bad temper, she immediately wanted to stand by President Wu side to show her stance. At least having a bit more strength would not make it look

bad. However, after some thought, Su Na stamped her feet angrily and did not go over. There was no other reason. Her attainment in calligraphy was not deep enough. Besides, calligraphy was not just competing in one's writing. Calligraphy was closely intertwined with ancient classic culture. They would definitely be drawing lots to get a question like they had in past years. They had to produce a piece of calligraphy according to the topic. This tested their ancient literary knowledge. If one lacked literary knowledge or calligraphy skills, it would just be a loss of face going up. Thinking of how she would not even be able to write anything when facing the question, she would end up screwing things up for Wu Zeqing, so she might as well stay off to the side!

Master Zhou, who had suggested this competition, wanted to have some novelty in the competition and not like what it was in the past. However, he also never expected to see the current situation. He was momentarily speechless. He gave Wu Zeqing an apologetic glance and helped speak for her, "I say, everyone here is famous in the calligraphy world. Do you think such a competition would be interesting? Are you not going to show your faces even if you win?"

The dozens of calligraphers behind Master Zhou also turned red with embarrassment. Indeed as Master Zhou said, they really did not dare show their faces. Dozens of teachers from the world of calligraphy were going to bully a lone woman, Wu Zeqing? It did not sound good if this was made known. Even if President Wu was not deeply involved in the calligraphy world, she was at least someone famous from the world of education. According to a systematic rank and position of society, Master Zhou and Master Wei were inferior to Wu Zeqing.

However, Master Wei ended up chuckling as he said, "Little Wu's talent in calligraphy is one of the best I have ever seen. If a bunch of people joined her team, I might not even win. Now this is good. Little Wu, shall I accept the auspicious item? I think let's not compete. Let's go eat."

Master Zhou rolled his eyes. "Old Wei, aren't you embarrassed?"

"Haha, since it's a competition, what's there to be embarrassed about?" Master Zhou did not mind and carried on laughing while stroking his beard. As he looked at Master Zhou's piece of work, his eyes seemed to treat it as his very own. As an elder, his skin was thicker, so he did not feel embarrassed at all.

What are you guys doing?

Zhang Ye, who was eating melon seeds on the side, could not sit idle any longer. He had heard all that had been previously said. However, he did not say a word. He had previously not planned on joining as he was not someone from this circle. He was also not interested in such stuff. You guys can turn rowdy having fun or competing for the auspicious item, but what has that got to do with me? When he saw the competition line up, Zhang Ye could not continue spectating. F\*\*k, you bunch of calligraphers! Are bullying my Old Wu? How can you feel justified and assured? Do you even want any face!?

President Wu doesn't have anyone?

Go f\*\*k yourself! There's this bro!

Zhang Ye immediately stood up and walked leisurely to stand behind Wu Zeqing. While doing so, he held the melon seeds in his left hand, while he munched on them with his right hand. He then sat on the chair behind her and continued to munch on his melon seeds. He did not say a word, but his attitude was very clear.

Wu Zeqing smiled as she looked at him, "Can you?"

Zhang Ye said confidently, "Please take away the 'you'."

"Hur Hur." Wu Zeqing smiled faintly and said, "Alright!" Saying that, she also sat down and drank a cup of tea.

Su Na was flabbergasted. Teacher Zhang was up? Didn't he not know calligraphy? She had an impression of Zhang Ye's calligraphy. In the Beijing Couplet Competition video, the calligraphy Zhang Ye wrote to match the couplets did not look ugly, but that was all to it. It could not be said to be artistic. It was not even considered calligraphy. Only average people would think his words were up to standard, so what could he do?

Wu Zeqing finally had a teammate.

Everyone looked curiously at this sunglasses-wearing young man.

"Who is he?"

"What's he doing there?"

"Why is he joining in the bustle? Does he even know calligraphy?"

"I've never seen him. The Calligraphy Association doesn't have such a member, right?"

"Definitely not. I've met all the members before. I know even those calligraphers who have a bit of fame. Not only that, there's no calligrapher this young!"

"But at least there's someone."

"That's true. At least it wouldn't cause anyone to lose face."

Master Zhou looked at everyone and frowned. "No one else?"

There were many calligraphers in the backyard that had just joined the trade. They may be called calligraphers, but that was just an official title. They were actually just apprentices. They were disciples or nephews of these famous masters. Compared to normal people, their calligraphy was an epitome that made people envious, but compared to true masters, it was not nothing. Hence, they themselves knew and did not plan on joining the competition. They stood on the sidelines to watch the bustle. Many of them were youths below the age of thirty. They were here hoping to learn through spectating.



Master Zhou smacked his lips and felt sorry for Wu Zeqing. Hence, he asked, "If this goes on, there's no way to hold a competition as it is not fair at all."

The dozens of people in Master Wei's team looked at each other.

Someone stepped forward, "Why don't I go over?"

A man also said, "Hur Hur, then I'll help Sis Wu."

Master Zhou then give a satisfied nod. This was the bearing of people who dabbled in arts should have.

However, no one expected Wu Zeqing to say with a gently smile, "Thank you for your kind thoughts, but since the teams have already been chosen, let's begin."

Ah?

Wu Zeqing did not want the assistance of any others?

Everyone was baffled. They did not know what Wu Zeqing meant.

The birthday boy, Master Wei, also narrowed his eyes. "Little Wu, you only have one person on your team? We can't have a competition like that. It will be a lot less exciting."

Wu Zeqing tugged at the qipao on her leg, straightening a bit before saying calmly, "It's alright, Master Wei." Saying that, Wu Zeqing sipped her tea and then placed the teacup down gently. "Just one person is enough!"

# Chapter 365: First question, A Poem Beginning With The Word Ceng/Zeng\*!

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Ah?

Just one person was enough? That sounds too boastful!

Why was President Wu so confident today?

The crowd was amused. Many of the spectators became excited too!

Master Wei glanced at Wu Zeqing with a fleeting smile. "Looks like Little Wu's calligraphy skills have improved recently? Then we really can't underestimate you?"

Wu Zeqing smiled without saying a word.

Master Zhou, who had been rendered speechless for a long while, said, "Little Wu, are you sure you don't need any others?"

Wu Zeqing nodded her head slightly. "Hur Hur, there's no need."

Since it was put that way, Master Zhou could not do anything about it. He had been trying to help Wu Zeqing, so it would, at least, appear fair. This way, the competition would also be more exciting. However, Wu Zeqing's attitude made many extremely curious. Most people nearby did not understand either. Everyone

understood Wu Zeqing's skill, and knew she was not much weaker than most calligraphers present. As long as Wu Zeqing did not slack, in a decade or two, she would join the others as one of the top masters in calligrapher in the country. However, now wasn't the time yet. Now, Wu Zeqing was facing dozens of calligraphers and a calligraphy master. Why did she think she could beat so many people alone? She was so confident?

Just one person was enough?

What do you mean enough!? Even adding another few dozen would not be enough! To think she said one person?

Everyone thought when Wu Zeqing said "just one person is enough", she meant herself.

Only Su Na understood that the "one person" mentioned by President Wu was not referring to herself, but referring to the only teammate behind her!

Could Teacher Zhang be up to their standard?

Although he previously said he could...

But does he really know calligraphy? He said he could, and President Wu really believed him?

Su Na clenched her fist and pumped it in the air. It was a stance to cheer on President Wu and Teacher Zhang. At this moment, she

was not beside her father. They were bullying President Wu with numbers, and also women. Su Na's position was firm. She shot her father a despising stare.

Father Su coughed.

The other calligraphers looked somewhat disconcerted.

"It's not like they will miss me. I'll just stand off to the side to watch the bustle."

"Me too. Old Yu, let's drink some tea."

"They won't miss me with so many people already. Haha, I also do not want to bully Little Wu. It's not nice bullying her with seniority already, but to bully her with numbers as well just isn't right."

"It's just all for fun."

"Come over, let's take a rest."

Immediately, a few people also decided to quit, knowing the situation. Even though President Wu did not need any teammates, they decided to stand aside to watch and not choose sides.

However, the difference in numbers was still rather large.

After ruminating for a moment, Master Zhou said, "I actually wanted both sides to compete in twenty rounds, but since the numbers are a bit disparate, let's decide the victor in three rounds?"

Wu Zeqing said, "Elder Zhou, do it however it should be. I won't change the usual rules."

Just three rounds were too few, and not much to see. After all, today was the Calligraphy Association's anniversary party. If it wasn't interesting, it would be quite disappointing. Master Zhou then said, "Since Little Wu said so, then alright. Let me decide it. Let's divide it by two, and have ten rounds instead. The team with the most number of wins will be the victor, how about that?"

Wu Zeqing said, "I'll leave it up to Master Zhou."

"Alright, then let's begin. Hur Hur." Master Wei also said.

Master Zhou cleared his throat and said loudly, "Maybe some people here are new, so let me reiterate on the rules. The topics will be drawn through a lottery process. Both teams will draw one each. After the topic is confirmed, the competition will begin. Each round will have one question, and an answer has to be provided within ten minutes. It also has to fulfill the requirement of meeting the topic. If it is a long poem or essay, the amount of time needed to answer can be extended accordingly. Every question, in principle, should not exceed twenty minutes. As for the judgment, I will reserve the right. My reputation is still quite passable. Hur Hur. I believe everyone can rest assured about the fairness."

"Elder Zhou, you must be joking."

"That's right, we are, of course, not worried!"

"If you aren't fair, then no one is fair!"

Everyone joked a bit. Firstly, Master Zhou's character and experience was known by all. Secondly, the auspicious item was provided by Master Zhou, so it was very natural for him to be the judge.

"Then I'll thank everyone for your love and trust." Master Zhou said with a smile. Then, he instructed his disciples to bring over two wooden boxes that had previously been prepared. Inside were many folded slips of paper. There was no way to see the words written on them from the outside. The scope of the question was probably written on them.

Wu Zeqing and Zhang Ye sat next to each other.

She tilted her head and said with a smile, "Ten rounds, we each take half?"

Zhang Ye shrugged his shoulders. "I'm fine with anything."

"Alright." Wu Zeqing gave a faint chuckle. "I really like that calligraphy piece by Master Zhou."

Zhang Ye spat the melon seed's shell out. "Anyway, I'm fighting alongside you today, so I will definitely win that calligraphy piece back for you. I happened to not have prepared a birthday gift for you, so I hope this will make do."

Wu Zeqing looked at him. "It's quite difficult."

"I'll give it a try." Zhang Ye was actually not very confident, but he did not lose to others in terms of his stance.

Oh, so Master Wei's birthday is a birthday, but my President Wu's birthday isn't? Bullsh\*t, this bro refuses to have his beliefs shaken today!

You can bully me!

I won't care if you bully others too!

But you bunch of respectful calligraphers are bullying Old Wu? No way!

In fact, the other party was not intending on bullying Wu Zeqing. What sort of leader was Wu Zeqing? They wouldn't dare either. They were just giving Master Wei face. An old man's birthday and a young person's birthday was quite different in terms of importance. However, with Zhang Ye's temperament, he was like a gunpowder keg. Just a spark would blow him up. He didn't care for that. He had to win face for President Wu this time. According to



their relationship, Zhang Ye felt obligated to help Old Wu.

The lottery began.

Master Zhou was sitting in the middle and shook a box in each hand. "Let's do it?"

Master Wei was sitting by his side and stretched his hand in to grab a slip. After flipping it open, there was a word "曾 (Ceng/Zeng)" written on it.

Wu Zeqing also gently got up and gracefully walked over. She then grabbed a paper slip from the second box. She then opened it for Master Zhou to see. On it was written two words, "first word".

Master Zhou announced, "The first round's topic is out. You have to use either the word 'Zeng' or 'Ceng' as the first word to write a piece of poetry."

Their calligraphy competition might be a competition in calligraphy, but it was not as simple as it was. If it something stupid like "Ceng, the teacher is a good man", it wouldn't be right. So needless to say, their competition's topic was all about writing poems or melody poems. Even if it were not written according to a certain story or ancient poems, it had to follow the tonal patterns of ancient poetry. Modern words or epigrams were prohibited. These were unspoken rules, or else, what was the point with those topical restrictions? It was all to add difficulty!

"Ceng/Zeng?"

"And it has to be the first word?"

"The first question isn't that difficult."

"But it's not easy either. Let's see how each side answers it."

The spectators began thinking and had an answer on their minds.

Wu Zeqing came over and said to Zhang Ye. "There are quite a few poems that have Ceng/Zeng as their first word, but they aren't famous. It's just some trivial poems or phrases. This question isn't easily answered. Calligraphy isn't all about the strokes that make up a word. It also has feelings behind it. If the text isn't well chosen, it would be useless no matter how well-written it is. Give me a moment to think about it."

On Master Wei's side, people were also thinking.

Wu Zeqing was also repeatedly ruminating over an answer.

Zhang Ye did not have any reactions. He carried on chewing his melon seeds comfortably. He did not have the bearing of an artist. In fact, he looked like a person here to scrounge for food.

The onlooking crowd was at a loss of whether to laugh or cry as

they glanced at President Wu's only teammate. What sort of f\*\*king teammate are you? Are you purely there to make up the numbers? You haven't stopped munching on your seeds since you sat down. Have you never eaten in your entire life? At this exciting moment in the competition, it was alright to forget that you were not helping Wu Zeqing come up with ideas. Your team was about to go up soon, could you at least have some competitive spirit? Why do you only have melon seeds in your eyes!?

Su Na was also breaking out in a sweat. Teacher Zhang was too relaxed.

Master Zhou smiled and said, "Countdown of five minutes begins."

The platform, together with the ink and paper had already been prepared. It was placed in the middle of the two teams.

On the other side, a middle-aged suddenly stood forward. He said with quite a bit of confidence, "Old Wei, why don't I answer this question?"

Master Wei looked at him, "Little Wang, you want to go up? Alright, I wish you success!"

Teacher Wang loosened his wrist. "There's just a matter of course. Let me take down the first round."

There were not many famous poems that met the requirements.

The choice of the poem became a difficult problem. You had to at least know that you could recite the poem from memory. This was also a tough part of the competition. They were not permitted to search online. If that were the case, the competition would lose its meaning. Hence, most of the time, what was being used to compete was not an individual's skill in calligraphy, but many other things. Hence, having more people on the team became a natural advantage. This was because no one was adept at having such good memory at knowing all the famous and unknown poems. They had to draw on collective wisdom. Hence, Teacher Wang from Master Wei's team came forward to answer. He happened to know an ancient poem that met the requirements. It did not have a title, but was a poem recorded in an ancient text. It did not have much mood to it, but it was not bad.

He began writing:

Ever once our soldiers secured our borders, the appointment of civil officials with poor foundations.

If Wen Chang\*\* knew of this, a disappointment it would be to him.

As he put the brush down, Teacher Wang smiled and looked over at Wu Zeqing. "Teacher Wu, it's your turn?"

"Nicely written!"

"The poem isn't bad too."

"Sis Wu is in trouble."

"This poem is probably one of the most famous poems that meet the requirements. It is also relatively one of the most well known ones too. With Teacher Wang already writing it, what is there for Teacher Wu to write?"

Everyone discussed in whispers, trying to avoid affecting the competition with their voices.

Master Zhou looked at his watch. "There's only three minutes left."

Wu Zeqing was having an exchange with Zhang Ye. "I know a poem, but it's lacking in meaning. It is inferior to Teacher Wang's. There's also no background to support it, so we might not win if we use it."

Zhang Ye asked, "Then let me do it?"

Wu Zeqing glanced at him. "You remember a better poem that begins with Ceng? I have never seen your calligraphy skills. Why don't you tell me, and I'll write it."

Zhang Ye said, "I don't remember. I don't read ancient poetry too much. Since you said there's no better poem beginning with Ceng, then there definitely isn't anything better." Zhang Ye trusted Wu Zeqing's judgment.

Wu Zeqing said calmly, "Since there isn't any, how are you to write?"

Zhang Ye said in a matter-of-fact manner, "Of course I can write one myself."

"Write one yourself?" Wu Zeqing chuckled. "Alright, then it's all on you."

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Notes:

\*The word 曾 (Ceng) usually has the meaning of once upon a time, in the past. It can also be a surname, Zeng.

\*\*Wen Chang is known as the God of Culture and Literature Chinese mythology.

# Chapter 366: "Missing You" — Part Four Of Five!

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It was decided.

Zhang Ye would compete in the first round.

This fellow, Zhang Ye, finally stopped munching on his melon seeds. After he brushed off the seed husks that had fallen on his legs, he got up and walked over, standing before the platform. Zhang Ye had not seen many of this world's poetry. He was pretty much totally void of any knowledge. However, he knew a ton of poetry from his world! Ceng/Zeng? There were not many poems that began with that, but there were a few that were more well-known. For example, there was something like — [I have had my best love before but I didn't treasure her...](#)\*

Alright then.

It was a joke.

On the other side, Teacher Wang basically felt that he had the first round in the bag. Master Wei's teammates were also waiting for Wu Zeqing to come forward. They wanted to see how much Wu Zeqing's calligraphy skills had improved, but what they ended up waiting was for Wu Zeqing's only teammate, that youth in shades whom they did not know!

What did this mean?

Wu Zeqing was not coming forward.

The first question was left to the youth?

Many people were stunned momentarily. They thought the youth in sunglasses was just there to make up the numbers, so as to allow Wu Zeqing to have someone on her team. At least it would not look so bad on her part. With them having the preconception that he was not planning on participating in the competition, this scene made them fail to react in time. He was really coming forward?

Who are you?

A nobody wanted to compete with Teacher Wang in calligraphy?

Teacher Wang found it amusing and a bit infuriating. He was thinking how this Little Wu looked down on him. She got someone perfunctory to play with me? Teacher Wang felt like he wouldn't be able to bask in any glory even if he won against this youth, so he was not elated at all. He cast a glance at Zhang Ye, not even interested in asking his name.

Go ahead and write!

I want to see what you can write!



A poem starting with Ceng? It would be pretty good if you could even recite one!

Master Zhou reminded them. "There's another 90 seconds left. Please hurry."

Master Zhou's seemed to lose a bit of interest. As for those people on Master Wei's side, they also could not get excited. No one present thought anything of the youth in shades. They believed Wu Zeqing had given up on this question and was afraid to lose too badly, hence getting this youth to come forward. Since he was unknown, it wouldn't be too shameful. Hence, this first round lost meaning to everyone!

Zhang Ye held the brush and began to dip it in ink.

Just this posture of him dipping his brush into the ink made many people find it extremely humorous. It was too unsightly. When they trained in calligraphy, the first thing they learned was the basic skill of grinding ink. There was an art to it, and the brush had to be held nicely so as to have the bearing of a person in the arts. However, Zhang Ye's posture was clearly a layman among laymen. Even a rookie was better than him. Was this even called dipping ink? Why did he look like he was holding a toilet plunger?

"Hur Hur Hur."

"This person is really funny."

"He really dared to come forward?"

"What sort of competition is this? He really has the nerve."

"Teacher Wang is an old member of the Calligraphy Association. His skills are far from average. He was also the first to write the most famous poem that begins with "Ceng". What can he even write?"

Voices sounded out one after another.

However, Wu Zeqing stared over unblinkingly.

The moment Zhang Ye landed his brush, many people stopped talking. Some were startled, while some exclaimed, there were even more who were stunned!

The first word was written!

It was semi-cursive script!

No, it wasn't standard semi-cursive script!

This was running-standard script? And it was different from the usual kind. This youth in shades seemed to have a special style. It varied very differently from others!

Father Su's eyes lit up. These words were far from average!

When Master Zhou saw this, he could not help but let out a cry of "nicely written" in his heart!

Even the family members of these calligraphers present, who were laymen, were stunned by this. No one expected him to write so nicely!

The words were naturally special. Was the stance Zhang Ye used when dabbing the ink ugly? That was because he had just bought a "Memory Search Capsule" to eat. His mind wasn't in reality, but immersed in the calligraphy classes he had in primary school. There were calligraphy books, standard ones and ones by famous calligraphers. After eating a hundred Calligraphy Skillbooks, Zhang Ye felt he could write anything. However, he could not make it a complete hodge-podge. He had to use a certain script or style. Zhang Ye's calligraphy skills basically came from nothing except what he had gained from those Experience Books. He had no practice, so he had no thoughts of his own. Hence, he could only emulate the calligraphy styles of others.

Whose should he use?

A name seemed to appear in Zhang Ye's brain like a reflex. He believed that as long as calligraphy from his world was mentioned, everyone would think of that name!

Wang Xizhi!

Semi-cursive script, regular script, cursive script. He was an expert in all of them!

He was a calligraphy sage! He was the greatest calligraphy master in all of history! He had no equal!

If Zhang Ye wanted to emulate, he had to emulate someone more awesome. Wang Xizhi was at the pinnacle of calligraphy, so it was natural to choose his style. Cursive script was too difficult to emulate, so it was rejected. Regular script was too slow and was behind the times. Hence, the answer was apparent. Zhang Ye used Wang Xizhi's unique version of semi-cursive script, known as running-standard script. Perhaps he had not eaten enough Calligraphy Skill Experience Books, so although he had Wang Xizhi's style from his world in his head, the moment he started writing, he realized that he could not create a perfect emulation of it. Especially, in the artistic concept within, he could only imitate 10-20% of it. It was way too difficult. However, just this tiny bit would do. That was a calligraphy sage. It was absolutely no problem stunning the people from this world. This world did not have someone on par with Wang Xizhi!

Teacher Wang's expression turned solemn.

Su Na was also excitedly jumping to catch a glimpse. She never expected Teacher Zhang's calligraphy to be so good. Was he just pretending back at the Beijing Couplet Competition!? He did not turn serious at all!

It was too much of a surprise!

Everyone was startled by Zhang Ye's writing!

Master Wei also stopped underestimating him and became serious!

The first word was already determined, but the second word also came out.

Teacher Wang was trying to weigh it on his mind, but he came to an unbelievable conclusion. This youth's calligraphy skills were even better than his own. How was this possible?! But the truth was right in front of his eyes. He was rendered speechless. He thought a soft persimmon had come for him to easily crush, but who knew it was a hard one! And it was too hard! If he could write such calligraphy at such a young age, how good would he become in the future? And who was he? For a person with such calligraphy skill, he could not be some nobody. If he wanted to be famous, he could have become famous long ago, but why does nobody know him?

Zhang Ye wrote it very quickly and had finished writing the fourth word, "vast".

However, when the crowd ended their amazement over the youth's calligraphy, their minds began to be filled with questions. Having? Crossed the? Vast? What sort of opening was this? Why had noone heard of it before?

"Master Zhou?" A person could not help but ask.

Another one whispered, "Elder Zhou, what poem is this?"

Master Zhou was also curious. "I don't know either. Maybe it's a poem from some unknown poetry collection? Maybe it is unknown? Or maybe we have forgotten it? Let's wait until he finishes writing it. Someone is bound to recognize it."

Father Su looked at Master Wei, "Old Master Wei?"

Master Wei shook his head. "I do not have any impressions of this poem either."

After everyone conversed with each other, everyone agreed that no one had seen this poem before.

Teacher Wang felt assured. Although it was a competition in calligraphy, the poem itself was extremely important. Calligraphy could never be appreciated in isolation. It had to express the meaning in the text. He had used the relatively famous, "Untitled" poem and was likely invincible. Although he felt sorry for the young lad, he was bound to win this round.

The other people had similar thoughts as they watched Zhang Ye writing silently.

One word...

Three words...

Five words...

Words began to appear on the Xuan paper!

Wu Zeqing had already stood up and walked to stand behind Zhang Ye.

As people watched his every stroke, slowly, more and more of their expressions changed. Some gasped while others were stunned with widened eyes!

"What!?"

"This poem..."

"Silence. Don't disturb him!"

The poem was very short and there were not many words.

When Zhang Ye finished writing the last word in a smooth manner, he released his pent up breath. He looked at his work with satisfaction and smiled. He then put the brush down and nodded at Master Zhou. "I'm done."

Master Zhou was already staring at Zhang Ye's face!

The way Master Wei was looking at Zhang Ye was full of alarm and doubt!

After Teacher Wang finished reading the poem, his face first turned pale before he gave a wry smile.

Many people could not see as they were quite far away. Some people hurriedly came over to take a glance, then they began looking at each other in pairs, seeing the shock in each other's eyes!

On the Xuan paper, this was written:

Having crossed the vast oceans, I can no longer take a river seriously. If it's not on Mount Wushan, it's not a cloud.

I don't care to look back on my leisurely walks among the flowers and shrubs, half due to religious devotion, and half due to you.

Su Na could not help but exclaim, "Nice poem! Nicely written!"

With her spearheading it, the surrounding crowd also began to give their kudos. They all began to express their amazement!

"These words sure have a profound meaning!"

"That's right. He is so skilled at such a young age?"



"The calligraphy is good, but the poem is even better. Why have I never heard of such a poem with such poetic flair?"

"I have never heard of it either. It looks like we are ill-informed."

At this moment, Master Zhou spoke up and said to everyone, "It's not that everyone is ill-informed or ignorant. This poem should have been composed on the spot by this young lad, right?"

A young calligrapher in his thirties exclaimed, "Composed on the spot?"

Everyone was a bit dumbfounded. With the young lad remaining silent, it clearly meant tacit agreement. Everyone was completely baffled as to how he had produced it on the spot!

In just a few minutes?

And there was a topic restriction, yet he could write poetry of this level?

Numerous gazes focused on Zhang Ye's face. Where did this aficionado jump out from!? In calligraphy competitions, many of the questions had limitations to them to increase the difficulty, preventing you from having simple stories or poems to write about, but good going! You sure were good! You decided not to use any of the poems and songs of the ancients, and created one yourself? And yet you could write a poem so elegant?

Interesting!

Today's competition was too interesting!

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Notes:

\*This is a line from comedian king, Stephen Chow's movie, A Chinese Odyssey 2

# Chapter 367: Two Rounds Down!

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In the back yard.

The atmosphere was lit up!

The shades-wearing youth's poem had amazed everyone!

Zhang Ye went back to sit down and had another sip of tea. Only he knew that this work was not any ordinary poem. This was the fourth of the "Missing You" five-part series. It was Yuan Zhen's work. The first line of the poem was known by everyone in his world. Many artistic and video productions had used it before. The value and influence of this poem was obvious. It was one of the most precious poems in his world's history.

How could this not win?

If it didn't win, then Zhang Ye might as well kill himself!

Master Zhou coughed aloud to motion for silence. Then he said, "The first match is over, yes, I will announce the winner now....."

Teacher Wang said with a wry smile, "Elder Zhou, you don't have to speak further. He beat me fair and square."

Master Zhou smiled as he nodded. "Little Wang, your calligraphy is also very good. It has more depth than last year. Let's discuss

more when you have the time."

Teacher Wang cheered up, "I happen to have a lot of questions that I need your guidance on."

He went back to the side of Master Wei's team to the teasing of many of his team mates.

"Old Wang, are you OK?"

"Hur Hur, lost to a junior."

The good natured ridiculing was because they were all rather good friends.

Teacher Wang said helplessly, "I had no hope, the youngsters these days are really too good. The new generation has surpassed the older ones. Everyone should be a little more careful from here on."

The first match ended.

The next match was beginning.

Zhang Ye and Teacher Wang's calligraphy had been taken away for drying and the table had new Xuan paper scrolls laid on it.

Wu Zeqing was smiling and sat beside Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, you've given me yet another surprise. Didn't you say your calligraphy skill was lacking? Then who wrote those words just now?"

Zhang Ye said nervously, "I just blindly wrote it."

Wu Zeqing asked, "The competition from now on won't be easy."

Zhang Ye answered, "It'll be fine. I got lucky and won the first round. Let's see how the rest goes. I still have you to back me up anyway." He even took the chance to curry favor with Wu Zeqing.

Look buddy, this bro's getting more street smart by the day!

Seeing President Wu and the youth chatting happily, Master Wei's team of dozens of calligraphers turned serious. They no longer took their opponents lightly and prepared to take him on instead. Actually, with their literary standards, at least 70-80% of them could spontaneously compose ancient poems that met the requirements of a random draw. They would not be limited to works of the ancients, but creating something new had its risks. Firstly, it had to be relevant, secondly, if they lacked the inspiration, it was difficult to produce something good. They had all witnessed the youth's talents already. That poem was definitely a one-off inspirational piece and could not be repeated again. So they did not fear much as they had more people on their side! So many of them could not compete against just two people? Wouldn't that be a joke!?

Master Zhou smiled, "Let the second round begin. Draw your topics."

This time, it was Wu Zeqing who picked a random topic. It was an empty slip, without any words on it. This probably meant there was no topic restriction for this round.

Master Wei also chose one — Courtyard Flowers\*.

Zhang Ye took a look, wondering why there would be such an erotic kind of topic?

Master Zhou said, "The second round's topic is limited to 'Courtyard Flowers'. You can begin."

"Let me go up this round." Wu Zeqing smiled and went forward to pick up a brush to begin writing.

The people on Master Wei's side was slower by a tiny bit, but a man in his fifties quickly stood forward. "Leave this round to me."

"Mr. Feng?"

"You want to go up?"

"You will absolutely not have a problem."

"Mr. Feng will definitely clinch victory!"

It was unknown why Mr. Feng was in such a rush. He hurriedly walked forward to write. He only hastily dabbed his brush into the ink. So although he stepped forward after Wu Zeqing, he had written it faster. It was cursive script!

Su Na knew this person. "Eh? Isn't Uncle Feng adept at regular script?"

A person in the know beside her said, "Yes, but you will know why if you carry on watching."

Wu Zeqing was using running-standard script, so she was slower!

Only then did Zhang Ye realize that the two of them were writing the same thing!

"Courtyard Flowers" or "A Song of Courtyard Flowers" was about an author's disappointment at the rulers and his deep worries about the impending danger to the state. The poem was describing the process within the palace during the downfall of a dynasty. Zhang Ye's world also had "A Song of Courtyard Flowers", but it did not receive rave reviews. It appeared like this world also had similar works. With a scan, Zhang Ye realized it was not very similar to his world's "A Song of Courtyard Flowers". The phrases used were different, but the meaning was about the same. It was all about debauchery and extravagance!

Suddenly, Mr Feng smiled and put down his brush. "Sorry about that Little Wu, I finished writing it first."

Master Zhou glanced at Mr Feng and then said, "According to the rules, our calligraphy competition does not allow the use of similar works. Since Old Feng finished writing first, Little Wu, your calligraphy cannot be used."

Heh!

He was playing dirty!

Why didn't you say that Old Wu was the one who first began writing!

Zhang Ye laughed as a result of his rage. There were such rules? No wonder Mr Feng was in such a rush. He even used cursive script which was recognized as the fastest calligraphy script? He was planning on pushing Wu Zeqing into a ditch. The poems they wrote weren't too short, and had spent three minutes writing it. If Wu Zeqing had to write another poem, she might not even make it in time. Heh, go f\*\*k your sister!

Wu Zeqing looked at Mr Feng and said with a smile, "Teacher Feng, you aren't being very particular."

Mr Feng chuckled. "I have no other way. In history, there is only that "Courtyard Flowers". If you were to write it, I wouldn't have anything to write. It's not me pushing you into a ditch, Little Wu.



Haha, it's a problem with the topic. This topic is too stringent, it clearly wanted to see who could finish writing first. If you wrote it faster than me, I would also have to admit defeat. Your running-standard script has a style of an expert. My cursive script might not be your match. I'll probably need regular script to be able to compete with you." With a laugh, Mr Feng shook his work and said, "Shall I recite it once? Actually it's possible to sing it, but there's no string accompaniment, so it wouldn't sound good." This poem was also a melody and was very famous.

You even wanted to sing?

Why are you so smug!?

Zhang Ye placed his teacup down heavily!

The judge, Master Zhou said, "There's another 90 seconds. Little Wu, are you going to carry on writing?"

Su Na was so vexed that she nearly spat a mouthful of blood. What the heck Uncle Feng!? She planned on pretending not to know who he was in the future. It was a disgrace to artists! Look at how well mannered President Wu was. She wasn't even annoyed at this!

Wu Zeqing placed her brush down. "I won't be able to write one out in time. For this round, I can only..."

Just as she was about to admit defeat, Zhang Ye pounced

forward. Without a word, he picked up the brush and began writing on the Xuan paper with the brush!

After a momentary start, Wu Zeqing smiled and moved aside.

"There can be a last minute substitution?" Mr. Feng asked.

Master Zhou answered, "It's a team competition, so that's alright." He was a bit speechless towards Old Feng's unbecoming bearing as an elder. It was just a competition, was there a need to do that?

Mr Feng quipped, "Alright, I also want to see what this young lad can write about Courtyard Flowers. Maybe I'll also broaden my horizons. Hur Hur Hur."

Everyone did not know what Zhang Ye could write, furthermore, there was not much time left!

However, Mr Feng's yellow incisor teeth could no longer reveal a smile the next moment!

Zhang Ye used half a minute to finish the poem. He knew running-standard script would not make it in time, so he used cursive script!

Of course it was not any ordinary cursive script!

He once again used Wang Xizhi's cursive script!

It was written simply, and the emulation was not perfect. Cursive script was, after all, too difficult for Zhang Ye, but even a barely satisfactory version of Wang Xizhi's cursive script was already full of flair!

The font was so illegible that it made people look in askance!

Not many people could recognize such calligraphy. Only those who were adept at cursive script would be able to read it.

Zhang Ye was also very understanding. Noticing how many people could not understand all the words, he began reciting after he finished writing. "Mist veils the cold stream, and moonlight the sand. As I moor in the shadow of a river-tavern. Where girls, with no thoughts of a perished kingdom..." Upon reciting to this point, Zhang Ye looked at Mr. Feng and smiled, "Gaily echo 'A Song of Courtyard Flowers'."

Su Na nearly burst out in laughter!

Mr Feng's face turned green. Heh! Why are you scolding me!?

Numerous people around were startled upon hearing this. Was there such a poem? There was none in history! Holy sh\*t, did you just create it on the spot again? In that remaining minute, not only did you finish the work, you even included 'Courtyard Flowers' into the poem, and took the opportunity to scold!? Mr Feng had

just finished writing 'Courtyard Flowers' and was excitedly about to engage in a song and dance, yet you attacked back in an instant? What did the girls represent? They were courtesans who sold their bodies! Courtesans, who sold their bodies, had no thoughts of a perished kingdom, and across the river, they sang 'A Song of Courtyard Flowers'!?

His mouth was really toxic!

Using calligraphy to curse? What sort of skill was that!?

Master Zhou and Wu Zeqing were also amused. This poem was too interesting. From a literary point of view, this poem was one of the best amongst the top graded poems. It had a profound meaning behind it! The sarcasm was very intense!

Master Wei: "..."

Master Wei turned around. "Does anyone know this young lad?"

Everyone shook their heads. "No, I've never seen him."

A calligrapher said in amazement, "Where did this person come from? Even Old Wang and Old Feng are not his match? That's not right. The winner has not been decided yet. We'll see what Master Zhou has to say."

Everyone was waiting for Master Zhou's judgment.

Master Zhou smiled and said, "Why is everyone looking at me?"

A youth said, "We are waiting for your judgment."

Master Zhou said without any hesitation, "Is there a need? Both of their skills in cursive script are comparable. There are tiny problems. Old Feng and this young lad are probably not particularly good in cursive script. So I'll not talk about it. Hur Hur. However, for the content, this young lad on Little Wu's side is clearly superior. No, not only is it superior, it is of a completely different realm, so the victor is clear."

In his heart, Mr. Feng was not unconvinced. Instead, he admired this youth in sunglasses. He gave a thumbs up. "A young person's abilities must be respected!"

Zhang Ye pretended to be polite, "Thank you."

Having won this round, Wu Zeqing's side had already clinched two victories!

In the beginning, everyone thought Wu Zeqing's side having two people would result in utter defeat, but who knew the outcome would be so surprising. Out came this devil incarnate. This unknown youth in sunglasses had repeatedly defeated two calligraphers, Teacher Wang and Mr. Feng. There was no chance for Wu Zeqing to even participate!

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Notes:

\*The flowers here do not literally mean flowers, but beautiful courtesans or prostitutes.

# Chapter 368: Consecutively Winning Three Rounds!

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"A Mooring on the Qinhuai River".

The author was [Du Mu](#).

This poem was the poet of his world, Du Mu's recollections in 'A Mooring on the Qinhuai River'. The first half described the night view of the Qinhuai River. The second half expressed his regret, deriding those rulers who did not learn their lessons but indulged in debauchery. It expressed the author's concern and deep affections for his country's fate. If one wanted to count, this was also a very famous seven word poem in Zhang Ye's world. Using it to win the second round of a calligraphy competition was quite overkill.

As long as they won.

Anyway, those poems were just left there in the dust.

Zhang Ye returned to his seat to take a break. He drank a mouthful of water and found it quite boring. After writing twice, he felt like drinking some wine. His gaze then looked towards at a few bottles of white wine on the tea table. In ancient times, there was the notion of composing poems while drinking wine. At the Calligraphy Association's anniversary, there naturally could not be a lack of these. Many calligraphers were chronic alcoholics. They couldn't survive without alcohol. Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony. He grabbed a bottle and poured a cup of wine for

himself.

"Drinking?" Wu Zeqing asked.

Zhang Ye said, "Yea, drinking a bit."

Wu Zeqing smiled, "I was lucky that you happened to have such a quick response just now."

Zhang Ye whispered, "Blame it on them being so unparticular." As he said, he brought the cup of wine to his mouth. The burning flavor entered his throat as it went from his throat to his stomach.

Good wine!

It was refreshing!

He had a face of enjoyment.

Everyone had their idiosyncrasies when producing calligraphy. For example, some would like to take a nap before writing. Some were accustomed to taking a bath and changing clothes before writing. Some liked to write deep into the night. They had their own idiosyncrasies and habits, there was not only one. Naturally, there were people who liked to write after drinking. These external items of habits before writing was mostly used to help the calligrapher enter their optimal state.



Wu Zeqing drank her tea. "Drink less. Hur Hur. I'll still be counting on you in a while."

"Sure." Zhang Ye carried on drinking his wine. "I know my tolerance level, so don't worry. I won't drink too much."

After two rounds, Master Zhou took into account that Wu Zeqing's team only had two people, so he decided to let them have a moment of rest. He was in no hurry to begin the second round.

"Teacher." Master Zhou's disciple looked at Zhang Ye with a look of wonder. He could not help but ask, "Which master's relative or disciple is he?"

Master Zhou shook his head, "A master's disciple? Just his ability in composing poems on the spot and his proficient knowledge in calligraphy is enough to call him a master already."

The disciple said in a stunned manner, "You think so highly of him?"

Master Zhou laughed, losing some of his composure. "It's not me thinking highly of him. It's just that you lack the ability to evaluate him. It is a pity these two poems were produced in modern times. If they were produced in ancient times, and in the environment of those periods, with the support of some allusions and historical background, and written by some historical figure, I believe these two poems would definitely be immortalized. Such a pity. In present day's literature, there is not much space for ancient poems, if not... Hur Hur."

On the other team.

Master Wei did not speak and rested with his eyes closed.

The others began to come up with a strategy.

"They won two rounds already. It's not good, not good at all."

"It's Elder Wei's birthday. The Old Master wants the calligraphy piece, so we have to win it for him."

"The other side has an unfathomable figure. Does anyone have any strategies against him?"

"Hur Hur. Is there a need for a strategy? The young lad just got lucky. How can so many of us lose to a young kid like him?"

"Old Li, don't be careless. Even Old Feng and Old Wang lost. It's best not to underestimate him."

"I wonder what the next topic would be. It seems this youth's attainment in ancient poetry is very high. Only a person like Master Wei can compete evenly with him. However, he might not be good at writing melody poems. No matter how high his attainment is, he can't be good at everything. He has to be lacking in something."

Everyone discussed for a long while. If it was just a competition purely based on calligraphy, many of the calligraphers present were not afraid of the youth in shades. The youth's words were very good, but it did not reach the peak of perfection. Compared to many calligraphers, he was still lacking. They had been writing all their lives, so they naturally would not lose in this aspect. However, the problem was his ancient poetry was written in such a superb manner and to the point. It also had the mood, so even though his calligraphy skills were not perfect, he had the advantage of the ancient poetry's mood. They were vexed over this!

A while later.

Master Zhou spoke, "Alright, let's begin the third round."

Master Wei picked — Lychee.

Wu Zeqing picked — Seven-word quatrain.

Everyone stared over. Another ancient poem? Seven words?

Master Zhou announced, "The third round's topic requires a seven-word quatrain. The poem must have the word 'lychee' in it. Everyone can begin choosing their representative to give an answer. The time to prepare for and complete this round begins now!"

The moment the voice dissipated, someone volunteered from

Master Wei's team. "Old Master Wei, let me do it this round. I'm beginning to itch after watching all day."

"Alright." Master Wei chuckled.

This was Chief Yang, who was in his forties. He was one of the administrators of the Calligraphy Association.

Chief Yang immediately began writing the moment he arrived. It seemed like he was trying to seize the opportunity.

A few calligraphers began to laugh. This match was finally in the bag. Chief Yang's calligraphy skills might be not much different from the youth in shades. It was quite comparable, but this time the ancient poem was different. Lychee? Seven words? In the last dynasty, there was a very famous poem about lychee. It did not go into textbooks, but was something many people who studied literature knew! The opposing youth was adept at ancient poems, but no matter how good he was, he couldn't match such a famous poem, right? As the previous topics were too broad, the two calligraphers failed to showcase their normal standards. They could not write a poem with the mood that they had wanted. Now, with a good topic, it was time for them to express themselves freely. Of course, they were filled with confidence!

Wu Zeqing had already guessed what Chief Yang would write. "Who shall do it?"

"...Let me do it." Zhang Ye had just drank some wine, so he felt like he was floating. He felt perfectly fine.

"Alright." Wu Zeqing cautioned, "Remember not to write 'Praise'. He is definitely writing that. Even if you go forward, you won't be able to write it faster than Chief Yang."

Zhang Ye blinked. "What's 'Praise'?"

Wu Zeqing, "....Alright then, pretend I said nothing."

When the surrounding people heard this, they nearly fainted. You have never heard of such a famous seven-word poem? To think you dabble in calligraphy? Those two poems from before must have been blindly written, right!?

Some felt that the youth in shades was faking it. It was impossible that he did not know this poem. There were not many ancient poems that wrote about lychee throughout history. This was nothing like plums or orchids that people wrote all the time. Lychee was something quite unpopular. The poem, "Praise" was also not devoted to lychees. It was about something else, and even wrote about love.

However, they did not know that this fellow, Zhang Ye really did not know anything about "Praise". The world had changed, and he had not undergone the education environment of this world. So naturally, he was unfamiliar with this famous poem.

Chief Yang was done writing.

Master Zhou looked over and nodded his head gently. It was written very well. Old Yang had done well today. Every stroke was just right. He had expressed the poem pretty well. Hur Hur, Old Wei's side had finally been able to grab a round?

Then, Zhang Ye began writing!

Master Zhou looked over with great interest.

However, the moment he began to write, the entire scene turned silent all of a sudden!

"Eh?"

"These words..."

Zhang Ye had switched back to Wang Xizhi's running-standard script. Previously, it was his first time writing, so he was a bit unfamiliar and unpracticed. The way he wrote was a bit lacking, but this time, he could fully express the hundred Calligraphy Skillbook's prowess. His calligraphy skills increased once again!

From Changan the palace embroidered the scene, on the mountain top palace gates opened one by one.

One horse rider kicking up red dust, the concubine laughs, no one knew it was the lychee express arriving.

It was Du Mu again!

"Passing By Huaqing Palace"!

As the judge, Master Zhou should not speak. However, after seeing Zhang Ye's poem, he could not help it. "What a good 'one horse rider kicking up red dust, the concubine laughs, no one knew it was the lychee express arriving'!"

The others were also stunned!

"What poem is this?"

"Holy sh\*t! Why have I not heard of it before?"

"Another impromptu work? What the f\*\*k is with his literary skill!?"

"Who has won? And Is it just me, or has this youth's words improved? Could it be that the running-standard script in his first poem was him not giving his all? He was just writing it in a perfunctory manner? Only now is he going all out?"

"It definitely is!:"

"We were all wrong!"

"He only became serious now?"

Everyone was concerned about this round's outcome.

Master Zhou laughed and did not even look at Chief Yang's words. Instead, he looked fondly at Zhang Ye's "Passing by Huaqing Palace" without being able to help himself. Eventually he said loudly, "In terms of calligraphy skill, Old Yang lost by a tiny bit. And in the mood of the ancient poem with the calligraphy's mood, Old Yang...still lost by a bit. I might lack the authority, and this might just be my personal opinion. I personally think 'Passing by Huaqing Palace' is cut higher than 'Praise'! One horse rider kicking up red dust, the concubine laughs, no one knew it was the lychee express arriving. That line alone is worthy of praise!"

He had won again!

He had won three consecutive rounds!

Following that, a disciples of Chief Yang said in an unconvinced manner. "'Praise' is a famous work, as for 'Passing by Huaqing Palace'? It's just a casual creation."

Master Zhou cut him off. "Maybe in a few decades or in a few centuries, 'Passing by Huaqing Palace' might also become a famous piece of work. We cannot reject its literary value because of its lack of age. What do you think?"

"Elder Zhou is right."



"That's right, the last line is really the crowning touch!"

"No one knew it was the lychee express arriving? It's indeed good!"

The few people on Master Wei's team who had tried to come up with ideas turned speechless. They thought that the topic being broader would cause the opposing youth to stumble, thinking that even if he would come up with a impromptu piece of work, he would not be better than the ancient wisdoms passed down over hundreds and thousands of years. Who knew he really f\*\*king came up with a seven-word ancient poem that could match the wisdom of the ancients on the spot! And he had even exceeded them!

Many of the family members on the second floor of the restaurant were excited by the commotion downstairs. One by one, they came downstairs to join in the bustle.

More and more people were dying of curiosity!

Who was this youth that came from nowhere!?

Su Na was sincerely happy for Zhang Ye. She was also overjoyed. She cared not for the chaos in the world and cheered for Zhang Ye. Teacher Zhang was indeed Teacher Zhang! An amateur against dozens of calligraphers? He actually still had the upper hand! This result was something that flabbergasted many!

# Chapter 369: Zhang Ye's Great Capacity For Drinking And Poetry!

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A total of ten rounds.

Winning six rounds meant overall victory.

Quite a number of people on the team behind Master Wei could no longer sit still. This was no longer a competition where friendship came first, and competition came second. If the other party was a master, it was still alright. They would not say anything about it as they wouldn't feel ashamed of losing. However, with their opponent being some nobody, this made these calligraphers feel that they had lost face. It was too shameful.

"Heh, I don't believe it!

"If it were ancient melody poems, I'll go up myself!"

"If it's five word poems, leave it to me!"

"Just a kid, yet he doesn't give any face to us seniors!"

"Haha, Old Yu and Old Lu, the both of you want to go up? Sure, then count me in too. No matter what, we need to get serious, or there's no where to put our faces."

"I really don't believe he is so all-powerful."

"At such a young age, how deep can his knowledge be!?"

These calligraphers began to sharpen their weapons, ready for a fight.

When Zhang Ye saw this, he sought Wu Zeqing's view. "President Wu, should we lose a few rounds? Of course we will definitely have to win the rest, but in this process..." According to Zhang Ye's intent, he didn't mind. This was after all Wu Zeqing's birthday and it was her circle. Zhang Ye was afraid President Wu found it inappropriate, so he sought her opinion to see what her attitude was.

Wu Zeqing retorted, "Why should we lose?"

Zhang Ye said, "The other side are all seniors of the calligraphy world. I'm afraid you would..."

Wu Zeqing gave a faint smile and said, "In art, there is no modesty. If you are really lacking in ability, which results in your loss, then that's just too bad, but if you can win, why don't you win?"

Zhang Ye blinked his eyes as he said, "It's fine even if we win?"

"What problems would there be?" Wu Zeqing sipped her tea.

Zhang Ye got an idea of her attitude. "Alright, I was just waiting for those words of yours!"

Offend people? Since when was Zhang Ye afraid of that? This fellow had never concerned himself with this. He was afraid Wu Zeqing would eventually be put in a tough spot, however, President Wu's words wiped all his concerns away. He finally understood why he liked Old Wu so much. Just like back when she invited him to teach, any typical President of an esteemed school of higher learning would never dare to take such risks. Furthermore, he had such a shocking theory about 'Dream of the Red Chamber', yet Wu Zeqing did not even ask him about it before supporting him. She never doubted the person she chose. From a certain point of view, Wu Zeqing was even more bold than Zhang Ye. She was indeed very different from a typical woman!

Win?

That was of course not a problem!

If you want to win, I'll win it for you!

"I'll do the draw." Zhang Ye took the initiative and went over.

The fourth round's topic came out. An ancient melody poem, and the last word had to have the word 'liu' (flow).

This sort of topic was a little more difficult. If it was just the first word, it would have been easy. Just giving it some thought would

allow people to recall one. After all, everyone read a poem from beginning to end. However, if it was the last word, even if it were a poem one knew inside out, not everyone would be able to remember it. They would have to go from the first word all the way down to the last word. This increased the difficulty due to the time constraints.

"Finally the number of words are limited. I'll do it!" Teacher Yu came forward.

However, Zhang Ye had already picked up a brush and began writing.

"Lady Yu, the Royal Beauty"

Spring flowers and autumn moon, O when will all these end?

How much of my past I comprehend?

Last night, to my loft once more, the vernal east wind came;

In moonlight, I could not bear to look back towards my homeland rid of my name.

Jade steps and carved railings may still as ever be there,

Though changed are the faces fair.

O how great, how grave, I ask, can my woe and sorrow be?

Just like the River's swelling spring-tide waters rolling east to the sea.

Zhang Ye put down his brush, having finished writing it. Then he looked at his opponent.

Teacher Yu came over with a smile while brimming in confidence. He was in no hurry, and took a cursory glance at the melody poem that Zhang Ye had written. Then, his smile transformed into another expression. His face alternated between red and green. In the end, it changed into an action as he smacked himself in the forehead!

F\*\*k!

You can even write melody poems?

And this is another impromptu creation!?

Teacher Yu wished he had not spoken just now. I'll do it? Doing nothing but fart! After a few seconds of silence, he turned around at a loss of whether to laugh or cry before running back dejectedly towards Master Wei's side.

Master Zhou was amused. "Old Yu?"

Teacher Yu waved his hand. "I'm not writing."

"Then you have abstained?" Master Zhou asked.

Teacher Yu felt that was nonsense. "It will be pointless to continue writing it, so forget it, I give up." This melody poem's literary value was too shocking. His calligraphy was also written very beautifully. Teacher Yu believed that even though his calligraphy attainment was higher than his opponent's, it was not much higher. However, no matter what he wrote, it would definitely not be better than his opponent's "Lady Yu, the Royal Beauty". It would only incur ridicule on himself.

The surrounding crowd was dumbfounded. Even Teacher Yu admitted defeat? He was a famous calligrapher who won first place at this year's calligraphy competition!

Master Zhou said, "Then let's begin the fifth round."

The fifth rounds topic was reminiscing and remembrance.

The topic was very broad, but the broader it was, the harder it became to come up with something appropriate.

No one from the other side came forward, as if they were waiting to see what Zhang Ye had to write.

Zhang Ye drank a mouthful of wine and without any further ado, he grabbed the brush and dipped it in ink without any thought.

## "The Lavishly Decorated Zither"

The lavishly decorated zither, for no reason, has fifty strings; each string, each bridge, reminiscing a magnificent year.

Master Zhuang lost himself in the morning dream of being a butterfly; Emperor Wang's amorous spring heart was entrusted to the cuckoo.

Deep under the vast azure sea, reflected the bright moonlight, pearls cry tears; In Indigo Mountain, bathed under the warm sunlight, jade releases smoke.

This feeling might have become something to be remembered later on; Merely, at that time I was already perplexed and lost.

When he finally put down the brush, there were already people giving their kudos!

Su Na exclaimed out and clapped forcefully. "Nice! Nicely written!"

This poem was liked by many of the women present. Their thoughts also seemed to float away a bit. "This feeling might be something to remember later on; Merely, at that time I was... already perplexed and lost?"



Many people were engrossed just by listening to it!

No one from Master Wei's side spoke a word!

What is this guy doing? One poem after another, how are you f\*\*king throwing out all these excellent poems worthy of being classics out like they cost nothing? Can you at least write some poem that we are familiar with!?

Who's going forward?

Who can take down this round?

We can't have no one taking up the challenge, or not only would we lose, we would lose our stance!

They nudged one another and eventually, as there was really no one, someone from the team bit the bullet and came forward. He wrote a relevant poem, which was quite long. He took a long time to write the exaggerated tale filled with high-flown phraseology. A long poem allowed a time extension, so this person was probably trying to use his calligraphy skills to win this round.

However, when he finished writing, Master Zhou still announced that Wu Zeqing's team won. There was no other reason. No matter how high a calligraphy standard one had, it needed to be expressed through text. The poem the youth in shades wrote was enough to blanket out anything else. It even increased his calligraphy by an entire realm!

Another round was won again!

Wu Zeqing decided not to even stand up. She just sat there, drinking her tea and watching the bustle.

The surrounding people began to discuss in murmurs. Some women began pointing at Zhang Ye.

"He's so amazing!"

"This young lad is godly!"

"Why is he wearing sunglasses? I can't see his face!"

"I sure didn't come to this anniversary for nothing. I managed to experience such fun!"

Master Zhou announced, "The sixth round begins." After both sides drew their lots, he said, "The topic this round is Mourning Day, and it has to be used at least twice."

Oh?

Mourning Day?

The topic was random. There really was no poem that began with

## Mourning Day.

However, the people on Master Wei's side were no ordinary people. Immediately, a young talent stepped forward. He stood in front of the table and with the brush in hand, began to compose something on the spot. Do you think you are the only one who can compose?

Zhang Ye was also writing.

"Mourning Day"

A drizzling rain falls like tears on the Mourning Day;

The mourner's heart is breaking on his way.

Where can a wine house be found to drown his sadness?

A cowherd points to Almond Flower Village in the distance.

Before he was done, he ended a paragraph, and added his name out of habit.

When the youth from Master Wei's team had written half of his poem, he curiously gave Zhang Ye's side a glance. The moment he saw it, his eyes nearly popped out. With a few coughs, he lowered his head to look at the poem he composed. With a sigh, he placed the brush down, no longer wishing to carry on.

"I admit defeat." The youth was convinced.

Master Zhou asked, "Aren't you going to finish it?"

The youth said with a wry smile, "Forget it, I don't want to incur ridicule on myself."

Six rounds!

Zhang Ye had won all of them!

Master Zhou said with a laugh, "There are still four rounds remaining, yet the victor has already been decided, so should we carry on?"

Wu Zeqing said, "I'm fine with anything."

Master Wei did not speak, but quite a few people behind him said,

"Yes!"

"Why shouldn't we?"

"There are still four rounds."

Although they had already lost, the result was no longer important at this moment. So what if Master Zhou's calligraphy piece went to Wu Zeqing, what they needed to do was recover what was left of their face. At least, at the very least, they should win one round, right? We cannot let him wipe us out completely! If it spread out, it would become a joke!

Master Zhou smiled and said, "Alright, then let's carry on."

A young calligrapher said, "Master Zhou, I think this competition isn't fair. It's a calligraphy competition, but why has it become a poetry competition? We all know calligraphy cannot be void of expression and cannot do without text or poetry, but poetry is not everything in calligraphy. We have already witnessed the prowess of this friend's ability in creating poetry. He is indeed better than us, but that doesn't mean his calligraphy skills are better than ours, right?"

Master Zhou opened up his arms. "But, those are the competition's rules. Every anniversary has always had these rules."

Was it fair?

It was indeed unfair!

Master Zhou knew it, Master Wei knew it, and Wu Zeqing also knew it.

In previous calligraphy competitions, everyone's literary

standards were about the same. They were neither too bad nor good. After all, calligraphers were not literary experts. Hence, this sort of competition was usually quite fair. Everyone was pretty much on the same level, but a godly person had appeared in this year's competition. Not only were his calligraphy skills excellent, his literary foundation was universe startling. This made the competition lose all suspense. Everyone knew that this youth in shades did not win due to his calligraphy but rather by his literary skills!

Calligraphy skills? He could only be said to have a chance against some of the calligraphers present. There were many here who were better than him.

But literary foundations? He alone was enough to steamroll dozens of calligraphers! Yes, steamroll. Steamrolling without any suspense!

One person was enough?

Now many people recalled through hindsight the meaning behind Wu Zeqing's words in the beginning! President Wu was not saying that she alone was enough. She was saying the youth alone was enough! President Wu clearly knew this youth from before, and knew his ability. Hence, when she saw the youth join her team, she declined on having other teammates. She had rejected the request of those who wanted to join her team out of pity! This was because Wu Zeqing knew this youth alone was enough! And that was indeed what had happened! This youth had really won over dozens of calligraphy seniors!

# Chapter 370: The Last Match! Couplets Duel!

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"Then what next?"

"Isn't it the same even if they continue competing?"

"Yea, there's no meaning to it if they continue to compete based on poetry."

"Why not tweak the rules a little and compete based on some other standard?"

"Master Zhou, let's not keep doing poetry. The opponent's advantage is too unfair. We are in the calligraphy field, so how could we possibly defeat someone in literature studies through poetry?"

"Right, we should change the format."

"As long as it isn't poetry, anything else is fine."

"Right, anything except poetry. He definitely won't be able to do well in other topics."

Everyone was convinced of the literary skills of the youth in shades. Since this was a calligraphy competition, they were unconvinced. Many of the calligraphers were embarrassed by this

and were disputing the issue.

Master Zhou smiled, "If you want to continue competing, then please draw a lot from the box. There are still other topics in there besides poetry."

"Alright."

"Come on then."

The tension against the youth was increasing.

Master Zhou announced, "First, let's take a two minutes break before we continue."

Everyone had no objections and some went to get a drink while the others who were a little hungry went to grab some refreshments.

Zhang Ye went to the toilet which was inside the restaurant premises. Inside the male toilet, another person followed him in. This person appeared to be Master Wei's disciple and was also part of Master Wei's team.

"Wait a moment." Chen Mo called out to him.

Zhang Ye turned around, "What's the matter, my friend?"



Chen Mo looked at him and said, "Aren't you going a little too far today?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "What do you mean by that? How did I go too far?"

"It's Master Wei's birthday today. Why are you being such a wet blanket? What's the meaning of this? You are also someone from this circle, so don't tell me you don't intend to show some respect to the seniors?" Chen Mo did not hold back on his words and tone.

Zhang Ye was stirred. "Sorry, but I'm not from the your circle. I respect my seniors, but my senior is not Master Wei. It is President Wu. My path is also not that of calligraphy, so don't try that on me."

You are even trying to accuse me now?

Hur, who do you think you are!

Chen Mo lectured him, "Never push things too far so that we can meet amiably in the future."

Zhang Ye replied, "You are the ones who are bullying a woman like President Wu. Why didn't you not push things too far earlier? And I'm not allowed to help her?"

Chen Mo spoke in a well-grounded manner. "President Wu does not truly belong in the calligraphy world. Most of those present

today are also on better terms with Master Wei. Since it's his birthday, of course we'd naturally choose to stand by his side. How can you say that's bullying? It's only a friendly competition to make the gathering more lively. No one would be concerned by that. I believe President Wu is not so petty too, but you, you have caused the event to become awkward!"

Zhang Ye was tickled by his logic, so he said, "You are really amusing. A bunch of people bullying President Wu so as to win the auspicious item. You mentioned that this was just a competition, which is not meant to be taken too seriously. Yet, you don't mention how your team has so many more people, saying it's for fun only. Yet now when you have lost, you are claiming that we should have left some face for your respected teacher, saying that we disrespected him. Why does it feel like you are right no matter what? As if your team deserves to win just because of the occasion and that's logical? So whatever we do is unacceptable? Other than losing to you, we would be in the wrong regardless of what we do?"

Chen Mo glared with his eyes cold. "You are distorting my words!"

"But that's what you were driving at!" Zhang Ye said, "I'm sorry, but using seniority as a reason does not work on me! I was invited by President Wu and I'm here to wish her a happy birthday. However the others want to think of me, they can think what they want. It does not concern me. I know how to handle myself, so you can save your effort in telling me what I should or shouldn't do." After saying that, he went to use the toilet and did not bother about him anymore.

Chen Mo was angered! This person does not appreciate his advice! He turned around and left.

Actually, winning or losing this competition did not matter to Zhang Ye. He only cared about Wu Zeqing's treatment. If they wanted to bully Old Wu and leave her embarrassed, then Zhang Ye would not sit back and do nothing. It was that simple. Since he had already helped President Wu by winning up to this point, Zhang Ye was already happy enough. Even if he were to lose the last match, he was fine with it. His thoughts were not in the calligraphy world, so winning or losing did not affect him in any way, but now, someone had actually tried to come up to him to sort him out. He even tried to lecture and threaten him? Then did Zhang Ye still need to hold back?

He was infamous for being a hooligan!

F\*\*k! If you didn't say anything, everything would have been fine. I didn't necessarily have to win every round!

Let me tell you, don't even think of winning a single match now! Do you think I'm afraid of threats?

.....

In the backyard.

The next match was about to begin.

When it was time to pick topics, Chen Mo stepped forward, "Teacher, let me do it."

Master Wei smiled and nodded. He kindly said, "Sure, Little Mo. I'll leave it to you."

Master Wei did not step forward this entire time. It was possible that he had never planned on taking part in the competition himself. As a master of the calligraphy world, even if he won, it would not look good since it would be similar to bullying. If he lost, it would look even worse.

Zhang Ye asked, "Who is that?"

Wu Zeqing looked at the man in his thirties who was drawing the topic, "Master Wei's disciple I guess. I don't know him or his name. What's the matter? Why are you so interested in him?"

Zhang Ye shrugged and said, "Just now in the bathroom, he came to me and tried to give me a piece of his mind, telling me to respect his teacher and stuff like that. What he meant was that I was going too far."

Wu Zeqing asked gently, "Are you going to concede this match then?"

"Of course not!" Zhang Ye said, "I'm not a charity organization! The more he tries to accuse me, the more I want to win! Since we are winning, we should win to the end!"

Chen Mo had picked his topic.

He picked a topic that caused a minor uproar!

Master Zhou was also a little stunned as he announced, "There's no need to pick the 2nd part. The next topic is — couplets. According to the rules, both parties will come to a decision on who gets to give the couplet and who gets to match the couplet. If the couplet can be matched, the matcher will win. If the couplet can't be matched, the giver will be the winner. Of course this is not an absolute, even if it could be matched, we will still be looking at the calligraphy writing. As to how the judging will be done, I will be the one deciding. As couplet matching is a little special, the time given will be 10 minutes. Alright then, will the 2 competitors decide on the sequence now?"

Couplets?

It actually turned out to be couplets?

Couplets and calligraphy were inextricably linked, but this kind of a topic was still a rarity. In past gatherings, there weren't many people who had drawn this topic.

"Haha, we got a good show to watch now!"

"At last we got an interesting topic!"

"As long as it is not poetry, that youth doesn't stand a chance!"

"Little Mo's luck is quite good. This match is definitely ours!"

"Teacher Su, this is your field. No one is more suitable than you to represent us for this topic. Your accomplishments in couplets can be considered to be in the top 10 of the country. Not many people would be able to match you."

"Teacher Su, it's yours."

"We can't keep letting Little Wu win, otherwise us old folks would have no face left! Ha!"

Chen Mo also smiled a little. He glanced at Zhang Ye and thought to himself that this guy still wanted to act tough with him? This time it's not about poetry anymore, let's see how badly you lose!

Su Na's father stepped up, "OK, let me do it!"

Master Zhou also shook his head, he knew there would be no surprises. When Old Su showed his hand, not many people in the couplet field would be able to best him, except for those few monsters.

But what left everyone feeling a little strange was how the youth standing opposite him hardly had any reaction at all. He was seated there in a calm manner, occasionally taking a sip of wine.

Master Wei laughed, "Little Wu, will you be taking this round instead?"

Wu Zeqing looked at the topic and laughed, "I don't think I'm needed here."

Zhang Ye had stood up by now, "Uncle Su, who will give the couplet?"

Father Su was very magnanimous. With a wave of his hand, he said, "Young man, you can set the question. Hur Hur."

"Sure, then I won't hold back." Zhang Ye walked up to the front.

The person who had the most animated expression was Su Na. When she saw that the drawn topic was about couplets, she nearly fainted. Seeing how Master Wei's team looked as if they already had it in the bag made Su Na at a loss whether to laugh or cry. Do you think you would win for sure? You guys don't know fart!

This was Zhang Ye we're talking about!

Poetry, song writing, couplets, essays, novels, and speeches, all of that was nothing to him!

Especially regarding achievements in couplets, Teacher Zhang Ye was one of those monsters!

Su Na could not help but remember the scene at the Beijing Couplet Competition. Every competition would have a champion, but a champion and a CHAMPION were not the same. The level of measurement was different. Those other champions would usually fight head to head with other competitors until one was finally victorious, but what about Zhang Ye? Su Na had watched the Couplet Competition online back then. She had witness Zhang Ye stand up to more than fifty others and came out winning comfortably, not even letting his opponents gain a single point. They had all been utterly defeated by Zhang Ye!

What was the reason for that?

The reason boiled down to their levels being too far apart!

Su Na knew her father's specialty was in couplets and was even considered a top couplet master, but even though she knew that her father might come out tops against 10,000 others, he would not be able to outmatch Zhang Ye!

"Dad!" Su Na quickly called him out.

Father Su looked towards her, "Yes?"

Su Na waved her hands quickly and winked her eyes, meaning to tell him not to take part.

But Father Su did not understand and instead smiled and nodded



his head. He thought his daughter was cheering him on.

Chen Mo and those calligraphers were all looking on in a relaxed mood. They were laughing and smiling as they looked over at Zhang Ye while waiting for him to give the couplet. They believed that no matter what verse he came up with, Teacher Su would be able to match it perfectly.

Immediately, Zhang Ye began writing the couplet's verse.

There wasn't a lot of characters and he wrote it very casually, as if he did not even think before he started writing. He gave off a feeling as though as he had already conceded defeated, yet it also felt like he did not take it too seriously.

— 寂寞寒窗空守寡 (jì mò hán chuāng kōng shǒu guǎ, in this lonely and tiny unit as a widow).

Zhang Ye raised his head smiling, "I've finished writing."

"OK, I will match it!" Father Su proclaimed confidently while walking over as the crowd cheered him on. He took a look at the first half of the verse.

Then.

Then Father Su plopped down and almost vomited blood!

Damn you to your ninth great-grandmother! What the f\*\*k was this verse?! Do you want to win so badly!?

Zhang Ye was really being inconsiderate. This couplet verse was also a Millennial Impossibility in his previous world. The verse, which he used at the previous Beijing Couplet Competition, '烟锁池塘柳 (yān suǒ chí táng liǔ, willow pond locked in smoke)' had some matches which could be considered close matches, even if they did not satisfy all the conditions to be considered perfect, but this '寂寞寒窗空守寡 (jì mò hán chuāng kōng shǒu guǎ, in this lonely and tiny unit as a widow)' had existed for hundreds of years without a second half even coming close, it could be said that Father Su did not even stand a chance!

A Millennial Impossibility!

This verse could not possibly be matched by anyone!

Even if future generations would come up with something, it would still be a few hundred or several thousand years later!

# Chapter 371: Old Wu's Birthday Gift

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The atmosphere turned quiet.

Everyone was looking at the couplet.

Zhang Ye was afraid people in the distance could not see it, so he recited it once, "寂寞寒窗空守寡 (jì mò hán chuāng kōng shǒu guǎ, in this lonely and tiny unit as a widow)."

Father Su was filled with despair! He had came forward full of confidence, thinking he was bound to win. Who knew the couplet awaiting him would forcefully smothered him. Master Zhou and a few truly knowledgeable people were also stunned the moment Zhang Ye put down his brush!

This...

This first half...

Zhang Ye's couplet's first half had a very simple meaning and was even straightforward. It was how a lonely widow stayed alone. It was not like other couplets which were quite a mouthful or textually intricate. There was no need to even explain the couplet. Everyone could understand it, but this first half's only trick was that one of its radicals were the same. On the surface, it looked like an ordinary miraculous couplet. There were plenty of such couplets in this world, so it was nothing surprising. Of course, this was a layman's point of view. True experts, who had deeply researched couplets, would feel like vomiting blood the moment

they saw it!

How could it be matched?

There was no way of matching it!

However, there were a few calligraphers who did not realize this. They began suggesting ideas.

"Teacher Su, why aren't you writing anything?"

"I think trying with 'disconsolate sorrow'...Eh, it won't work."

"Try using 'a beautiful fair'...Oh it won't do too. The correspondence doesn't match."

The more they ruminated, the more of a headache they experienced. The more they thought, the more alarmed they became. The first half of the couplet seemed like anyone could match it as long as enough time was given. However, the more they thought through it carefully and researched it thoroughly, they felt even more powerless. Their hearts slowly turned cold!

It could not be matched!

This couplet could not be matched!

The collective wisdom of everyone failed to match the couplet!

Master Zhou reminded everyone. "Since someone has come forward, for this round, there should not be any suggestions from the crowd, alright? Little Wu's team only has two people and the numbers are quite few to begin with."

However, Zhang Ye said, "Master Zhou, it's fine. This couplet of mine has no time limit nor is it restricted to anyone. Even if someone can match it a few decades later, you can consider it as me losing this round."

Master Zhou looked at him and gave a pleased smile and nod. "Alright, then let's leave the outcome of this round on hold. Who knows, this might become a story decades later. Haha."

Zhang Ye suggested, "Then let's end it here today."

Master Zhou agreed and began to become fond of Zhang Ye. "Alright, the auspicious item now has an honor, so it's of little significance to carry the competition. It's already past 1 PM, so let's have our meal!"

Not mentioning the winner or loser?

Taking this round as a tie? Leaving it for the future?

Everyone knew this youth in shades was leaving them face. According to the rules of the competition, he would definitely win.

However, by him offering to put this on hold showed he had some bearing. It seemed like this youth had a sense of propriety. He did not incessantly chase after them to smack their faces.

Zhang Ye had compromised, but he actually did not plan on doing so. Chen Mo's words had provoked him. He had planned on wiping them out, but there was no other way. His opponent this round was Su Na's father. Su Na was his colleague, and they always had a cordial relationship. Zhang Ye could treat others however he wanted, but he naturally could not hunt down the father of his friend. Hence, he initiated this "peaceful draw". It was not because Zhang Ye had a sense of propriety. It was just wishful thinking of the others. It was just Zhang Ye giving Su Na and her father some face.

Others did not know that Zhang Ye never backed down?

But Su Na definitely knew. She was very familiar with Zhang Ye and knew of his temper. He was a person who didn't care who he faced. Had he ever been afraid of anyone? How high a status did Professor Yan have? Zhang Ye scolded him the moment he was given the chance. Su Na knew Zhang Ye was not a person who would back down because of hierarchy. The reason why Teacher Zhang did not care about the outcome was because of Su Na herself. Upon realizing this, Su Na felt warmth spread through her heart. He had disregarded so many calligraphers and artists to the point of not even bothering about them, much less currying favor. Yet, Zhang Ye had given Su Na, his friend, face. From Su Na's point of view, such a friend was worth having. This was a true friend!

Su Na looked over and winked.

Zhang Ye nodded and exchanged looks with her.

At this moment, Master Wei finally laughed. "A young person's abilities must be respected!"

Zhang Ye said a few humble words, but it was just a few. "All of you went easy on me. If everyone really got serious, I wouldn't be your match."

Wu Zeqing also smiled and said, "Master Wei, so I'll be keeping this auspicious item?"

Master Wei gave an expression as if he seemed unwilling to part with it. It was unknown if it was really what he was feeling. "Let me take another look at it. If I don't look at it, I might never have another chance to do so."

Master Wei's disciple, Chen Mo had an ugly expression. So many of them failed to get an item his teacher wanted. It was too shameful!

Master Zhou's disciples had already brought out the the auspicious item out.

Wu Zeqing said elegantly. "Why don't I lend it to you for a period of time? You can return it to me when the time comes."

"Alright." Master Wei asked her, "How long are you going to lend it to me for?"

Wu Zeqing gave a faint chuckle. "A hundred years."

Master Wei glanced at her and was humored. "Alright, it's decided then!"

The last few lines were only between the two of them. Only Master Zhou and his two disciples who were holding up the calligraphy piece could hear it. Well, there was also Zhang Ye who had a keen ear. As for the rest, they did not hear it. They only heard that Wu Zeqing was lending it to Master Wei for a period of time for his enjoyment. He still had to return it when the time came.

Lending it to him for a hundred years?

Then that was something that did not need to be returned!

Zhang Ye did not mind Wu Zeqing's decision. He supported Old Wu in everything that she did.

The two disciples were stunned and did not utter a word. Since Wu Zeqing had whispered, she naturally had a reason behind it. Saying that she was lending it instead of giving it to Master Wei was most likely to save Master Wei face. So, they did not make it known.



Master Zhou was overjoyed with this outcome. In a good mood, he instructed the staff to begin the banquet.

Master Wei's mood also turned good. "I think we should eat in the courtyard."

"Sure." Master Zhou looked up. "Today's weather is pretty good. It's nice and warm."

Another calligraphy master smiled and said, "Alright, then let's set up tables in the backyard. If there's not enough space, the rest can go eat inside the building."

The tables were set up.

The dishes were served.

Wu Zeqing called Zhang Ye over. "Did you hear it?"

"Ah? Hear what?" Zhang Ye pretended not to know.

Wu Zeqing had only used a voice that only the two of them could hear. "I have given the auspicious item you won for me to Master Wei. Since it was won by you, I have to let you know."

Zhang Ye said, "Oh, it's fine. It's up to you. After all, I won it for you."

Wu Zeqing smiled faintly and said, "The reason why I didn't want Master Zhou's calligraphy piece is because I want you to write one for me. I did not want that gift, so you have to prepare a gift for me. I believe once the meal begins, everyone will begin giving their gifts. It wouldn't look good if you are empty-handed, right? Hur Hur, I'm waiting for you to write a nice calligraphy piece for me."

Zhang Ye felt a proud. What sort of person was Master Zhou? He was a calligraphy master. To think President Wu gave up on Master Zhou's exquisite piece of calligraphy and thought nothing of it, but instead, she wanted one of Zhang Ye's calligraphy pieces. How great of an honor was this? Zhang Ye felt flattered and honored at the same time.

However, what should he write?

There was nothing he could write!

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Why don't I give you the ancient poems and couplets I wrote previously to you. You can treat them all as a birthday gift, alright?"

Wu Zeqing said, "I already wanted those poems. Hur Hur, but I think it's not enough. After all, those aren't true ancient poetry. They lack the support of allusions. Be it poems or melody poems, there is no historical background to them, so it is lacking in the mood."

Zhang Ye was unconvinced. "How can there not be any allusions supporting them?"

Wu Zeqing chuckled, "Then let me ask you, in that melody poem, 'Lady Yu, the Royal Beauty', why was she called a beauty? And which homeland was it? In 'Mourning Day', what place is the Almond Flower Village the cowherd points to? Is there some story behind them? In 'Passing by Huaqing Palace', what sort of place is Huaqing Palace? In 'one horse rider kicking up red dust, the concubine laughs', who was the concubine? How do you know there was a concubine who ate lychee? Are there ancient records of such events in history? Is there such information in literature?"

Zhang Ye tried explaining, "About that..."

Before he finished speaking, Wu Zeqing laughed. "Anyway, you owe me a gift, and I'll want it in a while."

"Little Wu, come join us over here in the main seats." Master Zhou called over.

Wu Zeqing went over leaving Zhang Ye smiling wryly. Old Wu was clearly trying to rob him. And she was planning on robbing him dry!

Not only her, everyone else knew Zhang Ye's poems were good. There was no faults that could be picked in terms of literature, but it lacked the support of history and allusions. If it was written by an ancient, then there was no need to even think about it. The ancients were part of history to begin with. These poems were perfect, but Zhang Ye wasn't an ancient. He was just a modern person who had absorbed modern day culture. This caused his

poems to drop in value.

Zhang Ye was still unconvinced!

Who told you my poems do not have any allusions supporting them?

Who told you I can't explain them through historical information?

Why was "Lady Yu, the Royal Beauty" called a beauty? Because, Lady Yu, she...forget it, let's talk about the next one. Eh, what country was the homeland? The homeland was of course...Right, let's talk about Almond Flower Village. Where was Almond Flower Village? Almond Flower Village is actually...the...the place beside...Sweet...Sweet Rice Village...F\*\*k! I just wanted to f\*\*king write Almond Flower Village! Why do all of you care!? Why care!?

Zhang Ye became angry. He indeed could not explain the stories behind these ancient phrases. If he had to explain, he would have to extend it to the historical stories from his world.

These poems lacked some meaning?

Then what gift can I give you?

Few ancient poems rarely didn't have a story behind them!

Do I have to write a folk song poem? Many of these did not have any historical allegories, as they themselves were a form of allegory. They were adapted from folk tales. From Zhang Ye's understanding, it was just an ancient story, telling some fictitious story, then there would be no need to have any historical stories to support it.

Folk song poem.

What should I write for Old Wu?

# Chapter 372: Master Wei's Disciple's Provocation!

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Everyone took their seats.

Everyone looked for their own spots.

Zhang Ye went to a small table in the back. "Teacher Su."

"Nicely done Teacher Zhang. Your few poems were enough to stun everyone." Su Na said jovially. She was not a bigoted person. She usually did not have the bearing of a Peking University teacher, and would joke around if necessary. "I have something I want to ask of you."

Zhang Ye sat down. "Go on."

Su Na said, "Can you give me the upper half of your couplet?"

Zhang Ye threw up his hands. "They have already been taken by President Wu. You can ask it from her."

"So you are agreeable to it? If you agree to it, I'll go over. Anyway President Wu likes poetry, and is probably not as interested in couplets, but my father likes it." Su Na said.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "It's for Uncle Su? Sure, no problem."

Su Na said happily, "Then it's settled. Thanks!"

At this moment, Master Zhou looked around and his sights landed on Zhang Ye. He waved at him and said, "Young lad. Haha, come over to the main table."

Main table?

Everyone was stunned!

The main table was for masters. Typical calligraphers were not qualified to sit there!

Master Wei also invited him. "That's right. Young man, come over. You have the qualifications to sit with us."

How could Zhang Ye go over? He immediately said, "Thank you, Masters. Thank you for thinking so highly of me, but I don't dare to impose, so I really won't be going over."

Wu Zeqing said, "Since he wants to sit over there, let him be. Let's eat."

A calligrapher in his forties was curious as he asked, "Old Wu, where did you get to know this person? Why have I never heard of him before? Does anyone know him?"

"No."

"It's also my first time seeing him."

The others also glanced at Zhang Ye.

Wu Zeqing said with a faint smile, "I'm sure you all know him. As for who he is, let me keep you all in suspense for the moment. Isn't everyone hungry? If not, I'll be the first to dig in!"

Ah?

All of us know him? It can't be!

Master Zhou roared with laughter. "Right, let's eat first."

Mr Feng, who had previously participated in the competition, said, "Little Wu, don't say anything else. Please give me that 'Lady Yu, the Royal Beauty', if not, don't think of getting a gift from me."

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "Teacher Feng, you are depriving me of a beloved item."

Mr Feng snorted. "I lost to a junior and have lost all my face. How can I not get some benefits? So it's settled, that piece of calligraphy is mine!"



Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "I'll think about it."

Mr Feng stared. "What's there to think about? You scammed all us old fogeys, and we haven't even settled scores. If we knew your teammate was so good at poetry and his calligraphy being so good, why the heck would we even try to compete with him!" They had really lost quite unjustly. They had lost based on literary skills.

Wu Zeqing said helplessly. "Alright then. 'Lady Yu, the Royal Beauty' is yours."

Mr Feng drank a mouthful of wine happily. "That's more like it."

With that, Mr Wang also spoke, "'The Lavishly Decorated Zither' is mine!"

"I want that 'Mourning Day'. Haha, I like those ominous poems. Old Wu, you have to forgo your love. Later on, I'll write a piece of calligraphy to exchange with you." Another calligrapher said.

So in a short while, all of Zhang Ye's poetry had been handed out, leaving not a single one with Wu Zeqing.

It was very common for calligraphers to exchange calligraphy pieces, not to mention that these were the original poems written by Zhang Ye for the first time. They had their value as collectables. Everyone knew this youth would one day amount to something. If he were to one day become a Master, these poetry's value would increase tenfold, maybe even a hundredfold.

When Chen Mo, who was sitting at the third table, heard the conversation at the main table and saw how Zhang Ye's poetry was so popular, his frown tightened.

A youth secretly said, "Wu Zeqing brought someone to mess things up!"

Another youth added, "It's too much. This is our teacher's birthday. Not only did he win the auspicious item that our teacher wanted, he even smacked the faces of so many teachers. What is he doing?"

The first youth said, "Senior brother, you must seek justice for our old master!"

These were all Master Wei's disciples.

Chen Mo's expression looked certain as he whispered, "Watch me!"

.....

The banquet began.

The second segment also began.

Someone came over, "Master Wei, let me offer you a toast."

Another youth came over, "Big Sis Wu, happy birthday."

A few people came over, and took out the birthday presents they prepared. Someone gave Master Wei an ink slab, while someone gave Wu Zeqing a roll of painting he drew.

One...

Five...

Ten...

More and more came forward to give their birthday wishes.

Master Wei and Wu Zeqing had a rewarding trip as they received many things.

"Master Wei, this is a lowly work of mine. I wish you a long life."

"Thank you, you were so thoughtful."

Suddenly, Master Wei's most valued disciple, Chen Mo, stood up. He walked towards the main table and said with a laugh, "Teacher, he who teaches me for one day is my father for life. Thank you for all the guidance and teachings you have given me over all these years. I know you are not lacking in anything, and I can't produce anything nice to give to you. The only thing I can give you is the

calligraphy I have learned under your years of nurturing. Today, I wish to write something for you. I wish you would be able to appraise the results of my learning!"

He was quite eloquent.

Master Wei stroked his beard and nodded with a smile. "Great! This present suits my taste!"

Master Zhou was also quite interested. He instructed people to set up ink and paper. The platform was in the middle, so everyone could see it. People, who were eating upstairs, could lean over the window to see it.

"Little Mo is planning on writing calligraphy?"

"Let's take a look."

"Little Mo is one of the most talented disciples of Master Wei."

The surrounding people put down their chopsticks and began to watch the lively scene while smiling and chattering.

Chen Mo held his brush and closed his eyes for a moment. Suddenly they opened his eyes and landed the brush on the Xuan paper. He was holding a small brush, so was it possible that he was writing a long poem?

Zhang Ye also looked over.

"Nicely written."

"As expected of Master Wei's disciple."

"He's not worse than that youth in shades from before!"

The crowd gave their praises by the side. As for Master Wei's other disciples, they also stood by the side cheering on their senior brother.

However, when the first line was written, someone exclaimed and then felt his heart pounding. This...

It was a folk song poem! This kind of poetry was rarely seen! And it was a folk song poem that no one had seen before. Clearly, it was a work created by Chen Mo himself. The creation of a folk song poem was much more difficult than ancient poems or melody poems. Firstly, it was rare, and secondly, it was difficult to grasp. It was too difficult to write one well as it required extremely deep ancient knowledge of literature! It was unknown how long Chen Mo had prepared for this, but this showcase made everyone astonished!

Master Zhou congratulated. "Old Wei, your mantle has an inheritor."

Master Wei said with a smile, "Little Mo is still far from that."

"Far from that? I think it's not much further. He will definitely be better than you in the future. Haha." Master Zhou and Master Wei were old friends, so it was very common to engage in banter.

The poem was very long.

A folk song poem was finished.

However, when everyone read the poem's content carefully, they were all stunned!

Chen Mo's folk song poem actually told a story. It mentioned an unsuccessful man in ancient times. He kept trying to pass the imperial examinations to gain fame, but his wife kept obstructing him, wanting him to go into business. The man refused, but his wife relied on her better family conditions, and began to preside all decisions of the household. In the end, the family business collapsed, causing the two of them to sleep on the street. In the end, the man succeeded in the examinations and became an official, while the wife become subservient towards him from then on, following his every word. Midway, the text even used words similar to 'only women and small-minded men are hard to deal with'.

The story was average. It was written like standard feudal period texts. As for a moral, there was none. It seemed to be writing about Chen Mo himself. Men had to stick to their ideals and goals, never listening to women. However, this story would not be anything in any other occasion, but in today's occasion, there was a problem,

what more, a big problem! Not only was Master Wei celebrating his birthday today, but it was also Wu Zeqing's birthday!

What's the meaning of this?

Only women and small-minded men are hard to deal with?

Women should not be in the limelight? They should stay at home and just focus on assisting the husband and bringing up the children?

It was a story that said women should not do anything! And in the end, it even said that the wife down and out, while the husband was high and mighty? Who were you trying to repress!? What sort of status did President Wu have!? Only you dare to make such things up!

Chen Mo put his brush down. "I'm done writing."

The atmosphere seemed to momentarily freeze. No one present was an idiot!

Master Wei's face first turned sullen. "Insolence!"

Master Zhou did not praise Chen Mo either. He frowned and glanced at Wu Zeqing.

Wu Zeqing hung a faint smile on her lips but did not say a word.

Su Na could not stand for it. She stood up furious, "Chen! Who are you scolding!?"

A calligrapher's female family member said angrily too, "Who said women are inferior to men!? What sort of society is it!? To think you wrote such a feudal era ideology!"

Another woman said, "What sort of folk song poem is this!? To write us women to be completely good for nothings? What the heck do you mean, Little Mo! Do you look down on women?"

Chen Mo smiled and said, "I don't have those intentions. It's just a folk song poem. Some of the words are just referenced, and not what I personally believe. I'm just emulating the writing style of the ancients."

A group of woman began chattering. They could not stand for this!

Chen Mo ignored it. He knew he would definitely offend many people today, but he didn't care. He only respected Master Wei. Wu Zeqing had thrown his teacher's face, so as a disciple, he had to help win his teacher's face back. He thought Master Wei was just maintaining his bearing just now by speaking, but did not mean that he was not angry. Hence, Chen Mo produced this text, hoping to win the face from before back. He would not let Wu Zeqing win the competition, face, and auspicious gift and leave. He had to make her lose face!



Competition?

They were not Zhang Ye's match!

But now, it was not a literary competition. Chen Mo was trying to settle scores!

Zhang Ye looked at Chen Mo and the folk song poem. He was truly infuriated. When everyone helped the old master bully Wu Zeqing in numbers, Zhang Ye was not truly angered. He knew everyone did not have the true intentions of bullying her. However, the meaning behind what Chen Mo wrote was different! This was clearly trying to embarrass Wu Zeqing! This was clearly trying to take revenge!

Bastard!

You are courting death!

# Chapter 373: "Ode Of Mulan" Is Born!

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The mood of the annual gathering had soured.

Everyone who was in attendance to the gathering could only look on at each other as they observed the situation in the back yard.

As Chen Mo's teacher, Master Wei could only step forward to Wu Zeqing saying, "President Wu, I'm sorry. My disciple does not know better. Don't take what a junior does to heart."

Wu Zeqing smiled, "It's okay, Little Mo's words are quite well written."

Master Wei sighed, saying, "The words are good, but the attitude is far from good."

Master Zhou said from the side, "He still needs to hone himself. It's too early for him to stray from the cover of his master's wing." Saying that, he shook his head.

As for the calligraphers that had gathered around, there was nothing they could say either. Because as a disciple of Master Wei, it would not be good for them to lecture him. Using a folk song poem to insinuate that women should stay home and fulfill their homely duties? Chen Mo's words were indeed well written and he was also an outstanding literary talent, but his character was less so. Did he care about President Wu's status? She was a heroine amongst women and even these calligraphers did not dare to make a scene in front of her, so what's with this junior that was Chen

Mo? It was a good thing that President Wu did not hold him it against him. Such magnanimity would not have come from anyone else. Writing something like that would have already gotten him a stare and smack on the table. You'd have to know that in the field of culture and education, Wu Zeqing's influence was much larger than all of those present put together!

They could only be considered as passers-by in these fields.

Wu Zeqing was the only one who held true power!

If he did not even recognize this, then his future achievements would definitely not be any good either. Everyone had their own judgments about Chen Mo. Sigh, young people always act impulsively and go astray. Sometimes, you'd have give them a chance to let the them grow up and learn from their own mistakes.

Master Zhou looked at Chen Mo, "What are you waiting for? Apologize to President Wu."

Chen Mo hesitated for a moment before looking to Wu Zeqing and saying, "President Wu, if I had offended you in any way, I apologize, but this folk song poem of mine really does not have any ulterior motives at all. I just wanted to show my teacher and let him assess the fruits of my learnings." He was still unwilling to admit his mistake.

Everyone frowned.

Old Master Wei eyes turned cold as well.

Chen Mo was also a victim of his own pride. He had already gone so far, so all he could do was to just continue standing there and admitting that he was not in the wrong. He did not know that Wu Zeqing had already presented Master Zhou's calligraphy piece to his teacher. All he wanted to do now was to get back at them for his teacher. He did not care about the consequences anymore. What's done was done. The folk song poem had already been written and nothing could be done about it.

Su Na said angrily, "He can't tell chalk from cheese! To think you still are so adamant when President Wu did not take it to heart?!"

Father Su reprimanded her a little, "Sit down. Why are you getting so agitated for?"

Su Na said, "He has already denigrated women! Am I not allowed to say anything!"

A female calligrapher snorted, "What day and age are we currently in and yet there's still such discrimination?! Old Master Wei, today is the anniversary of our Calligraphy Association and also your birthday. We came here to congratulate you, not to get angered like this. It's already a new era of society and yet there are still such people with such old fashioned mindsets still around? If I didn't see this for myself, I wouldn't have believed it. What's the matter with us women?"

"Right!"

"In what way are we good for nothing?"

"The person who wrote such a folk song poem can't possibly have good character!"

"Still adamant? Don't know how to repent? He dares to do it, but doesn't dare to admit his mistakes!"

"Master Wei. We respect you a lot, but this disciple of yours is...really not much!"

A group of female family members and female calligraphers were still grumbling about Chen Mo. President Wu did not get offended by him because of her status, but for them, they did not have any reasons to hold back. They were all women and they would have already let him off easy if they spat on him. Chen Mo's calligraphy writing was really infuriating!

Teacher Wang said to his wife, "Old Qu, why are you causing a commotion."

The woman frowned, "What's the matter? Can't I speak my mind?!"

Teacher Wang pursed his lips, "Just don't say so much. Is there not enough rice to stop you from talking? Eat more then." He did not want the issue to keep going on as it was, after all, still Master Wei's birthday. The more they spoke, the uglier it would become

for Master Wei.

Another calligrapher said to his daughter, "Xiaojiang, don't say anymore. Just eat!"

The girl, who was sitting at the same table as Su Na, slammed her chopsticks onto the table, "Do you think I can still eat! Dad, that Chen fella's actions are completely uncalled for! I was just quietly eating and did not offend anyone, yet he came out and insulted all women? If his calligraphy was about any other topic, it would be fine, but what did he do? He wrote the folk song poem in a way that says the men must be determined to follow their dreams and not listen those around them spouting rubbish. Yet most of the descriptions were talking about how women are wicked and like to cause trouble! He basically looks down on women from the bottom of his heart! If this poem were to be posted and spread around in public, how will others think of the Calligraphy Association? Hmmph, they would definitely think that this place is ruled by old feudal lords!"

Her father got angry, "What are you saying! Eat your meal!"

Xiaojiang said, "If he doesn't explain himself, I won't eat!"

The woman beside her hugged Xiaojiang and said, "Old Sun, don't shout at your daughter. You allowed him to write something like that, yet you won't let us say a word?"

"Big Sis Yu, Little Mo doesn't seem like he was intending to do that." The father smiled bitterly.

Big Sis Yu said, "Still, he ought to apologize."

All of the women present did not agree with his explanation. The men looked as though as they were all having a bad headache.

"Senior Bro."

"Senior Bro."

"This..."

Master Wei's other disciples could only sit still.

Chen Mo had no way back except to say, "Sisters and aunties, I really do not have any other meaning. I was just imitating the ancients in writing a folk song poem for my teacher's birthday, so that I could show how much I have learned. I have been composing this for the past month and wanted to give my teacher a surprise!"

Still adamant?

Still giving excuses!

This time, even the men could no longer stand him!

Suddenly, someone said something. Zhang Ye casually grabbed a

mouthful of food and swallowed it down. He calmly glanced at Chen Mo, "You had one month of research and all you came up with was this piece of rubbish? Looks to me like your studies did not take you far!"

Chen Mo sneered, "Rubbish?"

Zhang Ye's mouth was extremely toxic. "Saying that it's rubbish was only to leave face for Master Wei. If I were to speak freely, this folk song poem is absolute f\*\*king trash. Do you even know what a folk song poem is? Do you know how to write a folk song poem? With this sort of standard for an essay, you still dare to call it a folk song poem? Don't tease us anymore. In the future, should you have something else like this again, you should just leave it at home. Don't bring it out and embarrass yourself. If someone who really understands poetry well sees this, wouldn't it make them laugh their heads off? Your words only so-so and just barely OK, but the literary standards are very poor. Let me tell you, a real folk song poem does not put too much focus on the passage format and is not so strict about tonal patterns, with a lot of freedom from rules, but it is not so simple as to be considered an unstructured passage that, when paired with music, will automatically qualify it to be a folk song poem. A poem such as the folk song poem does not fully depend on pairing it with music either. Our nation's literature is so profound and deep and it is definitely not as simple as you think it is!"

Su Na cheered, "Well said!"

As for what was so good about it? Su Na did not know either!



Those who were present felt the same. Speaking of it, they really did not understand much about the structure of a folk song poem either. There were no restrictions on the type of sentences used, no tonal pattern requirements either, yet the standard for the words used were very high. There could be storyline characters in it and even exchanges of sentences between the characters. It was very difficult to write — Everyone's concept of it was also as such. After all, they were all involved in calligraphy and not in folk song poems. They couldn't possibly be so well-learned about a topic like this.

A youth could no longer bear to listen any longer, "You're saying my senior bro is writing rubbish?"

"Is it my senior bro or you that doesn't understand!" Another of Master Wei's disciples rebutted.

Zhang Ye was tickled, "I don't understand?"

When she heard this, Su Na also burst out laughing!

Seeing Zhang Ye accusing him, Chen Mo no longer kept silent. Those aunties and sisters who had been giving him a ticking off were all his elders and it wasn't good for him to argue back, but who did Zhang Ye think he was? Chen Mo said directly, "Sure, you put it so well, then why don't you show us what you've got? If what I wrote is not a folk song poem, then show us how it should be written!"

Zhang Ye smiled, "It's President Wu's birthday today, so I will be

happy to teach you something. I won't ask for tuition fees either." After saying so, he turned around to Wu Zeqing and said, "President Wu, I did not prepare a present for you today. Coming here empty handed, I feel a little embarrassed, so let me write a little something for you as your birthday present."

Wu Zeqing laughed and said, "Sure."

Master Zhou was a little stunned, "What will you write?"

Zhang Ye replied relaxingly, "After saying all that I did earlier, I will naturally be writing a folk song poem. I wanted to give the poems from earlier to President Wu, but she didn't seem too satisfied with them, saying that those poems didn't fit the occasion. Alright then, this folk song poem should be suitable. I would also like to tell everyone a story."

Wu Zeqing watched him with a soft gaze. "OK, I will be waiting to see your folk song poem. If it's not up to my standards, I will not accept it." She said so jokingly, but there was not a single doubt in her eyes.

A lot of people gasped. What the f\*\*k, you really want to write a folk song poem? This was not a poem that could be compared to other 5 or 7 word poems. A folk song poem was usually used to tell a story. It needed character planning, a storyline, a main plot, and lastly a conclusive question. It needed thoughtful literary planning and the largely depended on the phrasing of words. Everyone had witnessed Zhang Ye's prowess in composing poems, but most poems only numbered a few dozen words. Each one was short and easy to come up with, but a folk song poem was entirely different.

Without at least a month to think and prepare, how could he come up with a long poem that would consist of hundreds to thousands of words? It was not possible to write on the spot! Everyone knew that this sunglasses youth obviously spoke without thinking. He could not have possibly composed something like this, yet he claimed that he would immediately start writing one right now? Composing on the spot?

This was a folk song poem we're talking about!

How could something like that be composed spontaneously?

Everyone had no concept of such a thing. It was nothing they had ever heard about before. Could someone even do that? That's impossible!

Yet Su Na felt confident as she cheered, "Go, Teacher Zhang! Show them what you can do! Those frogs in a well, how dare they debate with you on verse structures? It's laughable!" She really wanted to laugh out loud.

Zhang Ye said, "Please help me prepare a longer piece of Xuan paper. The word count might be a little more than usual."

"What size do you require?" Master Zhou asked.

Zhang Ye not knowing it either, "Hmm, anything will do I guess."

Master Zhou was a left a little speechless, but still said, "How

many words will there be?"

Zhang Ye answered, "I'm not too sure either. Let's just write and see how it goes."

Well, he was composing it on the spot after all, so how could he possibly know how many words there would be? So, Master Zhou instructed his disciples to go prepare and soon after, everything was ready.

Everyone stopped eating and went over to spectate.

"Let's go downstairs!"

"There's something exciting to watch again!"

"Wait for me, I'm coming too!"

People who were upstairs came down, many of which were family members and members of the association.

This time, it wasn't a match, but somehow, it felt more exciting than one. Everyone's soul was stirred. Su Na squeezed in front to find a spot near the happenings.

Chen Mo was waiting to see Zhang Ye make a fool of himself. His few disciple brothers thought so too, thinking, how a person without any preparation even write a folk song poem? A few

hundred to thousands of words that he hadn't even planned for? Wasn't this an immense joke!? And you even want to use it to tell a story? The ancient stories have already been written so much that people are sick of them!

Master Zhou stood in the innermost row.

Master Wei and Wu Zeqing were seated and watching.

All eyes were focused on Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye dabbed the brush in ink and then looked up to find Chen Mo. "Watch carefully and see what a folk song poem really looks like!" Saying this, he landed his brush and began describing it verbally.

"In ancient times, there was a girl named Mulan."

Girl?

Hua Mulan?

Didn't ancient styles of writing always write about men? Why are you writing a woman as the protagonist?

When Chen Mo and his fellow disciple brothers heard it, they sneered. Everyone else was dumbfounded. Their faces wore an expression of bewilderment and probably thought that Zhang Ye

really was crazy. Not only did he want to compose a folk song poem on the spot, he was even going to use a woman as the main character? A story about getting married and teaching their children how to farm? What was there to write about?

"Tsiek tsiek and again tsiek tsiek,

Mulan weaves, facing the door. You don't hear the shuttle's sound,

You only hear Daughter's sighs."

When the first line was written, Su Na knew what she had to do. She walked and stood behind Zhang Ye. As he wrote another line, Su Na read it aloud so that everyone in the outer rows, who could not see, could hear it.

"Eh?"

"It's really about weaving and farming?"

"What's so interesting about the happenings of a household?"

"Quiet, don't disturb him. Let's keep watching on."

A few women and girls were discussing behind him.

Without any thought, Zhang Ye wrote word after word in a very fast fashion. His flicks were firm, as if he did not even need to think or conceptualize.

"They ask Daughter who's in her heart,

They ask Daughter who's on her mind. No one is in Daughter's heart. No one is on Daughter's mind. Last night I saw the draft posters,

The Khan is calling many troops,

The army list is in twelve scrolls,

On every scroll there's Father's name. Father has no grown-up son,

Mulan has no elder brother.

I want to buy a saddle and horse,

To serve in the army in Father's place."

Chen Mo was stunned!

What?

Serve on her father's behalf?

Disguised as a man to serve in the army?

Everyone suddenly became quiet. No one spoke anymore!

Zhang Ye began to write even faster.

"In the East Market, she buys a spirited horse,

In the West Market, she buys a saddle,

In the South Market, she buys a bridle,

In the North Market, she buys a long whip. At dawn, she takes  
leave of Father and Mother,

In the evening she camps on the Yellow River's bank.

She doesn't hear the sound of Father and Mother calling,

She only hears the Yellow River's flowing water cry tsien tsien.  
At dawn, she takes leave of the Yellow River,

In the evening she arrives at Black Mountain.



She doesn't hear the sound of Father and Mother calling,

She only hears Mount Yen's nomad horses cry tsiu tsiu."

A slightly plump, middle-aged woman's eyes turned red.

A few other women, who had heard up to here, were also greatly touched!

What a pitiful girl! What a filial daughter! What a brave woman!

Upon reaching this point, Zhang Ye's brush suddenly turned sharply. It was as if the characters in his folk song poem were about to jump out with the change of his strokes. The atmosphere heated up.

"She goes ten thousand miles on the business of war,

She crosses passes and mountains like flying. Northern gusts carry the rattle of army pots,

Chilly light shines on iron armor. Generals die in a hundred battles,

Stout soldiers return after ten years. On her return she sees the Son of Heaven,

The Son of Heaven sits in the Splendid Hall. He gives out promotions in twelve ranks

And prizes of a hundred thousand and more. The Khan asks her what she desires.

“Mulan has no use for a minister's post.

I wish to ride a swift mount

To take me back to my home.”

All of them froze again!

After so many people had died, Mulan was so lucky to have survived?

When the Khan wanted to reward her, she had rejected the chance to become a minister?

Zhang Ye wrote:

"When Father and Mother hear Daughter is coming

They go outside the wall to meet her, leaning on each other.

When Elder Sister hears Younger Sister is coming

She fixes her rouge, facing the door.

When Little Brother hears Elder Sister is coming

He whets the knife, quick quick, for pig and sheep."

An image formed in everyone's heads!

It was a scene of an excited family in a jubilant mood! Their family member had escaped death and came home with military honors!

When Su Na read this, her voice also began to choke up. It was as if the story had hit her soft spot and she could barely continue narrating!

Zhang Ye took over Su Na's job and began narrating as he wrote.

"I open the door to my east chamber,

I sit on my couch in the west room,

I take off my wartime gown

And put on my old-time clothes. Facing the window she fixes her cloudlike hair,

Hanging up a mirror she dabs on yellow flower powder She goes out the door and sees her comrades.

Her comrades are all amazed and perplexed.

Traveling together for twelve years

They didn't know Mulan... was a girl!"

Xiaojiang felt her blood boil with passion!

At the side, another woman started to tear up.

The scene depicted in the folk song poem had caused many people to be unable to hold their emotions in anymore!

Finally, Zhang Ye chuckled and as he wrote, he seemed to ask everyone:

"The he-hare's feet go hop and skip,

The she-hare's eyes are muddled and fuddled.

Two hares running side by side close to the ground..."

His final words were written more forcefully one after the other.

"How can they tell if I am he or she!?"

He finished writing!

There was total silence!

Zhang Ye held up "Ode of Mulan" and left it to dry before putting down his brush!

When Chen Mo finished reading, his face turned purple! His few disciple brothers were also left speechless!

Master Wei's hand slammed down on the chair he was sitting in as he laughed heartily, "What a good 'How can they tell if I am he or she'! Great! Great! Great!"

Master Zhou's feeling at this moment could not be described with words either. He looked in shock at Zhang Ye, having been totally stunned by this great poem called "Ode of Mulan"!

That's right!

He had truly been stunned!

Wu Zeqing eyes flashed!

The women present were all amazed!

"Hua Mulan? She is definitely a role-model to all women!"

"Right! This is what a woman is! Who says a woman can't be equal to a man?!"

"Anything a man can do, anything a man can achieve, we women can do just as well!"

The women were all visibly agitated. This "Ode of Mulan" was so well written, that it had already made its way into their hearts!

That's right! You people always want to judge with bias. Unless you hold up a rabbit by its ears, you would not be able to tell if it was male or female. A male rabbit's two legs would always move, while a female rabbit's eyes were usually squinting. Only then could you differentiate, but when male and female rabbits ran alongside each other, who could tell the difference?! Everyone was the same!

"Splendid!" Master Zhou started applauding!

In that moment, the sound of claps resounded as applauses began one by one, "It's too awesome! We've truly been enlightened today! Indeed, however strong you are, there is always someone stronger!"

"Ode of Mulan" was too excellent!

It was so excellent that it reached the point of stunning amazement!

The worse thing for anything was comparison. There were people, who had felt that Chen Mo was good, since he could compose a folk song poem that almost had a thousand words, but now, this poem, which was written by the youth in shades, when placed beside Chen Mo's piece, had made his look like crap! Chen Mo's praising of men and their dreams had used women as a burden to contrast it. The work itself was a petty one and the thought behind it did not deserve to be brought up. Right now, it even looked like Chen Mo's usage of words and phrases were like that of a child's and should not be praised at all! Just look at how the folk song poem, that was given by the youth in shades for Wu Zeqing, was written? When he wrote about women, he did not belittle anyone. The man you wrote about wanted to become an official? Yet the woman that the other person wrote about just did not want to be one. She did not want merit or reward and just wanted to go home to her family! The man you wrote about complained about things every time? Cursing women who are not good at this or that? While the other person's female character risked the chance of being beheaded by serving in the army on her father's behalf while disguised as a man! For her father and family, she fought with the enemy as a girl. In the midst of knives and swords, she wore her brains as armor to kill the enemy soldiers before returning home as a warrior after more than 10 years!

**10 years!**

A weak woman!

She had done what a man might not have been able to achieve!

Comparatively, the levels between Chen Mo and the youth in shades were clearly too far apart. The youth's "Ode of Mulan" was clearly written in opposition to Chen Mo's work! Every sentence was a smack to the face! Every word refuted Chen Mo's essay, repressing and smacking him hard!

Chen Mo's expression turned very ugly. He never expected Zhang Ye would be able to write such a poem!

Zhang Ye looked at Chen Mo and said impolitely, "I can tell you once again. What you wrote is nothing at all. It cannot be called a folk song poem, nor is there any literary or entertainment value." Saying that, he pointed at his own Xuan paper. "This, is a folk song poem. It is nowhere close to anything like yours."

Chen Mo said coldly, "What qualifications do you have to evaluate my poem?"

Suddenly, Master Zhou's eyes flickered. After some thought, for some reason, he laughed with enlightenment. "Little Chen, the person in front of you really has the qualifications to evaluate your poem. If he says your folk song poem is not orthodox, then it definitely is the case. If he doesn't have the qualifications, then not many in this country have the qualifications. In the realm of literature, even all of us present combined are not his match!" Then, he looked at Zhang Ye and chuckled. "Young lad, I know



who you are already!"

Chen Mo was stunned. What was Master Zhou saying?

He had the qualifications? What qualifications did he have!?

Furthermore, what was that about all of us combined would not be his match in literature? Impossible!

"Ah?"

"Who?"

"Elder Zhou knows?"

Everyone was curious. Who was this youth!?

Master Wei and those calligraphers looked over. Some began ruminating!

Master Zhou roared out with laughter. "I should have guessed earlier. In this country, to be able to write an ancient poem in such manner, and also be proficient in couplet culture, to the point of not needing any thought or drafts to produce such an amazing piece like 'Ode of Mulan' on the spot! There is only one person in the country that can do it!"

Finally, a few smarter people suddenly realized it!

Few people in the country were both proficient in poetry and couplets. In addition to this, he was invited by President Wu? And he knew Su Na, a Peking University teacher?

"Holy sh\*t!"

"I know who he is!"

"Heavens! It's Zhang Ye!"

"You are Teacher Zhang Ye!!!"

Everyone was stunned. This was something no one expected!

# Chapter 374: Fighting To Get Zhang Ye's Works!

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Zhang Ye was finally recognized!

It could be said that everyone did not have any such inkling on this matter in the beginning, but now, with Master Zhou mentioning it, they began realizing various things and observed the face of the youth in shades before glancing back at the name scribbled on the "Ode of Mulan"!

It's him!

It's really Zhang Ye!

Chen Mo had clearly heard of Zhang Ye's name before. He froze on the spot and nearly vomited blood!

His brother disciples, who had pitted with him against Zhang Ye, were all dumbfounded. Holy motherf\*\*ker! How could it be him! Zhang Ye had appeared here?! Thinking of how they had challenged Zhang Ye to a competition earlier, their faces turned pale now. Compete with him? Compete my ass! F\*\*k you! You were too well disguised! If we knew that you were Zhang Ye, we wouldn't have even tried! Who would want to compete in poetry with you?!

Amazement was in the air!

The chattering sound of discussion also started!

"What the heck!"

"So it was him!"

"No wonder he's so good! Why is he here?"

"F\*\*k, isn't this bullying?! Compete with him in literary skills? Who can do better than him?!"

"Yes, I was thinking why these calligraphy masters and calligraphers could not even outdo this youth! That's because he's Zhang Ye! I've read his poems and essays before. Every piece could be said to be earth-shattering. It's also said that he doesn't even write a draft, he always composes them on the spot! Even if we don't mention our Calligraphy Association, which does not purely research literature, even in the Couplet Association, there might not be any masters who can outdo him in terms of literary skills! Has anyone heard of the 'Ode to Young China' prose from a few days ago? Even Peking University's Professor Yan was out talked by him!"

"If we knew it was him, we wouldn't have competed at all."

"Who would have known? Who would have even know that Zhang Ye's calligraphy skills would be so good as well?!"

Everyone basically knew who Zhang Ye was. Even if they did not

know what he looked like or had never watched him on his programs or the news before, they would have at least heard of his name. After all, the calligraphy and literature world only differed slightly and had much in common. They knew more or less of the happenings in the literature world. As Zhang Ye's popularity rose, even if they did not follow his news purposefully, they would have seen him on the news. Only a small portion of the family members had never heard of Zhang Ye's name. They were already asking around to find out who he was and when they heard of his incidents and accomplishments, they too were amazed. They looked at Zhang Ye as if he was some god!

Father Su stared at his daughter, "Why didn't you tell me earlier?! Isn't that your colleague!"

Su Na giggle happily, "You didn't ask me. Oh right, Teacher Zhang said that he wanted to gift you the couplet that he wrote earlier. It was I who asked it for you!"

Father Su said happily, "Is that true?"

"Of course, I will go get it from President Wu later." Su Na replied.

"Great!" Father Su did not blame his daughter any further. That couplet verse writing was on his mind for a long time, but as he was not too familiar with President Wu, he found it difficult to ask for it during dinner.

Mr Feng looked annoyed and stared at Wu Zeqing. He spoke

without any regard for his status, "Little Wu, you are so wicked! You are really so wicked! You invited Zhang Ye over and didn't even inform us. You totally cheated us old guys! Don't you think you should have told us beforehand? If we knew it was him, who would have dared to compete with him! He's a professional literary person and could even be ranked amongst the top level masters in the field of literature. To compete with us calligraphers on poems, isn't he embarrassed?! Are you even embarrassed! Hmph! If you have the capability, we should compete on the basics of calligraphy instead! We should compete on writing!"

Wu Zeqing gently smooth her hair while smiling and said, "If it's a competition on writing alone, then Little Zhang is definitely no match for all of you, but the rules of this competition were not set by me."

Teacher Wang rolled his eyes, "Then you have cheated us! By deliberately not telling us!"

Wu Zeqing laughed, "I didn't/ I thought you all would recognize him."

"Recognize? What do you mean recognize?" An old calligrapher, who had challenged Zhang Ye earlier, said, "He's wearing such a large pair of sunglasses. Who would recognize him!"

Another calligrapher said indignantly, "Little Wu, you've also got a dishonest side to you."

Zhang Ye stood forward to say, "Dear seniors, I did not mean to

hide it from you all. I am just used to wearing sunglasses most of the time."

Mr Feng said in a disagreeing manner, "In any case, you have offended us, so tell us how you'd settle this!"

Zhang Ye asked, "How should I settle this?"

Mr Feng glanced at him. "Gift 'Ode of Mulan' to me."

Zhang Ye said, "...but that's my present for President Wu's birthday."

"I don't care." Mr Feng said stubbornly, "In any case, I will be taking it with me later! No one can fight with me for it. Whoever wants to fight with me, I will not give them any face!"

Everyone: "..."

Master Zhou was also tickled. "Old Feng, look at yourself... you are a calligrapher."

Mr Feng said in a matter-of-factly manner, "Having encountered good stuff like that, I don't care about my demeanor anymore. Little Wu, the poem I asked from Little Zhang earlier, I will give it back to you. I want 'Ode of Mulan' instead!"

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "That's not possible. This is Little

Zhang's present to me. It's also the best and most favorite present I have received in many years. Teacher Feng, you can't steal my most beloved item. You can have any calligraphy scroll you want, except this 'Ode of Mulan'. It is my treasure!"

Mr Feng did not give up. "Then lend it to me for a few days."

Wu Zeqing shook her head, "Hur Hur, I'm not lending this one out."

Mr Feng was so angry that his eyes were nearly popping out. "Why are you so stingy!"

Wu Zeqing smiled. "Other calligraphic works are OK, except for this one."

The ink had dried and Wu Zeqing walked over gracefully. She looked over 'Ode of Mulan' one more time with an expression of ecstasy before getting someone to keep it away for her.

Master Zhou came over to resolve things, "Haha, come on Old Feng. This is a gift from Little Zhang to Little Wu, and also a poem celebrating a woman's achievements. What would you want it for?"

Mr Feng said, "I wanted to give it to my wife. She would definitely love it to death!"

Zhang Ye coughed, "Teacher Feng, why don't I write another



'Ode of Mulan' for you?"

Mr Feng, who seemed like he really liked the piece, said, "It's the original that I want. A second copy does not have collection value!" Then, he went over to Wu Zeqing, "Little Wu, let's discuss this. I have a lot of calligraphic scrolls at home, some of which are even ancient calligraphic scrolls. If any one of them catches your eye we can exchange?"

Wu Zeqing smiled without saying a word.

In the end, Mr Feng did not successfully get that scroll that he had wanted. He was so angry that he lost his appetite.

If any of those poems, which Zhang Ye had written earlier, lacked the origins and backgrounds that many of them could not understand, the value would be considered average, but for "Ode of Mulan", it was extremely valuable. As it was a folk song poem, a story, it did not require any origins or historical setting to prop it up. Even in Zhang Ye's previous world, it was the same for "Ode of Mulan". In his world, there may or may not have been a person called Hua Mulan, but this incident of Hua Mulan serving on behalf of her father definitely did not exist! A meritorious award from the Khan? It was all just folklore. They were just stories, so even when this passage was transferred into this world, it would still have the same effect. It did not matter that it did not have an origin to support it, because Zhang Ye was just talking about the fictitious story of Hua Mulan. This sort of passage, whether it was just the story, the words, or the literary value, were all top of its class. It would do well in whichever world it was presented to!

When Zhang Ye was in secondary school, "Ode of Mulan" was the first poem in the language textbook. Their teacher even wanted them to memorize the few hundred words, without missing a single word. They were left with no other choice or room for discussion. They would even be forced to stand in class, copy passages, or other punishments. In the end, they would still have to memorize it all. Thus, it could be said that "Ode of Mulan" had a very important place in the literary and education timeline!

Even when the world was changed?

It couldn't possibly do badly!

Teacher Wang came looking for Zhang Ye as well. When he saw that Zhang Ye was going back to his table to continue eating, he dragged him over to the main table, "Little Zhang, sit here!"

Mr Feng was still feeling a sense of pity, "Let's have a drink, Little Zhang. I will make you knock out!"

Zhang Ye knew that he wasn't angry or being petty, "Don't do that, I am not a good drinker. I really can't drink."

Teacher Wang narrowed his eyes and said, "Looks like Old Feng really likes that 'Ode of Mulan' very much. When I lost to you just now, I felt really embarrassed, but looking at it now, I feel that losing to you in literature is very normal. Here, let's have a drink together too!"

Losing to other juniors?

They would definitely turn pale and be shocked!

But Zhang Ye had established his fame and was also a professional literature practitioner. Losing to him wasn't that big of a deal. The mood and feelings of these calligraphers who had competed with Zhang Ye earlier finally started to normalize.

Zhang Ye said humbly, "I just got lucky. If it were a true match of calligraphy, I would definitely not be able to match up to all of you teachers."

Master Zhou said, "You don't need to be humble. Your calligraphic words have already reached a very high standard. Most calligraphers would not be your match. As long as you continue to practice and learn, you will definitely earn yourself a place in the calligraphy world soon. Well I misspoke. What I meant to say was that you already have a place in the calligraphy world. Haha."

Zhang Ye said, "You're generous with your praise."

Master Wei also looked at him and said, "Do you have any plans to further develop yourself in calligraphy?"

Zhang Ye blinked, "I've not thought about it before, but maybe if there is a chance in the future I would love to. By then, if I have anything I don't understand, please give me your guidances."

It was getting rowdy over here as they all crowded together to chat.

Everyone else, who was present, including those who were having their lunch at their respective tables, were all discussing "Ode of Mulan" and Zhang Ye's name.

Over there, Chen Mo had fallen back silently to his stool without saying a further word. He had wanted to embarrass Wu Zeqing to get back at her for his teacher, but little did he expect that things would turn out this way. Not only did he not make President Wu look bad, he had allowed Zhang Ye to use his work as a stepping stone to praise Wu Zeqing with a poem that sang praises about women to the extreme. Chen Mo had offended numerous people and hadn't even won a thing. As for Zhang Ye? Not only did he win everyone over, he had even gained the respect of the women and the calligraphers!

Why?

Why?

Chen Mo could not accept it!

A few of his disciple brothers noticed and came to console him, "Senior Bro, there's nothing we can do about this. Even our teacher is no match for Zhang Ye, not to mention you."

Another of his Junior Bro sighed saying, "There's nothing to blame if we lose to him."

Chen Mo sighed and believed it was true. That Zhang guy was basically a freak. He was so young, yet his literary skills were so amazing. If he had known it was Zhang Ye, he wouldn't have gone to pick on him!

# Chapter 375: Wu Zeqing Sending Him Home!

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The gathering started once again.

The dishes were served.

Following the birth of "Ode of Mulan", the earlier dispute was also settled. No one brought up those irrelevant sideshows. Everyone continued to eat and drink in the backyard, while those who hadn't given their gifts continued doing so.

"Master Wei, I wish you longevity and health."

"Sister Wu, this is just a little token of mine."

"Sister Wu, I've written a scroll of words, but it is incomparable to the 'Ode of Mulan' which Teacher Zhang gave to you. But it is also my heartfelt token to you."

"With 'Ode of Mulan' appearing, I feel quite embarrassed to give a present."

"Hahaha, me too. It makes me feel like not taking the gift out."

"Eh, my head is full of those words from that poem — 'The he-hare's feet go hop and skip, the she-hare's eyes are muddled and fuddled; Two hares running side by side close to the ground. How can they tell if I am he or she?' That was really great! In ancient

times, there existed Hua Mulan! In modern times, we have President Wu! I have a feeling that this 'Ode of Mulan' would become folklore within a few decades to a century. It will definitely be passed on into the ages and after a millennia, we would also be a part of the origin story of 'Ode of Mulan'. When people talk about this folk song poem, they would inherently mention us too. In the past, it has always been us who have been researching the ancients' origin stories, but who would have expected that we would become an example to future generations too!"

"Teacher Zhang is a genius!"

"Yea, there's nothing more precious than that gift!"

"What a great Hua Mulan! What a great 'Ode of Mulan'!"

"If I could compose such a great folk song poem, I would definitely seal my brush and stop writing!"

Everyone continued eating or presenting their gifts while they immersed themselves in the emotions that "Ode of Mulan" had brought to them.

Master Zhou was a small but fast eater. After he finished and wiped his mouth, "I'm done, please excuse me." Then he looked over to Wu Zeqing, "Little Wu, why did you keep that folk song poem scroll away? Bring it out so that I can make a copy of it."

Wu Zeqing smiled, "You want to write it out too?"

Master Zhou nodded, "My hands are getting itchy. To have encountered such a great poem, to even have witnessed its birth before my very eyes, of course I would have to make a copy of it." Then he turned to Zhang Ye to ask, "Little Zhang, may I go through the words of 'Ode of Mulan'? Don't sue me for copyright infringement, OK? Hur Hur."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Sure, it would be my honor."

After Master Zhou had his disciples to prepare the Four Treasures of the Study, he did not start writing. He first began by appreciating the piece for over ten minutes and then closed his eyes for a long time before he picked up his brush. He wanted to digest all of the content before he even dared to write!

When Master Zhou's version of "Ode of Mulan" was done, everyone cheered!

"Nicely written!"

"Old Master Zhou's skills are indeed extraordinary!"

But Master Zhou was still unsatisfied, he waved his hands saying, "It is the content that is good, not my words. Besides, my calligraphy style does not suit the feel of this work. It is too strong and does not complement the meaning well. It doesn't have Little Zhang's carefree style of expression and lacks some of the meaning."



A lot of people had already gathered around after the meal to take pictures. Some of them were photographing Master Zhou's "Ode of Mulan", but even more of them were using their phones to take photographs of Zhang Ye's "Ode of Mulan". Indeed, Zhang Ye's writing of "Ode of Mulan", in terms of words, thickness of strokes, arrangement, and font were all slightly better than Master Zhou's. Such a conclusion was no surprise since Zhang Ye was the original author anyway. Of course he would have understood the passage more clearly than Master Zhou!

Some people had posted Zhang Ye's words onto the internet. Including some of those poems and couplets from earlier. Such beautiful things had to be shared!

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Online.

The Calligraphy Association's anniversary gathering was suddenly in the spotlight!

"Having crossed the vast oceans, I can no longer take a river seriously"

"If it's not on Mount Wushan, it's not a cloud? What a great poem!"

"Where girls, with no thoughts of a perished kingdom? A Song of

Courtyard Flowers?"

"Damn it! 寂寞寒窗空守寡 (jì mò hán chuāng kōng shǒu guǎ, in this lonely and tiny unit as a widow)? How can there be a second verse to this!"

"Quick, everyone! Read this 'Ode of Mulan'! It's really too awesome! Who wrote it?"

"I would like to know too! These other poems are acceptable even if they were good, but 'Ode of Mulan' was really too shockingly good! These words, this literary style, such a story, who could have told it?"

"Look at the signature on this picture!"

"This....this looks like Zhang something?"

"F\*\*k! It's Zhang Ye!"

"Ah! The signature is really Zhang Ye's!"

Thereafter, someone called Eastern Being on Weibo, supposedly a person who was at the Calligraphy Association gathering and also the original poster of the original articles clarified below, "Today is the anniversary gathering of the Calligraphy Association. It is also Peking University's Vice President Wu Zeqing's birthday. Teacher Zhang Ye was invited to join in the occasion and came up with these poems and couplet. Regarding the finale piece, which was

'Ode of Mulan', it was a gift from Teacher Little Zhang to President Wu for her birthday. When the poem was written, it felt to me as if there would no longer be any other folk song poems anymore. 'Ode of Mulan' is really the pinnacle of folk song poems!"

The viewers all became excited.

"Aha? It's really written by Teacher Zhang?"

"Fuck, when did Zhang Ye pick up calligraphy?"

"Is there anything Teacher Zhang Ye does not know? How does he know everything?"

"Hur Hur, this sort of poem, I guess only Zhang Ye could have written it. With this kind of literary depth and storytelling skills combined, I'm afraid that in this world, only Zhang Ye has this sort of ability to write that! Not only is he a literary practitioner, he's even a best-selling novelist!"

"I don't care who wrote it! 'Ode of Mulan' is just too good! It makes my blood boil with passion! Mulan is truly a female warrior amongst female warriors! A role model!"

"This is too awesome!"

"Mulan's is too cool!"

"Good words, great passage! Teacher Zhang has shown his prowess again!"

"Who else is at the gathering right now? Quickly tell us everything in detail!"

Someone really came forward to report what had happened at the gathering. It was relayed through this person how Zhang Ye battled over 10 calligraphers in a competition and how 'Ode of Mulan' was composed on the spot!

Everyone became excited when they heard this!

A calligraphy competition?

Perfect victory?

Zhang Ye's too awesome! There was the tempo of one man holding out against ten thousand!

"Ode of Mulan" had been forwarded by countless people and began appearing on other Tieba pages and large discussion forums. It had won over numerous women!

In the past, even though Zhang Ye was liked by people of all genders and ages, the people who liked him were mainly men. After all, the things that Zhang Ye wrote were usually violent things like hitting, killing, and scolding people. He spoke about things like the 'Three Kingdoms' and 'Dream of the Red Chamber',

which were ancient classic works which were studied more by men. Although many women liked to read 'Dream of the Red Chamber' too, most of them just read it and didn't stress about the details, but men liked to research such topics and as such, 70% of Zhang Ye's fanbase was male, but when "Ode of Mulan" was born, Zhang Ye suddenly had his "affinity with women" shoot right up. His female fanbase also multiplied exponentially!

.....

Over here.

It was almost 3 in the afternoon.

The gathering had come to an end. Everyone had had their fill of food and drinks.

Su Na took the Millennial Impossibility couplet from President Wu and left satisfied with her father. The other guests also began to leave.

Zhang Ye had been made to drink a lot with Mr Feng and a few other calligraphers and was now pretty drunk. He could barely stand straight as he walked over to Wu Zeqing to say goodbye, "President Wu." He hiccuped as he said, "So then, I'll be.....crazed, you be... what's that thing, do you need me to send you back?"

Wu Zeqing had a lot of presents piled up beside her.

He only heard her say, "You've had so much to drink, how would you go back?"

"I drove here, so I have to drive back." Zhang Ye spoke with a fat tongue, but his mind was actually clear, "It'll be OK, don't worry."

Master Zhou heard him, "Yo, you shouldn't do that. If you drank, then don't drive. Let me arrange someone to send you home instead?"

Wu Zeqing smiled, "Don't bother Master Zhou. Since I did not drive here today and there are so many gifts, I could send Little Zhang back in his car. He doesn't stay too far from me."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "It's fine, President Wu."

"Just listen to me." She said, "You're already walking so wobbly, how could you drive a car?"

A heavily drunk Mr Feng also said, "Right, let....hic.....let Little Wu send you. If there's a....another chance... let's have a drink together, just the two of us brothers....again!"

Zhang Ye replied toughly, "No problem!"

They had even become brothers now. Mr Feng was actually even older than Zhang Ye's parents.

In the end, a few people helped Wu Zeqing load up all her gifts into Zhang Ye's BMW X5. They stacked them all in the back seat of the car and Wu Zeqing put Zhang Ye in the front passenger seat before grabbing the keys from his hand. She then said goodbye to Master Zhou and the others before driving off.

"Sit still." Wu Zeqing reminded.

"Yea." Zhang Ye rubbed his temple.

She shook her head and smiled as she reached out to put the seat belt across Zhang Ye's chest. "That'll do."

Ring, ring, ring.

On the way back, Zhang Ye's cellphone rang.

It was his leader, Wang Xiong, from Weiwo WebTV.

Zhang Ye answered, "Hello, Director.....Wang."

Wang Xiong could hear what was happening, "Little Zhang, what's the matter? You had a few drinks?"

"I had some, but still...OK." Zhang Ye said, "Is there something you want to say?"

Wang Xiong noticed that he was still clear-minded, and said, "It's like this, we just received news that the SARFT's revocation on your broadcast license has been lifted. We have also applied for your broadcast hosting qualifications to be reinstated. Zhang Ye's Talk Show can start airing again. Since it's almost Lunar New Year, you don't need to come back to Shanghai as all the episodes have already been recorded and are ready for broadcast, but there's something I need to let you know about." Saying that, his tone suddenly became more serious. "We've received some information which may or may not be reliable. There are rumors that the SARFT is preparing for another crackdown."

Crackdown?

Another crackdown?

Zhang Ye begrudgingly said, "Didn't they just finish a crackdown recently?"

Wang Xiong said, "They are probably going to introduce some strict policies, which we are not clear about yet. Most of it is only hearsay, but to prevent any surprises, we had a discussion. We've decided to begin re-airing your Talk Show program from today and also to line up 4 to 5 episodes a day, not once a day as previously planned. On the surface, we are going to say that this is to make up for the stoppage of the broadcast and to prevent our loss in audience numbers. This will be the reason why we upload more content. Realistically speaking, we are trying to finish airing your talk show before the announcement of new policies because your program is actually treading on pretty thin ice with them. No one knows what policies are exactly right now, but rather than getting



taken by surprise and having the possibility of your talk show being taken off air again, we will follow this new plan. This is why I've called you to inform you."

Zhang Ye said, "OK, I will leave it up to the company."

Wang Xiong laughed, "Alright then, that's all. You didn't drive, did you? Don't drive after drinking. Go back and home rest early. I'll see you after the new year."

"OK, have a happy new year."

"OK, thank you. Send my regards to your parents."

After saying a little more, they hung up.

When he put his phone away, Zhang Ye's head tilted to the side and he immediately fell asleep!

# Chapter 376: A Perfect Wife And Mother!

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He was dreaming.

His cellphone suddenly rang.

Zhang Ye woke up. In a state of confusion, he touched himself all over before he finally found his cellphone in his pocket. He yawned as he answered the call, "Hi, who is this?"

"Who do you think it is?" It was his mother's voice.

He sleepily answered, "Mum, what's the matter?"

His mother asked, "Why aren't you home yet? What time is it already?"

Zhang Ye was a little stunned and repeated, "What time is it?"

"Why don't you check? It's already past 7 at night. Your dad and I have been waiting for you to eat dinner. I called you earlier, but there was no answer. Where are you? Why were you sleeping? Didn't you go to your leader's birthday celebration?" His mother said angrily, "Are you still coming home for dinner?"

He answered, "Not eating, don't wait up for me."

"Alright, don't come home too late then." His mother instructed.

He said, "OK. By the way, the talk show has started re-broadcasting. The videos should already be online."

His mother said, "I will tell your cousins about them. They've always been grumbling saying they were waiting to watch it again."

When they hung up, Zhang Ye began to look at his surroundings. Damn, it was already dark outside!

Where was he?

Where did he end up?

Zhang Ye had a small gap in his memory. He couldn't react and felt that he had slept for a long time.

The moonlight wasn't too bright either and he couldn't see around him clearly. All he knew was that he was on a bed, so he felt around to look for a bedside lamp.

Ba da.

The light switched on as it illuminated the surroundings.

There was an aroma of flower petals in the room.

All Zhang Ye could see was a gorgeous setting in what was a bedroom, but unlike a normal room, this place was huge, about 30-40 square meters! It was a bedroom that was larger than the place that he rented in Jiaomen. There was a sofa, a work desk, and even a shag carpet on the floor. On the carpet, there was a tea table with tea making accessories on it. It gave off a feeling of fusion of the luxurious east and west design, of which still mainly inclined towards the eastern style. It was so detailed, that there was even a Kongming Lamp and ink paintings hanging on the walls. It could be said that a lot of special attention had been paid to the interior of this house.

It looked very familiar! Was this Wu Zeqing's house?

Zhang Ye slapped himself on the head to wake himself up. He finally remembered that earlier in the afternoon, it was Wu Zeqing who sent him back home, but as he was so drunk and delirious that he couldn't give his home address, so she drove back to her place at Taoran Pavilion instead. After that, Zhang Ye went upstairs and climbed into a bed and had fallen asleep, until now.

What had this come to!?

That Old Feng kept forcing me to drink!

Zhang Ye quickly got out of the bed as he realized that he did not have any shoes. There was only a pair of women's cotton slippers that were placed neatly to the side. It was a new pair. Sigh, I'll just wear them. Zhang Ye stepped into the slipper and carefully pushed

opened the door. There was no one in the corridor of the second floor, but he could hear some noise from downstairs, even though it wasn't too clear.

Downstairs.

The aroma of cooking drifted out.

This was an open kitchen partitioned by a bar counter top. Wu Zeqing was busily preparing something inside. She had already changed out of her dress, which she had been wearing to the afternoon's gathering and was now in a simple getup of a sporting wear. She wore an apron and was also wearing the same type of slippers as Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye said embarrassingly, "President Wu."

She did not hear him as the cooker hood was very loud.

Zhang Ye shouted once more, "President Wu!"

Wu Zeqing, who was busy frying some vegetables, turned around to look. She smiled, "You're awake?" Then she reached up and switched off the cooker hood, "Did you sleep well?"

Zhang Ye smiled sheepishly. "I've caused you trouble. I was so drunk that I didn't know my own bearings and even ended up staying over at your place. My actions were too inappropriate."

"You're welcome." Wu Zeqing continued cooking, "Take a seat and wait for a little. Dinner's almost ready. If you still hadn't woken up, I would have called you anyway."

Zhang Ye pretended to rub his hands politely, "Is that alright?"

She smiled, "Don't worry about it. Hur Hur, take a seat."

Zhang Ye then said, "Alright then. I'm really feeling the hunger since I didn't have much in the afternoon. That Teacher Feng kept forcing me to drink." He rubbed his belly.

A few minutes later.

The final dish was ready.

Zhang Ye rushed over to help, "Let me bring it out."

Wu Zeqing gently brushed his hand aside, "There's no need for you to. You just have to wait to eat." Saying this, she brought the dish over to the dinner table and undid her apron, "There's still soup and that's it." She looked over at the cooker, "It still needs a little while more, so let's start eating first. It will be done once by the time we finish eating." Northerners usually had their soup after eating, not before.

3 dishes and some soup.

Zhang Ye praised, "It's such a spread. The servings are so much."

Wu Zeqing sat down, "If you can't finish, we can always put it in the fridge. I can finish it up tomorrow."

Zhang Ye said in surprise, "You eat leftovers?"

"What's wrong with eating leftovers?" Wu Zeqing said gracefully, "It's not good to waste."

Zhang Ye smiled, "Of course there won't be anything wasted. If I can't finish it, can I bring it home?" As he said that, he picked up the chopsticks to grab a piece of eggplant and put it into his mouth. He chewed a few times before claiming, "Don't worry, there definitely would not be any leftovers. I'll finish it all!"

Wu Zeqing asked, "Are you sure?"

"It's more than OK!" He said, "I didn't expect you would be such a good cook."

Wu Zeqing laughed, "I've been living alone for so many years, so I get a lot of practice, but of course, I can't compare to a professional."

"No! You can definitely match them!" Zhang Ye began devouring his dinner.

Wu Zeqing did not eat the same way as he did. She was much more gentle and mild.

It wasn't apple-polishing. Wu Zeqing's culinary skills were really too good. Zhang Ye's mother's culinary skills weren't too bad, but she was only good at one or two specialty dishes. The landlord auntie's cooking was the most authentic to him, and she was good at any dish that she made. However, Rao Aimin's did not put much importance into the dishes' outlook and was only very delicious. Wu Zeqing's dishes' were both good in their outlook and taste. This befitted her status as someone who dabbled in the arts. Comparatively, Zhang Ye preferred Wu Zeqing's meal, as she would not allow him to even touch the plates compared to attempting to even get a meal out of his landlady? He would have to be barked at to do all sorts of errands and to help her out. It was not relaxing at all to get a meal from her.

"The slippers are a little small?"

"Oh, it's fine."

"I've put your shoes into the shoe cabinet. There are usually no guests at my house, so I did not prepare any slippers for men, which is why I got a pair of my slippers for you instead. They are brand new."

"Aiyo, you could have just left my shoes there. It's so troublesome to let you do all this...."



"There aren't many rules at my place. Here, try some of this."

"Oh, thank you."

Suddenly, Zhang Ye looked up and caught a glimpse of a scroll of words. It was his "Ode of Mulan", which had already been framed and was now hanging in the living room, "Eh, you've already put it up?"

Wu Zeqing turned around to look at it, "Yes, I happened to have another piece which was similar in size to 'Ode of Mulan'. Since I had planned on changing it for some time, I took that one out and switched it with this. This dinner was also meant to thank you for the gift. I really like it so much. Tonight, I will try to find a place in the bedroom to see if I can hang it in there instead. If it looks good, I will leave it in the bedroom instead."

Zhang Ye was delighted, "As long as you like it, then there's no need to thank me. I don't have other things to offer except this bit of capability."

Wu Zeqing laughed, "How is it just a bit of capability? What you have inside of you is not something that any ordinary person has. Even if we don't mention other things, just your calligraphy basics are enough to qualify you to be a calligraphy teacher. I've written calligraphy for so many years and I don't dare to say that I'm better than you in writing styles."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Don't mind me, but I've seen your calligraphy before and your skills are many times better than

mine. It's just a coincidence that my writing style is a little more unique."

He finished eating the dishes.

Zhang Ye had really swept all the dishes clean.

Wu Zeqing, looking rather satisfied, asked, "Can you still eat more?"

"Yes, I can. I can eat whatever is given to me." Zhang Ye replied, "It was too delicious."

"There's still soup. Let me get a bowl for you." Wu Zeqing walked gracefully into the kitchen and used a spoon to taste test it. She nodded and then turned off the fire.

Zhang Ye gulped down the soup, "Hu... this time, I'm really full!"

Wu Zeqing blew at the soup and took small sips, as she asked, "What do you intend to do after the Lunar New Year? Do you intend to continue being a host? Go back to the entertainment industry? Have you considered doing other things?"

Zhang Ye wiped his mouth and answered, "I think I can speak honestly with you. My goal is not truly the entertainment industry. Maybe you'd think I'm joking if I told you, but my dream is to become the most famous celebrity in the world. The path I have taken is probably not considered to be the typical route seen

by those in the entertainment industry. Other people would write books after they became famous, while I wrote a novel to become famous. I'm always doing the opposite from others, if you noticed, but then again, with my kind of looks, I doubt I'd go far if I took the conventional route. Because of this, I could only find other ways to give myself a chance. If writing poems brings me fame, then fine, I will write more. If I can get exposure by teaching at Peking University, then I will teach to the best of my ability, as that is also for the sake of the students. I won't mess up even if I had some ulterior motive in taking up the post. This is why I have become more enlightened about such things nowadays. I'm not limited to just the entertainment industry. A celebrity depends on fame. With fame, I can do well in whatever industry I want. Write a book? Write calligraphy? Write songs? I'd do all of it to help me advance into the world stage."

Wu Zeqing did not say a word and just listened.

Zhang Ye self-deprecatingly laughed, "Sigh, I have not even shared any of these heartfelt words with my parents. I understand that my goal is a little unrealistic...."

Instead, Wu Zeqing questioned, "Why is it not realistic?"

Zhang Ye was a little taken aback, "You think this is doable?"

Wu Zeqing looked at him, "I think your thoughts on this is quite good. How many of our domestic celebrities, who took the normal route, have managed to step onto the world stage? There are so few of them who managed that. Even among this small number of people, when they got onto the world stage, they could only get

supporting roles. They would never be able to match and compete with those European and American stars, because of the divide in culture and many other factors, if you chose to take the conventional route to reach the top, then maybe at most you would be able to reach the same level as them, but to become an international A-List celebrity? Or even become an international S-list celebrity? That will always be out of reach. Others might not approve of the path that you have chosen, but you are closer than any one of them in reaching the pinnacle of the international stage. Who said that only singing, dancing, and acting are the only ways you can become a celebrity? Who stated that if you don't have good looks, you'd never be able to reach the international stage? Don't bother with what others say. Don't bother with how others see you. If you think it is the right path, then that's all that matters."

Zhang Ye's heart skipped a beat, "Do you really think that way?"

"Not only do I think that way, I even feel that....." Wu Zeqing paused for a moment, "That you can do it."

Zhang Ye said solemnly, "President Wu, thank you. You are the first person to say this to me. I am confident again. Now, I feel that I..... I have a shot at it!"

Wu Zeqing smiled, "Other celebrities may all be taking the same route. They either sing or act, but you are diversified and have so many paths that you can take. Novel writing, calligraphy writing, composing music and writing lyrics, well versed in history and literature, good at modern literature, great speech giving skills, excelling at hosting, and excellent advertising planning and

production in the advertising field. Even in a movie that I recently caught, you appeared in it. That shows you can even act in pugilistic movies. I would ask you this, do you think you have more potential, or do those other stars have more potential? So what if you have dabbled in all sorts of roles?"

Zhang Ye hit on the table, "It doesn't matter if it's a black cat or a white cat! As long as it can catch mice, it is a good cat!" He even brought up a famous quote from a great man.

"That's a true point." Wu Zeqing evaluated further, "Your popularity may not rise as quickly as those singers or actors, but you have a better foundation than them. From here, your path is wider than theirs and your stage will also be bigger. You can do what they can do, but they won't be able to do what you can do, which is why you shouldn't feel less confident just because you are different from them. Creating history is not something for those who follow in the footsteps of others!"

That was extremely well said!

Just look at Old Wu! Such a great analysis!

He had already decided earlier that he would go on this path no matter what, even if it was not going to be a smooth journey, but who cares! Why should he be worried or hesitate about things? He would just shut his eyes and walk all the way to the end! Who says that you must be a singer or actor to qualify to be on the world stage? I wouldn't adhere to that thought no matter what! I will sing and dance and act and write novels and scold people and compose poems and give lectures! I will do anything that can be

done! I will use all the fame I can get to boost myself up onto the international stage!

Bite me!

Can't this bro be versatile in many fields!?!

After reaffirming his beliefs and his path of development, Zhang Ye's heart suddenly felt lighter. He was especially thankful towards Wu Zeqing. Old Wu was too understanding of him and ever since he had arrived at Peking University, she had never doubted him in anything, fully supporting him in all that he did. She was very trusting and this was something that Zhang Ye had never experienced. Those dreams and goals of his, if he had told anyone else, would be taken as unrealistic dreamer talk, but Wu Zeqing did not, she was really too special!

She held an important position.

Had good looks.

A good figure too.

Nice and considerate person.

30 odd years old...Sigh, she's actually not that old.

Er, other than having a weird hobby like taking nude selfies, she

would be considered a perfect wife and mother amongst perfect wives and mothers!

Zhang Ye had a bold thought for the first time. He thought to himself how good it would be if he could marry Wu Zeqing one day!

# Chapter 377: The Continued Rise Of Zhang Ye's Talk Show!

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After the meal.

At Wu Zeqing's home.

"Let me wash the dishes!"

"Put it down."

"No, no. You've already prepared dinner, so you can leave the rest to me."

"This is my house, I don't need you to do such chores."

"That's not right, I won't feel good like this."

"Oh, you.... You've already given me a most precious birthday gift with 'Ode of Mulan'. I intend to keep that with me for the rest of my life, so that I can pass it on to my children."

"That's not worth anything. If you want more, I can write more. Please just let me wash the dishes!"

After fighting for an entire day, Wu Zeqing finally stopped talking and just looked subtly into Zhang Ye's eyes. She did not say



or do anything.

Zhang Ye said, "Please let me do it. You are my leader, so how can I let you keep doing such chores. You're making thing difficult for me, these bowls..... Alright, you do it then!" He had been fazed by Wu Zeqing's stare.

"That's right." Wu Zeqing smiled as she took the bowl from him and started doing the dishes.

He had left all the chores to Wu Zeqing as he could not find anyway to make her let him help out. He stood to the side and paced back and forth. The more he looked at Wu Zeqing, the more he liked her. She was an up and coming civil official, yet did not carry any airs about it and was always mild mannered. This sort of woman couldn't be found anywhere else, even if you looked. Sigh, but even if Zhang Ye wanted to marry her, he didn't think he was qualified enough. He knew that she was out of his league and just based on her status, it seemed like he would never have any hope in this lifetime. He reckoned that Old Wu's standard in looking for a partner was extremely high too, otherwise why would she still be single past 30?

The dishes were done.

It was 8PM now, not too late nor too early.

Wu Zeqing glanced at the time and said, "Come, let's have some tea?"

Zhang Ye cautiously answered, "Why don't I go back instead? It's starting to get late." He was afraid that it would be inconvenient since she was a woman after all. He certainly needed to hold back a little regarding these kinds of matters.

"It's only 8PM. It's still early." Wu Zeqing invited him upstairs.

Zhang Ye didn't say anymore and went back upstairs into Wu Zeqing's bedroom.

This room looked even larger, at least 40 plus square meters. It was not known if this was the standard for villas, or because Wu Zeqing had renovated it to be like this. The bedroom was also arranged in a very neat fashion. In the corner was a large waterbed, while over to one side was a row of wardrobes. It wasn't known whether it was a full wardrobe or made up of one of those 3-tiered wardrobes placed together. There was also a big balcony outside, where some unknown things were placed. It was too dark to see. Over on the other side, there was a TV hung on the wall, which was very large. How large was it? It was just very very large. Zhang Ye had no concept of its exact size, so he could not put a number to it.

Luxurious.

Extravagant.

Wow, how did she do it?

Zhang Ye had earned quite a fair amount of money by working extremely hard, but even if the money was not spent on buying a car, he wouldn't be able to afford a villa in Taoran Pavilion. At most, he'd be able to afford the renovations and decorations added on to it.

"Take a seat. It's already winter and the air's much too humid downstairs. It will be more comfortable upstairs since you aren't wearing too much. The bedroom is smaller and there's a heater too."

"Oh."

"What type of tea do you want to drink?"

"I'll drink whatever you drink."

"Then let's drink Tie Guanyin."

Zhang Ye took off his slippers and sat cross-legged on the thick carpet.

Wu Zeqing also sat down, but instead of a cross-legged posture, it was more closer to kneeling. Her legs was put close to each other, similar to a posture of a mermaid sitting down. She was very particular when it came to drinking tea. Every step in preparing the tea, from the washing of the tea leaves, pouring of the tea, and the serving of the tea to each of them was according to a procedure. "Here, try some."

After taking a sip, Zhang Ye said, "Good tea!"

Since he didn't know any better, he would just say that it was good and it would be fine.

By now, Zhang Ye had already noticed Wu Zeqing's legs. At home, she wore very ordinary looking track pants, which was gray in color, but even that couldn't hide her alluring figure. That virtuous demeanor of a housewife, which made him very comfortable around her, could not be suppressed within. The gentle and warm seduction came from within her, even without that traditional getup of a qipao. Her charms of a classical beauty were still very apparent. With every smile, that charm would exude a little. Somehow, it was just the type of feeling similar to how chocolate would melt once you put it in your mouth, releasing the taste and aroma of the cocoa bit by bit.... It was just that sort of a feeling.

Her feet were exposed and she was wearing a pair of flesh-colored pantyhose, but he was unsure if it was the long or short type.

Zhang Ye had already taken several looks at the pair of beautiful legs, but still found it irresistible. He took another sip of tea and stole another glance, then felt that Wu Zeqing's eyes had caught him looking. He did not know if she knew that he was looking, so he quickly found a topic to talk about, "Oh, President Wu. My 'Zhang Ye Talk Show' is back on broadcast today. Can we watch it at our house here?" Beijingers had a more pleasant and courteous way of speaking. They usually referred it as 'our house' rather than 'your house', making it sound friendlier.

Wu Zeqing put down her cup of tea, "Of course we can. Hur Hur, I've watched a few of your Talk Shows before, but not in great detail. Let's use the TV to watch. I would like to watch it properly too." Then she stood up and brought over a laptop and switched it on before connecting it to the TV, "Which website can we watch it on?"

"Allow me." Zhang Ye said as he navigated to the website.

He found the video very quickly and three new episodes of the Talk Show had already been posted online. They seemed to have been uploaded around 6PM.

He clicked on it.

The video started playing.

A promotional footage appeared on the TV screen. It was that "I'll feed a bag of salt to myself" introduction.

Wu Zeqing and Zhang Ye both sat down again to watch the long awaited rebroadcast of the program while sipping their tea.

Zhang Ye was feeling a sense of unease since it had already been some time since his Talk Show had been banned from broadcasting. He did not know if its popularity had declined. In any case, he wasn't feeling too optimistic as he knew it would have definitely been somewhat affected. What's more, to circumvent

the possible policies by SARFT, his company had to release a few episodes per day. This would not maximize the accumulation of his reputation, but there was no other way to go about this. This was how the industry was like, and policies were unchangeable. He could only do his best within the restrictions. Besides, he might even get more reputation than before, since there was no similar talk shows in this world. Those copycat programs were only trying to make the numbers, but none of them had the proper formula for a successful talk show. Their hosts also did not have what it took to be a talk show host like Zhang Ye. As such, there was only one true talk show and essentially no competitors, so even if the popularity of the show were to decline, it wouldn't be by much.

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"Speaking of manners, this is a traditional virtue of our nation, but there was one day when I met someone while driving my car. That person left me very frustrated....So, you might not get a reply of 'It's fine' even if you said 'Sorry', but if you say 'Damn you', then you would surely receive a reply of 'Damn you' too!"

Wu Zeqing was amused.

Zhang Ye looked at her, feeling very proud.

.....

"Nowadays, some advertisements really leave people speechless, don't they? I believe that most of us have heard of some advertisement lines like 'Don't let your child lose before they even

start in life'. Every time I hear these words, I only feel a sense of helplessness. How can a child lose before they even start? It's impossible! There's no logic to that. Just look at how a track event is organized. Everyone begins at the starting point, waiting for the starting pistol's signal. If everyone is beginning the race at the same line, how could they lose before they even start? Don't tell me the the pistol is not pointed upwards, but towards your head? Shooting you down? That is why you lost at the starting line?"

.....

An episode finished playing.

Wu Zeqing laughed out from time to time, seemingly enjoying the show.

Zhang Ye blinked, "I'm just spouting rubbish, why don't we stop watching?"

"It's rather interesting." Wu Zeqing laughed, "Let's continue watching the next episode. This satirical and entertaining style of current affairs is truly worthy of being an example to other variety shows."

Upon receiving this acknowledgment, Zhang Ye suddenly became very excited. He immediately began playing the next few episode and watched it with Wu Zeqing. He even went online to check the feedback from the netizens.

On Weibo, there wasn't much of a stir.

But Weiwo WebTV's online discussion board had blown up!

"Wah! It's being broadcasted again!"

"Heavens! It's finally back!"

"I've been waiting for the stars and the moon! And finally managed to wait for Teacher Zhang's return!"

"It's too exciting, I won't say anything else. Let me finish watching another episode before I say anything else!"

"Hahahaha! It's too funny! Teacher Zhang Ye is still as humorous and funny as before!"

"I was afraid that after the SARFT suspended Teacher Zhang's license, he would have been too depressed and in turn, affect the quality of the show. Who knew that this wasn't the case at all! It's still the same as before!"

"You thought too much! Teacher Zhang Ye is such a heartless and cold person! How could that have been a blow to him?"

"Previous poster, you thought too much too. I heard that these few episodes had already been recorded over 2 weeks ago."



"Aiya, it's really too enjoyable to watch! It's nice, it's nice! I've been waiting half a month now! At last, I have not been disappointed!"

"Ah ah ah ah! Did you guys see the news update on the official website? For today's broadcast, there will be a total of 5 episodes! And it seems like they will be doing the same for tomorrow and the day after too!"

"Really? That's great!"

"There are so many episodes to look forward to now! Long live Teacher Zhang!"

"My tears are flowing non-stop! Thank you God!"

"A lecture on 'Dream of the Red Chamber', the composing of 'Ode of Mulan', I do not understand all of the literary stuff and I'm not that cultured, but I totally love 'Zhang Ye Talk Show'!"

"Teacher Zhang! You are the best!"

"I'm a woman and I did not know about Zhang Ye before. Today, I read an amazing passage called 'Ode of Mulan' which nearly made me cry. I was so touched by it. This was how I got to know about Zhang Ye and I began to go through all his previous works like crazy. I read all of his poetry and modern poems before finding out about 'Zhang Ye Talk Show'. I think I have heard of it from several of my male colleagues who mentioned it by name, yet I did not

bother and had not planned on watching it., but I did today and I can only say that I am impressed! It's really too good! Thank you 'Ode of Mulan' for letting me find out about Zhang Ye! Thank you Teacher Zhang Ye for bringing such a good program to me! Your humor and talent are a treasure to this world!"

"I also came here because of 'Ode of Mulan'. I wanted to take a look at the talent who wrote such a good poem. In the end, I was just like you. Once I started watching 'Zhang Ye's Talk Show', I could not stop! It's too good! Why didn't I watch this earlier?! Zhang Ye is really amazing!"

Zhang Ye checked the view counts of the episodes and found that it didn't perform any poorer than before. In a matter of a few hours, it had comfortably reached 5 million views. The heaviness in his heart had dropped. It wasn't bad at all! His popularity did not drop and it was the best outcome that Zhang Ye could possibly think of!

# Chapter 378: Staying Over At Sis Wu's House!

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An episode finished playing.

Another episode finished playing.

More than an hour had already passed.

"Little Zhang, this program of yours is rather good."

"Thank you for President Wu's praise. I'll carry on working hard."

"Stop calling me President Wu. This isn't the school, and I'm not that much older than you. Call me Sis Wu. Since you lowered yourself to help my nephew with his endorsement, I won't be able to treat you as an outsider."

"Alright, Sis Wu."

"Are there anymore? Let's watch another episode."

"Sure, there are still two more episodes."

"Eh, what time is it? I haven't looked at the time."

"Oh, it's almost ten."

"Then let's stop watching. Go home early and get some rest. Hur Hur, but before you leave, help me move some stuff things from downstairs. Move that 'Ode of Mulan' to my bedroom. It's quite tough for me to carry alone as it's quite heavy."

"No problem, leave it to me!"

"Then, thanks a lot."

"Heh, why are you being so courteous to me. Don't go downstairs, I'll bring it up."

Zhang Ye stood up and went out of the room with his slippers on. He walked downstairs. He was not very accustomed to sitting cross-legged. His legs had gone numb after more than an hour. As he walked down the stairs, he massaged his legs. Finally, he took the framed 'Ode of Mulan' down from the wall and brought it back up. In the room, Wu Zeqing was tiptoeing, removing a frame to create space on the wall.

Hanging up the calligraphy piece.

"Is this alright, Sis Wu?"

"A little more to this side."

"Left? Now?"

"Alright, it's very straight. It's good now."

With a glance, with the addition of this calligraphy piece in the room, the entire feeling felt upgraded. It was pretty good. The scale and feeling made it extremely comfortable.

Wu Zeqing was very satisfied. "Alright, then I'll leave it hanging here."

At this moment, Zhang Ye's phone rang. It was Mom. He turned his head sideways and said, "I need to answer my mother's call." Then he pressed a button, "Hello, Mom."

Mom angrily said, "Didn't I tell you to come back early!?"

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "I had something going on here. I'll be back."

"What time is it for you to have things going on!?" Mom gritted her teeth and said, "Your Dad and I have been waiting for you all night! After all this waiting, we can't wait any longer. Are you going to let us sleep? If you aren't coming home, then don't come back. We are going to sleep and no one will open the door for you! Go wherever you want to go!"

Zhang Ye said in exasperation, "Don't! I didn't bring my key!"

Mom harrumphed, "Who told you not to bring it!?"

"I didn't grab the house key when I left this afternoon. I only took my car's key." Zhang Ye said.

Mom said very unhappily, "Your Dad and I can't stay awake any longer. We still have work tomorrow!" Saying that, she hung up.

Wu Zeqing asked with a smile, "What's the matter?"

Zhang Ye gave a wry smile, "I've angered my Mom. She's unhappy that I'm coming back so late. I also didn't bring my house keys. Hai, if I were to go home and knock on the door, I'd get another round of scolding." If he had not lost his sense of time while watching the talk shows, he would have returned home earlier.

Wu Zeqing crouched down to put away the tea utensils. As she picked them up and was about to wash them, she said, "If you are afraid of disturbing your parents' sleep, you can stay here for the night. I have many rooms here anyway. You can sleep in that bedroom. It's not inconvenient in any way."

Zhang Ye's eyelids twitched as he blinked his eyes, saying, "That's not appropriate, right?"

As there was a bathroom in the bedroom, Wu Zeqing washed the cups there. As the rush of water from the tap was heard, she said

while washing the cups, "It's alright. What's the big deal?" Some errant drops of water splashed onto her tracksuit.

Zhang Ye coughed and said, "That..."

Wu Zeqing looked over nonchalantly. "If you are staying, I also have new toothbrushes and towels for you. They are in the tiny drawer just below the sink. Take them yourself."

Stay?

Should he?

He used 0.01 seconds to decide!

Zhang Ye touched his nose and said, "Alright, then I'll be intruding for the night. My parents have been suffering from insomnia, if I were to awake them, it would also affect their work tomorrow."

"Then go ahead and take the towel and toothbrush."

Zhang Ye walked over as Wu Zeqing's body slightly shifted out of the way.

Sis Wu's feminine smell assaulted his olfactory senses. It was unknown if it was the smell of perfume or the lingering fragrance from laundry, but it was very mild and fragrant. Zhang Ye bent his

back to search for it. He was nearly stuck to Wu Zeqing, who was washing the cups. Their clothes also came into contact.

"Is it this drawer?"

"The lower one. Yes."

"Found it."

Just as he took the things out, his arm jerked and accidentally touched Wu Zeqing's body. His elbow pressed into Sis Wu's meaty thigh. It was extremely soft, giving his heart trepidations.

So ample!

The touch felt great!

"Sorry, sorry." Zhang Ye hurriedly apologized.

Wu Zeqing smiled and turned off the water. She was done washing. "It's alright."

"Then...I'll be going out." Zhang Ye got up.

Wu Zeqing nodded. "OK. I'll be sleeping after taking a shower. Good night."



"Good night Sis Wu." Zhang Ye bade farewell and left the master bedroom.

.....

In one of the auxiliary bedrooms.

He had returned to the room. Closing the door, he sat on the bed and touched his elbow that had come into contact with Wu Zeqing's thigh. The soft feeling seemed to still linger there. As he lay on the bed, he took out his cellphone to check the news. He looked at the evaluation the public had towards the re-airing of his talk show. After exchanging a few words with his fans, he sent a text message to Mom saying he would be staying at a friend's place. In the following half an hour, Zhang Ye had nothing to do. He had been sleeping from noon til evening, so he could not fall asleep either.

He idled for a long period of time.

Zhang Ye finally decided to take a bath.

After taking off his clothes, he entered the bathroom. There was a bathtub here and it was pretty big. He turned on the water, planning to take a warm bath before going to bed.

However, the water was cold.

Why was the water cold?

Zhang Ye did not know if the water heater was broken, or if he did not know how to use such an upscale product. After messing with it for some time, he still could not figure it out. This fellow was so cold that his teeth began chattering. As he breathed in the cold air, he had been wetted by the water. It was cold. He rummaged through the drawers and found a new bathrobe inside the bathroom. It was still sealed, but he tore it open and wore it before rushing out of his room. If it had been summertime, Zhang Ye could have made do with it. After all, it was someone else's house. A cold shower was not something unbearable, but this was Beijing's winter. It was not just any ordinary cold. His body was now damp with cold water, and he needed to warm his body quickly with hot water or he would definitely catch a cold.

Was Old Wu sleeping?

She shouldn't be sleeping. In the past, when Zhang Ye chatted with Water Lotus Moon on the internet, they usually happened late at night. President Wu probably did not sleep too early.

Dong dong.

He went to the master bedroom and knocked on the door.

A female's voice came from inside. "Little Zhang?"

"Sis Wu, yeah, it's me." Zhang Ye held onto his bathrobe and trembled.

The woman's fine voice said, "What's the matter? Is something wrong?"

Zhang Ye said, "I don't know how to work your water heater in the auxiliary bathroom. It's all cold water, and it's really too cold. Could you tell me how to control the temperature?"

"Is that so? Alright, let me take a look."

Moments after she said that, the bedroom's door opened.

However, when Zhang Ye saw Wu Zeqing who walked out, he was completely dumbfounded. This was because Old Wu was no longer wearing the tracksuit from before. Nor was she in pajamas or bathrobes after taking a bath. She was wearing a qipao late at night. It was pure black in color. There were bright red flowers embroidered on it. They resembled peonies, and she wore a pair of flesh-colored stockings. Her footwear was black heels that were about 8 or 9 centimeters high. Her hair had clearly been blown dry and had the faint fragrance of shampoo, but they were now bundled up behind her head. It made great contrast with the black qipao. There was no need to mention about her entire look, it was absolutely stunning!

What was this!?

Was she going out so late at night?

Zhang Ye's head was befuddled with questions. "You are..."

Then he suddenly thought of Wu Zeqing's hobby and immediately understood. For her to wear this full getup, then Old Wu was probably taking selfies. No wonder!

Wu Zeqing did not respond. "Let's go."

"Hai, sorry for troubling you." Zhang Ye did not carry on probing.

After entering the auxiliary bedroom, Wu Zeqing went to the bathroom to turn on the water. As she tested it with her hand, she said, "Oh, it's really cold."

Her qipao was the short kind. The ends of her skirt did not even reach her knees. With her bending over, the fabric around her ample buttocks stretched upwards. It did not reveal anything, but it was pretty close. Two legs in flesh-colored stockings that stretched out entered Zhang Ye's vision while he stood at the entrance to the bathroom. Wu Zeqing's figure was very good to begin with. Her legs were long, and now with a pair of high heels, it made her even taller. She was even taller than Zhang Ye by a little bit. The proportion between her thighs and upper body was exaggerating as it was extremely attractive!

Wu Zeqing turned around and fiddled with the water heater. In a while, she too seemed out of options. "Ever since I bought this villa, this bedroom has never been used. At best, a few of my family members have stayed here for a few days. The water heater

hasn't been used for a long while. It's all individual water heaters, so it might be spoilt."

Zhang Ye shrugged his shoulders. "Then forget it, I'll not bathe."

Wu Zeqing looked at him and smiled. "Enough of that. Look at how cold you are. You just touched cold water, so how can you not have a hot bath? The cold would get to your bones." Then, she walked out and patted Zhang Ye on the shoulder. "Let's go. Go use my bathroom. It's working there. As for the water heater here, I'll get someone to fix it next time."

Zhang Ye dryly smiled and said, "There's really no need."

"Heed my advice. Don't catch a cold." Wu Zeqing brought him into the master bedroom and pointed to the bathroom. "I was just done bathing. The water hasn't been emptied, so drain it before filling it again. Then, I'll leave it to you."

Zhang Ye could only say, "Alright, then enjoy your rest."

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "There's no work tomorrow, so I won't be sleeping too early."

"Alright, then I'll take my bath first. It will be quick." Zhang Ye then entered the bathroom and closed the door. He saw a tub of hot water with rose petals scattered on the surface. The tub was still full and when he tested the water temperature with his hand, it was not very hot, but it was acceptable. Wu Zeqing had

apparently finished bathing at least ten minutes ago. There was still some shampoo and bath foam floating on the water surface. It was quite weird seeing this.

# Chapter 379: Taking Photos For Old Wu!

---

In the bathroom.

A lingering fragrance attacked the nose.

Should he change the water?

Old Wu had already had her bath, change the water?

Forget it, there's no need to change it. This bro doesn't mind even if you are dirty!

Zhang Ye was eager to just quickly have his bath and get out. After all, he was in a woman's bedroom having a bath, so it was still a little inappropriate. Besides, it was getting late too? So, he didn't change the water and just turned on the hot water, took off his bathrobe, and stepped into the bathtub. He submerged into the water fully. There was no shower head either, so he had to make do. Zhang Ye wet his hair before apply shampoo.

His face was all wet.

It was the same water that Sis Wu had dipped in earlier.

Thinking of this, Zhang Ye's heart was beating faster and faster.

Outside, a woman's voice could be heard, "Is the water alright? Is

the heater spoiled too?"

"No, no." Zhang Ye shouted out, "The water's warm here, it's not spoiled."

"Alright then." The gentle voice said, "You did not bring the towel over just now, let me go get it for you. If you didn't lock the door, I will open it and put it inside for you."

Zhang Ye said, "The door's unlocked, but then....."

She laughed and said, "It's OK, Big Sis won't peek. I'm coming in then?"

There was only a towel in here which Wu Zeqing had used earlier, nothing else.

Zhang Ye considered for a moment before answering, "Alright, sorry for troubling you."

The bathroom door creaked as it was being opened. Zhang Ye looked over to see Wu Zeqing come in halfway, facing sideways and not looking at him directly. She reached out to put the towel onto the clothes drawer beside the door before stepping back out and closing the door, "Alright, you can continue with your bath."

Zhang Ye heaved a sigh of relief. Luckily for him, Old Wu did not see him using the water that she was using earlier. Otherwise, it would have been quite awkward and embarrassing. He then



quickly sped up his bathing.

He was done bathing within 10 minutes.

He started to drain the water and dry his body.

At last, Zhang Ye walked out comfortably from the bathroom saying, "I'm done with my bath, Sis Wu."

When he stepped out from the shower, Zhang Ye was stunned by what he saw.

Wu Zeqing smiled, "That quick?"

"Ah, yea." Zhang Ye's eyes shone.

Because at this moment, Wu Zeqing was lying on her bed in her black qipao and high heels and holding a DSLR camera in her hands. When she saw Zhang Ye, she did not look embarrassed whatsoever. She snapped two photos of her thighs and then re-tied her hair while saying, "Taking a picture before I sleep has become a habit of mine. I'm already at this age, so if I don't keep some memories of myself when I'm still young, I will never get a chance to in the future. Do you usually do photography?"

Zhang Ye coughed, "No, not really."

"You are also in the artistic field and have a very wide range of

interests like calligraphy, novels, literature, Hur Hur, but why aren't you interested in photography?" She asked.

Damn, I may be in the artistic field, but I'm not as artistic as you to be doing body photography! We are in two very different fields within art!

Zhang Ye said, "I like photography too. If only I were as good looking as you, I would be taking pictures everyday as well, but my looks are really just too normal, so I don't really take many photos."

Wu Zeqing glanced at him, "You aren't bad, your body is quite proportionate too."

Zhang Ye did not know whether to laugh or cry, "Don't praise me, I know what I am worth."

Wu Zeqing nodded and said, "I still want to take a few more photos, after that it'll be time to sleep."

Zhang Ye understood, "Alright, then you rest early. I'm going back to my room." When he was about to turn around to exit the room, he suddenly had a surge of courage that came from nowhere. Maybe it was because he had a pretty good time with Wu Zeqing and felt that their relationship was no longer as simple as subordinate and superior. Furthermore, Zhang Ye had previously seen Wu Zeqing in those hot photos. He then asked, "The angles by doing it yourself are quite limited. I'll snap some pictures for you?"

After saying so, he immediately regretted!

Holy sh\*t! This bro's really got balls!

How could he say something like this so casually! Old Wu would probably send him running!

Zhang Ye quickly gave an excuse, "Hai, I'm just spouting nonsense. Take it as I did not say anything, I did not say anything!"

But Wu Zeqing's reaction seemed indifferent. She looked at him and replied very calmly, "I'm actually fine with that, but don't you need to sleep?"

When Zhang Ye heard this, he got excited, "I'm not in a rush to sleep since I slept for 3-4 hours earlier in the afternoon. I'm not sleepy, so even if I go back to my room, I would not be able to fall asleep. I'd probably be reading the news on my cellphone."

She asked, "How are your photography skills?"

"It's alright. I'm not too sure myself." Zhang Ye said honestly.

She smiled, "I believe in your artistic style. Alright, I'll be troubling you then?"

Zhang Ye, having received the sacred approval, was now feeling over-excited. It was as though a pie had dropped from the sky for

him. In the past, he had viewed Wu Zeqing's photos before, but those were all taken by herself. He had not seen it 'live' before, "Oh, I will try my best to capture you at your best."

She stretched her hand out and handed him the camera, "Test it out first."

Zhang Ye had really never used an SLR camera before, but it wasn't difficult to pick up either. Of course, those high level techniques were not something that he could pick up just by fiddling with the camera, but simple picture taking wasn't a problem. Besides, even if his technique wasn't good, it would be still be better than Wu Zeqing taking photos of herself. At least when the job of posing and finding the correct angle, as well as pressing the shutter, was separated out, the effect would definitely be much better.

Ka-cha.

Ka-cha.

After trying out by taking a few photos, Zhang Ye had gotten the hang of it.

Wu Zeqing stood up to explain to him how to use the camera, "This main issue for this type of camera is the focus. As long as you adjust it properly, it will be good enough."

Zhang Ye replied in all seriousness, "I understand."

Wu Zeqing said, "Hur Hur, then are we ready?"

"Yes." Zhang Ye made a sign with his hand.

"OK, I'm ready too." Wu Zeqing sat down at the bed's end.

Zhang Ye asked for her opinion, "In this dress? I've already seen you take quite a few photos in it earlier."

Wu Zeqing said, "This dress is fine, I've always gone with it by instinct. If you think another dress would suit me, then Big Sis can change into that. The dresses are all in that wardrobe."

She can even change?

There's too many advantages in doing this!

Zhang Ye asked again, "Not intending to photograph the face?"

"No, not intending to." Wu Zeqing replied.

Zhang Ye was blushing now, but he still asked, "To what scale are we talking about? How about the pose? I....Is it inconvenient if I take the pictures?"

Wu Zeqing said in an easy-going tone, "Come on, don't put too

much pressure on yourself. You've already seen quite a number of Big Sis' pictures, so there's nothing inconvenient about it anymore. I believe in your artistic flair. Whichever pose you think is good, I will do it. Whichever dress you feel looks good, I will change into it. It's fine, I just want it to be well-taken. We will do this according to your artistic direction. I've always been the one fiddling with it myself in the past, so I'm a little biased towards my own style, but as they all say, an observer is always clearer about things, so Big Sis will trust you."

Zhang Ye took a deep breath and said, "OK, then I will try my best."

# Chapter 380: Changing Costumes!

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Inside the room.

There were two dim lights.

There was also a couple, a man and woman.

Zhang Ye was wearing a bathrobe. He had not even bothered to blow dry his hair. It was still dripping with water onto his shoulders. Holding a DSLR, he put on a pretense by gesturing a few times before aiming at Wu Zeqing's legs.

"I'm going to take the photo."

"OK."

"Don't move."

"Alright."

Kacha. The photo was taken.

Zhang Ye checked the photo before bringing it forward for Wu Zeqing to see. "Do you think this would do?"

Wu Zeqing lowered her head and glanced at it. With a smile, she

said, "Yes, it's pretty good. It's much better than when I take them myself. The focus is sharper and the angle is good."

It was unknown if Sis Wu was flattering him or if he truly had talent and skill in photography. Either way, Zhang Ye was brimming with confidence. "Alright, then I'll carry on. As for how the next shot should be, let me think. Why don't you change your posture? This way. Your legs are too beautiful, so let me do a special close up on them?"

Wu Zeqing said, "Up to you."

"Then lean your leg over." Zhang Ye instructed.

Wu Zeqing moved her flesh-colored stocking wearing thigh. "This way?"

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Yes, that's too good. Perfect. I'll be taking another photo."

Kacha, another photo was taken. However, the angle was a bit off, hence he took two pictures consecutively. He focused on Wu Zeqing's lower half of her body, from the ends of her qipao to the high heels. Her meaty flesh looked very alluring. Sis Wu's posture was also very well posed and perfect. In the pictures that "Water Lotus Moon" had sent him in the past, some of them had her legs crossed or her hips perked upwards. Zhang Ye found them a bit wild as there were too many of such pictures on the internet. He had subconsciously been prejudiced by his first impressions. However, when he really saw the poses and expressions Wu Zeqing



made when having photos taken of her, she did not give off any feelings of wildness, instead appeared as elegant and gentle as ever.

Beautiful!

She had the bearing of a perfect wife and mother!

If she wore ancient costumes and entered an ancient era, she would definitely be a motherly model of the nation!

A few minutes later, more than ten photos were taken. There were a few which were deleted due to the effects of a poor angle, leaving behind five photos which looked pretty good on the whole.

"Take a look." Zhang Ye handed the DSLR to her.

After she looked at it, she said, "Oh, they are really not bad."

With his warm up nearly done, Zhang Ye's technique was getting more adept. In the first few pictures, he was still very careful and conventional. It was all the common poses everyone would have when taking pictures. There was nothing worthy of highlighting. Hence, Zhang Ye planned on changing a few angles. However, his heart was beating like a drum and found it awkward, but when he thought of how Sis Wu said everything was up to him to decide, Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony.

Gritting his teeth, he said, "Please sit on the rug."

Wu Zeqing stood up from the bed's end and walked over. "Sit like this?"

"Just stretch out both your legs and sit down. I want a back shot of the rug. It will make it seem softer, since it matches very well with your qipao. The color will also appear to contrast more." Zhang Ye still had the basic ability to appreciate art. Even if he was faking it, this fellow's mouth was able to bullsh\*t all sorts of things. He was, after all, a broadcasting major and his main job was a host, so he had at least that amount of skill. Anyway, whatever pose Zhang Ye especially wanted to see, it would definitely be alright for Wu Zeqing to pose it. After all, the pictures he liked could not be too bad.

Sis Wu followed his instructions. She bent her back and sat in the middle of the rug, with her legs stretched out straight.

Kacha, Kacha. Zhang Ye began snapping pictures. He started off with a long distance shot before slowly approaching. "Can you change your leg's pose slightly?"

"Sure." Wu Zeqing leaned her body slightly and lifted her thighs.

Zhang Ye swallowed his saliva and carried on snapping. "Sis Wu, can you cross one of your legs to your chest?"

Wu Zeqing crossed her leg. The leg on the floor was still straight, but the other leg was crossed over by her chest. It was at an angle of 60 or 70 degrees.

And with that, Wu Zeqing exposed herself!

With her black qipao being on the shorter side, such a pose and such an angle caused her buttocks to contract, so the thigh that was crossed created a big opening in her dress, revealing what was inside her inner thighs. Even the stocking's lines could be seen clearly. Not only was it like a visible panty line, but the central line of the stockings. Protruding beneath the stockings was the color of flesh. It was not the color of skin, but the color of panties. It was apparently a deeper color than her skin.

F\*\*k!

Can I take this?

He wanted to ask first, but felt like he could not force himself to ask!

Eventually, Zhang Ye bolstered his courage and ignored everything. I'll snap it. He constantly pressed the shutter button. As he looked through the pictures, he deleted some. He rejected any of the bad ones, leaving only the ones he was satisfied with. After he was done taking them, he walked over with blinking eyes that hid mixed emotions in them. He bent down, "Do you think these will do?" He had to get her opinion after taking the pictures after all. She had exposed herself quite a bit, and it was at a critical spot.

Wu Zeqing glanced and nodded. "Very good. I have never taken a

photo here before. These pictures of yours really have a nice mix of color."

Zhang Ye heaved a sigh of relief. "Then I'll take a few more. Can you please change the pose?"

Wu Zeqing moved herself and straightened her body. She crossed one leg over the other. Her body was still flat on the ground, but this caused the exposure at the end of her skirt to widen!

Zhang Ye endured the feeling of having his nose bleed. He maintained the composure of an artist. He dedicated his life to art, so what if he bled or sweated!? This bro will endure it! Bring it on! Now, his courage was bolstered. He did not walk far, but slowly crouched down. He took from the side and from the front many pictures of Wu Zeqing's pose from many angles. Some of them were aimed at the opening in her dress, while others were shot from Wu Zeqing's head downwards.

Ba da.

One of the high heels on her right foot fell off.

Stockings were slippery to begin with, and Wu Zeqing was in a pose where her legs were crossed, so she could not wear her heels very well. After the heels fell, she sat up by supporting herself, thinking of picking it up. However, she failed to sit up immediately.

Zhang Ye was by her legs taking photos. Upon noticing it, he conveniently picked up the black high heel. The heel was very light and did not appear as heavy as it seemed. Clearing his throat, he aimed the mouth of the heel towards Wu Zeqing's foot and then put the stilettos back onto her beautiful foot, covered in flesh-colored stockings.

When Wu Zeqing saw this, she did not say a word and lay back down.

Her foot was very smooth, allowing it to slip in easily. As the heel was a bit narrow and Zhang Ye's hand was a bit large, a few fingers would dangle even while he held onto the heel. This caused his fingers to touch the side of her beautiful legs. Momentarily, his right hand's middle and ring finger grazed past the stockings. It was extremely alluring!

The foot was so pretty!

It did not seem to have any pits or crevices that usually resulted in wearing high heels for extended periods of time. It was extremely soft, and the skin beneath the stockings were very supple and soft. Her foot was not considered small. It was probably size 37 or 38. For a woman, this size was already quite large. Furthermore, Wu Zeqing was tall, so no matter how small her feet were, it could not be too small. Zhang Ye always believed that a woman with bigger feet would look even better in high heels, especially in tall stilettos. If one's feet were too small, it could not carry off the look. It would appear as if one was "top-heavy".

Ka. Ka. Ka.

Another three shots were taken.

Zhang Ye had really feasted his eyes. Then, he began suggesting. "Oh yeah, quite a number of pictures have been taken for this attire. Why don't you change to another one?"

Wu Zeqing acknowledged and said, "Sure, take a look at the wardrobe and see which is most suitable."

Look?

I'll take a look!

Zhang Ye was yearning to do so. Seeing Wu Zeqing stand up while using the rug as support, he walked to the wardrobe and opened the first door. There were five to six bags at the top, and shoes filled the bottom. From the brands, it was apparent Wu Zeqing was not the kind who chased after branded goods. There was not a single international brand. Most of them seemed to be domestic products and probably was not too expensive. There were not many either. To a woman, especially a woman in a high position like Wu Zeqing, five to six bags was considered too few. Even a normal commoner would not find seven or eight bags excessive. These bags were all very warm in both color and style. They matched Wu Zeqing's temperament. It was the same with the footwear. However, the brands of the footwear was not easily recognizable. Zhang Ye did not know either, so he wasn't too sure.

Let me find one.

This? This isn't good.

Hey, this pair of shoes aren't bad. It's creamy white and pointed, but the tip was slightly wide. It also revealed a bit more in the back. There was a little band with a buckle. It would make the feet look nicer.

It's decided. Let's take a look at the clothes.

Opening the second door, it was filled with clothes and skirts. There was winter and summer wear. Since it was for photography, winter wear was definitely out of the question. It had to be summer or spring costumes as the theme. Zhang Ye was very serious towards the "arts". After a long period of searching, he decided on an attire he liked.

The top he chose for Wu Zeqing was a petite creamy white sweater. It did not have a collar, and the cleavage revealed was not too low or high. It was just nice and very mild. Furthermore, it was the exact same color as the creamy white heels. It would match well together. As for the skirt, Zhang Ye helped her choose a flowery long skirt. The dress reached to a spot slightly above her ankles. From Zhang Ye's point of view, the dress was designed to reach one's ankles, but Wu Zeqing had long legs, so it ended up being 6 or 7 centimeters shorter. However, it was just right. If the skirt was too long, then the high heels would not reveal its beauty. Leaving a bit of her feet also made her look taller.

"I'm done choosing. Would this do?" Zhang Ye brought the

clothes over.

After seeing it, Wu Zeqing smiled. "You sure have taste. This attire is not bad. Alright, we'll use this. Is there anything else? Should I change my hair?"

Zhang Ye pondered for a moment. "This attire is a bit more mild in disposition. Personally, I don't think you need to raise your hair that high. Of course, it is up to you."

Wu Zeqing said in an easy-going fashion, "I'll heed your advice."

Zhang Ye added, "Oh, there's no need to take off the stockings."

"Alright." She said.

Zhang Ye then rubbed his hands. "Then...go ahead and change. I'll go out for a while. I'll be just outside, so just give a shout when you are done."

Wu Zeqing nodded and picked up the clothes, sitting on the bed. As she bent her back and lowered her head, she took off the high heels on her feet. She was beginning to change.

Zhang Ye hurriedly went out and closed the door behind him.



# Chapter 381:

---

A while later.

"Little Zhang."

"I'm here."

"You can come in now."

"Alright."

Pushing the door open, Zhang Ye walked back into the room. When he saw her, his eyes suddenly lit up.

Wu Zeqing had changed her attire, and her hair had been redone. Her entire style was as gentle and kind as could be. The attire he had chosen was well fitting!

He began snapping photos!

Zhang Ye was yearning to do so greatly. As he held the camera, he pressed on the shutter button quickly. Sometimes he would squat down, sometimes he would go behind Sis Wu, taking shots from every possible angle.

Lying down.

Sitting down.

In a prone position.

Zhang Ye suddenly asked, "Can you kneel on the bed?"

When Wu Zeqing heard this, she did not object. She made a pose, "Like this?"

"Yes, yes." Zhang Ye's throat was already dry as he said, "First face me. Hand on the bed, prone on the bed while kneeling. Yes, look over here."

Wu Zeqing followed his instructions, and faced Zhang Ye in a half prone half kneeling position.

Zhang Ye found the scene absolutely breathtaking and immediately clicked the shutter button five times.

Although Wu Zeqing's neckline wasn't too low the sweater was a bit loose. In her current position, the neckline opened downwards, causing her cleavage to be exposed. Traces of a flesh-colored bra could be seen, however, Zhang Ye had intended for this angle and image, so he did not miss such opportunities. After adjusting his angle slightly, he took a few more shots. He then asked audaciously, "Turn around. Right, turn your back towards me."

"OK." Wu Zeqing crawled on the bed a few times and before completing a 180 degree rotation.

This entire process was recorded down by Zhang Ye with the DSLR. When Sis Wu's back was fully facing him, her fleshy buttocks faced Zhang Ye. The skirt was not very loose, and was a bit tight, which resulted in her buttocks pulling the skirt tight. Wu Zeqing was one of the more ample beauties that Zhang Ye had seen, but she was not fat at all. Her hips and buttocks were wider and larger than Rao Aimin, Zhang Yuanqi, or Dong Shanshan and was probably 3-4 centimeters wider at her hips. If described by the ancients, she was perfect for childbirth.

Kacha!

Her buttocks were captured!

Then Zhang Ye walked forward and knelt beside the side of the bed. He then pressed on the shutter button quickly while very close to Wu Zeqing's buttocks. He could even smell the scent of Old Wu's wardrobe that the skirt emitted.

He really wanted to touch it!

Despite being in such close proximity, Zhang Ye did not have the guts!

Wu Zeqing had seemed to hand him the task of snapping pictures, and did not question him at all.

"Sis Wu."

"What's the matter?"

"Can I get on the bed?"

"Of course."

Zhang Ye purposely took many pictures of her buttocks, before taking off his slippers to step on the bed. He stood near where Old Wu's pillow was and squated down. He then took photos of Wu Zeqing's cleavage from the front. President Wu really seemed like a professional amongst professional models. She did not move at all. She did not even blink. She was very professional.

"It's done."

"OK."

"Let's change the pose. Please sit down. Can you pull up your skirt? Reveal a bit of your thigh, then touch it with your hand."

"This way?"

"Yes, a bit more."

The dress moved up bit by bit, reaching a spot somewhat above her knee. Then, Wu Zeqing placed her right hand on her thigh, which was covered by her flesh-colored pantyhose.

Zhang Ye said, "Your leg should look a bit more natural. Bend it a little."

Wu Zeqing bent her leg, and of course exposed herself once again.

Zhang Ye had intended for this. He got off the bed and half-kneeled. He began snapping and finally, he was mostly done with this set of clothes. All the angles possible had been done. Was this enough? Were they each to return to their own rooms? Please don't stop here! Zhang Ye was already addicted and had not seen enough. Besides, only twenty minutes had passed. The pictures that were not bad only numbered in the twenties. There were still too few.

Could the scale increase?

If he enlarged the scale, would Old Wu lose her temper?

Zhang Ye struggled with his thoughts for a long while, standing there motionless.

Wu Zeqing was still maintaining her pose and suddenly looked at him. She smiled and said, "Is it done?"

Zhang Ye immediately said, "This attire is mostly done. Well, can you... take off your top?" The moment he said this, he felt his heart rapidly beating. He was afraid that Old Wu would kick him out the window.

But who would have thought that Wu Zeqing would nod slightly after a moment of pondering. "Alright."

Then, Zhang Ye breathed in deeply as he focused. Sis Wu really sat up and began grabbing her sweater. She took off the sweater from bottom to top right in front of Zhang Ye. She then left the top at the edge of the bed. Her hair was slightly tousled when she took off her top, so she reached up to comb it again.

Her shoulders were revealed!

Her bra was exposed!

There was no way to hide her stomach!

And the most critical point was that Wu Zeqing was pushing her chest out and combing her hair with her hands up!

Zhang Ye's eyes turned red. He did not blink. Old Wu's breasts were too large. Magnificent peaks were not enough to describe their size. Previously, there was the neckline blocking her cleavage, so it wasn't very obvious, but now, without anything to cover it, that bottomless cleavage nearly frightened Zhang Ye out of his mind. It wasn't as if he hadn't seen the pictures that Wu

Zeqing had sent him on the internet. However, those were just pictures. They were 2D, but what was in front of his eyes now was true "3D imagery". That solid feeling was indescribably magnificent!

Very big!

Very ample!

The bra looked like it was about to burst!

There was no need to wait for her to finish combing her hair. Snap! This angle was too perfect!

Zhang Ye did not miss out on this opportunity. He began snapping. When Old Wu was done combing her hair, he went behind her and took a few more pictures from that angle. He then took another photo of Old Wu's head from behind. She had said not to take pictures of her face, but the back did not matter. There was quite a bit of artistry when it came to rear views!

It was a feast for his eyes!

Riches had befallen him!

Zhang Ye was excited and could not stop!

"Can you hold on to something with your hand?"

"Hold onto what?"

"Cough, your breast. Single hand."

"This way?"

"Yes, yes. Great. Can you stroke your hair with your other hand?"

"It's meaningless since there's no face, right?"

"It won't snap that action, but if you stretch out your hand backwards, it would straighten your body, making the feeling better."

"Alright."

Ka. Ka. Ka. Zhang Ye took more than twenty pictures here. He was very satisfied with every one of them. As he sniffed, he was afraid that blood would flow out his nose. As he focused his sights, he took another step further. "Sis Wu, about this..." After hesitating for a long while, he finally blurted it out. "Can you take off your bra?"

Wu Zeqing pulled down the hair along her sideburns and pushed it over her ear. "...OK."

Ah?



Really!?

Zhang Ye stared with his eyes widened.

Wu Zeqing asked, "Is this done?"

"Yes, it's done." Zhang Ye said eagerly.

Wu Zeqing acknowledged, and with a smile, she reached back. After a few seconds of tinkering, the bra on her chest loosened, causing her breasts to sink. However, they did not sink too much. It was unexpected that with her size, her breasts didn't sag at such an age.

"Should I take off the bra?" She asked.

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "Not yet. It's pretty good with it loose. Let me take a few shots like this." The feeling of it half masking her breasts was very good, so Zhang Ye did not let this opportunity pass and began snapping picture after picture.

Not long later.

Zhang Ye coughed and said, "You can take it off now."

Wu Zeqing comfortably took away her bra and folded it and placed it off to the side. From this action, it could be seen that she

was very meticulous and fond of cleanliness and tidiness.

However, Zhang Ye wouldn't care about this at all. His eyeballs were locked onto Sis Wu's breasts. It wouldn't be an exaggeration that they were nearly popping out!

What size was this!?

Without a bra, it was the most obvious.

Zhang Yuanqi, Rao Aimin, and Dong Shanshan all had big enough breasts, but they were no match compared to Wu Zeqing's size. This was a stunning level! And what made Zhang Ye most excited was that Wu Zeqing did not find it inappropriate! She comfortably let him see without a word. How much trust was that!?

"Why?" She asked.

"Ah, nothing, nothing." Zhang Ye hurriedly composed himself.

"Are you snapping it like that?" She asked.

Zhang Ye said, "Yes, this way. Your body should lean a little bit more. Alright, very good!"

"Hur Hur, it's a bit cold in winter. Can we be a little quicker?" Wu Zeqing said.

Zhang Ye immediately nodded. "Alright, it's almost done. Endure a little longer. Yes, the same posture as before. Hold up your chest from the bottom."

"This way?"

"No, left hand holding onto your right side."

"How about now?"

"Yes, perfect!"

Zhang Ye first took a wide-angle shot and then took off his shoes to get on the bed again. As he bent his back while kneeling on the bed. As he approached, he gave a few close up shots. He was barely an arm's length away from Wu Zeqing. He could even see her sweat pores clearly. However, at this moment, only a retard would look at sweat pores! Even a f\*\*king retard knew what to focus on!

It was both big and fair!

Her breasts were perfect!

"You can let go." Zhang Ye instructed.

Releasing it, the breast slumped down before bouncing back up!

Zhang Ye took a deep breath again. He constantly pressed the shutter button, taking pictures of her body!

After about half a minute, Wu Zeqing shuddered, her shoulders shaking slightly.

Zhang Ye knew that she was cold and stopped taking pictures. "Alright, quickly wear your clothes. It's done."

Wu Zeqing grabbed the sweater by her side. She stretched her hands, and without any concealment, she put it over her head. However, she did not wear her flesh-colored bra, and just wore the sweater over. If she wore it this way, her breast would not have a perky shape under the clothes, but would have a different flavor to it. It was nice too!

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "It's been tough on you Little Zhang."

Zhang Ye reflexively answered, "Not at all. It's just a service for the people!"

Wu Zeqing was amused and got off the bed. She then gestured to Zhang Ye to sit on the sofa in the room. "Here, let me see how the pictures came out. I haven't seen any of the ones we took towards the end."

"Alright." Zhang Ye sat beside her and handed the DSLR over. "Some aren't that good, and I plan on deleting them. However,

most of them came out quite well. Choose a few for safekeeping. Most of them are pretty similar. You can choose the best ones from them, while the rest can be deleted."

Wu Zeqing casually pulled a blanket to cover the dress on her thigh. Then flipping through it, she said, "Oh, oh, this is not bad. I'll keep this one. This one can be deleted. This one has a bit of reflection. Oh, this is also very good. Indeed, letting someone else snap the pictures is different. The angles are much better than taking them by myself."

# Chapter 382: All Sorts Of Things To See!

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At night.

It was almost 11 PM.

Beep beep beep. The heater was no longer keeping the room warm enough, so Old Wu increased the heater's temperature. It was not because the room's temperature was low. There was heating, so how could it be cold? The main reason was because the room was on the larger side. Furthermore, Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing had not been wearing much. Zhang Ye wore a bathrobe while his hair was still wet, while Sis Wu was wearing a creamy white top and a simple skirt, so they naturally felt cold.

As the heater continued providing warmth, it became a lot more comfortable.

Zhang Ye pointed. "Delete this. I didn't manage to delete it just now."

She said, "You aren't in a hurry to sleep yet, right? Let's look at them on a computer."

"Alright." Zhang Ye reacted. "It's too troublesome looking at the pictures on a camera. It's much more convenient on a computer and we can save them directly. We can just delete the bad ones with a click."

"I'll bring the computer over." Wu Zeqing got up from the sofa and brought a laptop with a large screen over. She then switched it on before asking, "Are you cold? Should I give you a coat?"

Zhang Ye waved his hands. "There's no need. The heater alone is sufficient."

Wu Zeqing nodded. She too did not grab a coat. "Then let's drink some hot tea."

The electric kettle had never been switched off since its earlier use, so very quickly, a pot of tea was made. She brought it over and filled up two cups.

"Thank you." Zhang Ye took it from her and then took a sip of it. It gave him a warm whirl, it was nice.

Wu Zeqing also sat down and sipped gracefully. She picked up the notebook computer and placed it on her thighs, and then synchronized the DSLR's SD card. With a few clicks, Wu Zeqing opened "My Computer" very adeptly. She then clicked on the hard drive. There were many folders in it, and each of them weren't small in size. There was a rough value at the bottom of each window. Each was in the tens of gigabytes.

[ 30 years old ].

[ Suburbs Tour ].

[ 10 July ].

[ Alternative ].

[ On Business in Nanjing, Hotel ].

[ Various qipao, Collection ].

[ This year, Autumn and Winter, Home ].

There were dozens of folders, each with very succinct labels. Others might not understand what these were, but Zhang Ye immediately understood. These folders that numbered in the gigabytes were all the photos that Wu Zeqing had taken throughout the years. If one had tens of gigabytes of movies, that was already considered quite a lot, but your sister! These were photos. Even if the pictures taken by a DSLR were high resolution, tens of gigabytes was still way too much. Furthermore, this was definitely not all there was. They were the best pictures that Wu Zeqing had been satisfied with. The number of deleted photos and those that did not meet the standards of this photo repository probably numbered above a few hundred gigabytes!

It was too crazy!

Old Wu was a crazy photography demon!

Zhang Ye did not dare to shoot his mouth and just watched from the sidelines.



Wu Zeqing right-clicked and created a new folder. She then changed the name and with a thought, she labeled it: [ Before Chinese New Year, Home, New ].

"Alright, we'll store it here. Let's take a look." She said.

Zhang Ye helped her choose. "Oh, this picture needs to be included. This...the one with thighs."

Wu Zeqing asked, "Isn't the position of the high heels a bit off?"

"Not at all." Zhang Ye suggested his point of view. "With your shoes at this angle, it will make it look more natural. If it's from a straight perspective, it wouldn't look good. It will look as if you are trying to hard."

She smiled and said, "Alright, then we'll save this one."

As she clicked on it, she dragged it into the new folder.

Zhang Ye continued to give his opinions on these "normal" pictures. He also dared to speak about them, however, when it reached the pictures that exposed Wu Zeqing, he did not dare to speak despite having his ideas. As he was a man, it was too embarrassing to explain.

However, Wu Zeqing asked him even though he did not want to

Speak.

"Little Zhang, what about this one?" She asked.

"Can." Zhang Ye said in a vague way.

She smiled, "What does 'can' mean?"

Zhang Ye said, "Uh, ahem. Mainly, it's up to you."

She said, "I think it's passable, so I wanted to ask for your opinion, or else why would I get you to help me select pictures? Besides, these were taken by you, so you have the most authority in this matter."

Upon seeing this, Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony and cleared his throat, saying, "I think this picture is not that good. It's not as good as the previous one. Yes, it's not as good as this one. Your...Your breasts are very pretty, and...and also very, you know. Although the side angle accentuates your figure, it seems a bit, well that, and so I think a front of off-front angle gives a better feel. For example, this one. See how nice this one looks? It's really beautiful." Words that he felt embarrassed to say, such as her breasts were big, Zhang Ye would use words like 'you know' or 'well that' to replace.

Wu Zeqing was not embarrassed, but Zhang Ye was.

She looked at Zhang Ye. "Let's keep both pictures then. I actually

quite like this one with the entire body, which you said was average. This is because, I always took them myself, and won't be able to get a picture at this angle, so I will need to keep one."

Zhang Ye said, "Of course. It's just my personal opinion."

Thinking back to the day that he had first met Wu Zeqing on the plane, Zhang Ye had never imagined there would be a day where he would sit at home with Wu Zeqing watching and commenting her revealing pictures on a computer. Zhang Ye had never thought of such a possibility before. Bliss came too suddenly!

One...

Five...

Ten...

Many pictures were saved.

Zhang Ye felt his relationship with Wu Zeqing was taking another step closer. It was much closer than helping her nephew with an endorsement or giving "Ode of Mulan" as a birthday gift in the afternoon.

He stretched his hand to pour some tea. He was a bit tired from watching.

Wu Zeqing was probably not comfortable holding up the computer with her thighs. She then took off her slippers and placed her feet on the sofa. She leaned sideways, and grabbed a small blanket to cover the two beautiful, pantyhose-covered legs extending out from under her skirt. She then carried on saving pictures to the computer.

"This is nice. What do you think, Little Zhang?"

"Indeed, this one is really good."

"This time we are in agreement. Saving it."

"Hey, this is nice too."

"This? Will it make it seem like my breasts are sagging?"

"How can it be? It's not sagging in anyway. It's just natural gravity, because of it being so big..being so proper in size, it should be like that. It has nothing to do with sagging."

"Really?"

"Yes, believe me. It's really the case."

"But this one also shows a bit of tummy."

"This tummy of yours isn't fat. Revealing a bit makes it even better. For this picture, that tiny bit of tummy makes it just right. It's especially pretty."

"Hur Hur, alright then. I'll save it."

At this moment, Wu Zeqing's new seating posture got tiring again. Hence, she casually lifted up her computer and moved her thighs. Her legs poked out of the blanket and leaned it sideways. This time, she had repositioned them to face Zhang Ye, with her legs inclined towards Zhang Ye. Then she covered her legs with the tiny blanket so as to prevent her feet from turning cold. As Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing were sitting together looking at the computer, they were definitely not too far apart. The moment Wu Zeqing moved over, she took up some space. Zhang Ye did not find it appropriate to distance himself, as he would not be able to see the screen. As such, Wu Zeqing's feet were touching the outer regions of Zhang Ye's legs.

Just by a tiny bit.

There was a fleeting sense of contact.

Through the bathrobe, Zhang Ye could clearly feel the tiny bit of contact on his outer regions of his thigh. Without a question, they were definitely Wu Zeqing's toes.

"Shall we carry on?"

"Ahem, alright."

"There aren't that many left. These ones should be deleted. The lighting is quite poor."

About twenty minutes later, the pictures had been selected.

Wu Zeqing began to do some management. Those that were supposed to be deleted were all deleted. Some of those that weren't ideal, but she was unwilling to delete because they weren't too bad, she stored them in the 'Alternative' folder.

It was done.

Brought to a successful completion!

Zhang Ye massaged his thighs. It was a bit numb and he decided to bring his legs up onto the sofa. He began sitting cross-legged. However, this movement of his caused his left foot to touch the two beautiful legs that were on his right. Zhang Ye had bathed previously, and other than the bathrobe and underwear, he did not have any clothes on. Of course, he did not wear any socks. Immediately, a smooth feeling came from his feet. It was Wu Zeqing's pantyhose. It rustled a bit, making Zhang Ye's heart turn itchy!

"I'm sorry, Sis Wu." Zhang Ye said apologetically.

Wu Zeqing said with a demure look around her eyes. "It's fine.

You cover up too. It gets cold at night." She gently picked up the blanket on her feet and covered Zhang Ye a little. She pulled Zhang Ye's left foot in.

During then, their feet touched once again.

Sis Wu's beautiful feet had been covered for quite long, so they were very warm. Zhang Ye's foot was colder than hers.

"Your feet are that cold?" She sensed it.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "It's fine. It's because I wasn't wearing socks."

She shook her head. "You didn't want me to get you a coat which I offered just now. Was it because of you getting splashed by cold water when there wasn't hot water just now?"

"I'll cover it myself and it will be fine." Zhang Ye stretched his hand under the blanket, and with the tight confines under the blanket, it was inevitable that his hand would touch Wu Zeqing's feet. The touch from his hand was a lot richer than the feeling from his foot. The smoothness of the pantyhose drilled right from Zhang Ye's fingers and into his heart. He really wanted to caress it.

Wu Zeqing's foot moved. "Hur, your hand is even colder than your foot. How are you to warm yourself up. Move away." She then slid her hands under the blanket. "I'll help warm you up."

Zhang Ye was alarmed, "Don't, don't. That won't do!"

Wu Zeqing smiled at him gently, "What won't do?"

Zhang Ye hurriedly nudged her warm hands away. "It's not appropriate. How can I trouble you? Don't worry about me. I'll warm myself up in a while."

"Enough. it's no big deal." She smiled gracefully and moved Zhang Ye's hands away and then held onto Zhang Ye's bare and cold feet. "Big Sis is probably more than ten years older than you? My nephew is about your age, so you don't have to feel embarrassed. You worked for Big Sis all day, and even gave me a birthday present, moving things around, and snapped pictures. If you were to catch a cold, I would feel burdened, so don't move."

"Really, aiyah, my feet are dirty..."

"Didn't you just bathe? Hur Hur, it's fine. When my nephew was young, he always stuck close to me. Whenever it came to winter, he would insist I rub his feet."

Her hands were very warm.

A surge of warmth immediately spread through Zhang Ye's foot.

She asked, "How is it? Is it better?"



Zhang Ye said in distress, "It's much warmer. Let me do it myself. You don't have to carry on."

She ignored him and changed the position where she held Zhang Ye's foot. His sole, toes, heels were all warmed up before she said gently, "Put your hands out."

"Ah?"

"I'll rub your hands too."

"There's really no need Sis Wu!"

"Hurry up. Typical colds are because coldness enters through the limbs. If you don't warm them up, you will definitely catch a cold in the morning when you wake up. It's difficult to treat a cold during winter."

# Chapter 383: Viewing ALL Of The Pictures!

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His feet had been warmed.

His hands were now warm too.

"Much better, right?"

"Yes, thanks Sis Wu."

"You're welcome, let me get you more tea in a bit."

"OK, I will be fine just by getting some sleep actually."

Zhang Ye looked at at Wu Zeqing, who was his senior not minding the dirtiness, helping him to warm up his feet and legs. He felt embarrassed and especially touched at the same time, because he understood that Sis Wu did not take him to be an outsider. Sis Wu's personality was probably the motherly type who knew how to take care of people. Speaking honestly, from her personality and the way Sis Wu carried herself, it was very difficult to tell that she was a government official. Her personality was too nice, beautiful yet unassuming, holding an important position yet not abusive of her powers, holding onto her views yet not disagreeing with others, gentle, not pretentious, not a showoff, no airs, able to cook, knowing how to take care of others.....

How virtuous!

She's so virtuous all the way to your grandma's house!

The requirements and needs that men searched for in a life partner all basically existed within Wu Zeqing. All of these qualities seemed to be reflected by her!

His hands were getting warmer, but his feet were getting cold again.

Wu Zeqing once again casually put her hands at his feet, while gazing at her laptop, "Today's photos were quite alright, they are all rather well taken. Looks like I found the right guy, hur hur."

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "Next time if you....Well, you can find me anytime."

"OK, if Big Sis wants to snap some more, I will give you a call." Wu Zeqing said.

As Zhang Ye felt the pair of warm hands on his feet, he wanted to change the subject. Holding the blanket in his hands, he pointed towards the laptop screen's folders, "Are those all the ones taken by you in the past?"

She nodded, "It's all from the past couple of years."

Zhang Ye coughed, "May I see them? Uh, it's okay if it's not convenient."

She smiled and said, "There's nothing inconvenient, which ones would you like to see?"

Zhang Ye thought to himself that it was naturally better to see the ones with lesser clothes on, but he did not say it out, "Anything is fine."

"Sure, I'll let you take a look." Wu Zeqing put her hand on the mouse and clicked a few times, randomly opening a folder. When it opened, many thumbnails appeared and she clicked on one of them, then closed it before opening another one, "These were all taken in the past half year."

Some were taken in the bedroom.

Some were taken in the living room.

Some were taken while bathing.

One of the pictures made Zhang Ye's heart beat faster. It was a picture of Wu Zeqing, either before, during, or after her bath, resting her butt on the sink without anything on. There seemed to be water droplets on her body and using a very dangerous pose with both her legs outstretched, she took the photo of herself through the mirror. This photo was also one of the most daring ones that Zhang Ye had seen so far. Even while chatting with her as Water Lotus Moon, Zhang Ye had not seen a picture so daring. This one had her baring everything!

He nearly got a nosebleed!

When Wu Zeqing clicked on this one, she did not stop at it. She jumped to the next picture very quickly and finally browsed through all the pictures in the folder, "Do you still want to see more?"

Zhang Ye blinked, "If it's convenient, I'd definitely love to."

"OK, then let's look at the next set." She clicked on another folder.

Over 10 GBs of items, numbering around over 3000 photos. Some were taken with a DSLR, while there were pictures taken with a cellphone camera or digital camera, which could be seen from the picture resolution.

As he viewed them, Wu Zeqing said, "This was taken while I was away on business at Nanjing. The hotel was rather nice and the environment outside was also good. There was a small river outside which could be seen, but the hotel windows were tinted in a way so nothing inside could be seen from the outside. Big Sis sat there on the bay window and took quite a lot of pictures that day, Hur Hur. In the past, these pictures were only seen by myself since I couldn't possibly share them with others. You are the first person to see them."

Zhang Ye knew that he was in an honored position. It was also due to the Cupid Sachet that had brought him this luck in the first

place. Without that chance encounter of sending the wrong pictures, even if he had gotten very close to Wu Zeqing, Sis Wu would have never shown him these private photos of her.

Zhang Ye stared intently at the photos as he rubbed his hands.

"Your hands are getting cold again?" She was very caring.

Zhang Ye said, "No, no."

She reached out to him, "It's fine, give it to me."

Zhang Ye's hands were held by Old Wu again, as her warmth was transmitted to him. Sis Wu's hands were very soft, just like her body, which didn't feel too tight and could be described as soft. It was soft and tender, and her fingers were long and thin. Holding them felt very comfortable. He was touching her hands in broad daylight! Zhang Ye was enjoying this moment.

Wu Zeqing rubbed his hands while she said, "This one was taken outdoors. It's the garden outside Big Sis' villa. Although it's all villas over here, but further down the road, there are also highrise buildings. There are about 8 of them in this little district. That day, Big Sis suddenly wanted to take photos in the garden, but as it was still daylight, I had to wait for the sun to set before switching off all the lights and going out to the garden. Then using the flash, I captured this image. It was actually quite dangerous at that time, Hur Hur.

The lighting in the picture wasn't very strong as there were no streetlights or moonlight to illuminate her and looked like it just depended on the camera flash. In the garden, Wu Zeqing was sitting on a stone table in the garden, in a cream or yellow-colored bra. The lighting wasn't strong enough and the color couldn't really be differentiated.

Zhang Ye said nervously, "That's really quite dangerous."

In any case, President Wu's photos were really thrilling in that sense!

After about an hour of viewing, Zhang Ye had finished looking through all of Wu Zeqing's pictures. When he saw good ones, he would compliment them, but if he saw some slightly more revealing ones, he would stay quiet. He knew that since Sis Wu liked to take pictures so much, especially selfies, then surely she would like someone to see it. Now that he had become that person, Zhang Ye knew his mission was to speak less and quietly appreciate them.

After viewing everything, it was already midnight.

Wu Zeqing covered her mouth and yawned. Even her yawning looked particularly gentle and elegant.

"You are feeling tired?"

"I am, oh, it's already 12AM."

"Then rest earlier, I will go back to my room now."

"OK, go and sleep then. I will wake you up after I've made breakfast."

"Let me do it instead, I can't keep bothering you with these tasks."

"You can cook?"

".....I don't."

"Hur Hur, then you can just sleep. Go on."

"Oh, sorry to trouble you again, then....good night."

"Good night."

After switching off the computer, Wu Zeqing turned off the bedside lamp and switched a dim night light on before getting into bed.

In the dim lighting, Wu Zeqing looked so perfect that when Zhang Ye saw her, he was even more head over heels for her, but he knew that he shouldn't stay any longer, since she had not taken off her clothes and went to bed. She was just waiting for him to leave. Zhang Ye took one last look at Wu Zeqing's breasts, which



looked sizable even under that knitted sweater. He said good night once more and then left, closing the door to Wu Zeqing's room. He rubbed his nose, thinking that the blood vessels in his nose had nearly burst a few times tonight. It was really too seductive!

# Spring Festival Gala Arc

# Chapter 384: The Brain Gold Advertisement That Gets Cursed Badly!

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The next day.

9 in the morning.

Zhang Ye's ringtone sounded out, waking him up from under the blankets. He had slept late last night and hadn't gotten enough sleep.

When the first call came in, Zhang Ye turned around, ignoring it.

Only when the second second call came did Zhang Ye stretch out his hand to pick it up impatiently.

"Hello, who is this?"

"Teacher Zhang, its me."

"Who?"

"I'm Wu Mo."

"Oh, CEO Wu, hello."

"Are you still resting at home? Sorry for disturbing you."

"It's fine. Tell me if there's anything."

"The advertisement on Beijing Television Station will play today. The first wave will begin at 11. Then it will also appear in the afternoon and at night. Our company scrimped up some more cash, planning to bet it all on this. We even paid for the advertisement to be shown on other provincial television stations. They will all go up today. As for the internet promotions, it began the day before yesterday. Other than a lack of funds preventing us from reaching intensive penetration, everything else is according to your marketing idea."

"Alright."

"However, that 'scientific editorial' that goes out twice a day did not seem to have any obvious effects. Our Brain Gold sales did not have any significant increases."

"Don't worry. Wait for the broadcast of the advertisement."

"Teacher Zhang, are you sure there won't be any problems? All my wealth is on the line. If this really fails, I will really have to go home and be a garbage collector."

"Don't worry. It won't happen."

"Then...Alright. Rest well."

After throwing his phone to the side, Zhang Ye yawned and slapped his face. Only then did he become a bit more awake. He also did not plan on sleeping any longer since this was not his house. He definitely had to be a bit more restricted in President Wu's house. Hence, he pulled the blanket away and got out of bed, and went to bathroom to wash up. As there was no hot water, the moment his face was drenched with cold water, he was immediately much more awake. Zhang Ye was not unaccustomed to this. As the saying went, it was best to use cold water to wash one's face in a winter morning.

Downstairs.

Wu Zeqing was already up.

"Sis Wu, you are already awake?" Zhang Ye went to the first floor of the villa.

She was sitting on the sofa watching television. She looked over upon hearing him speak. "Hur Hur, I just woke up too. My nephew gave me a call, mentioning the advertisement."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "He gave me a call too, saying that it would air at 11."

Wu Zeqing asked, "Are you hungry?"

Zhang Ye said, "I'm fine, I'll eat at home, so there's no need to

trouble you."

She said, "Aren't your parents at work today? There will be nothing for you to eat at home either, so make do with what I have here. Well, let's eat early and treat it as lunch."

Zhang Ye did not refuse, "Then I'll not stand on ceremony. Your cooking skills are right up my alley. Just thinking about your cooking makes me salivate. I'll eat another meal of yours."

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "That's all that matters if you like it. If you aren't satisfied with anything, you can give me suggestions so that I can improve. You sometimes don't mean what you say."

Zhang Ye said exasperatedly, "No, it's really delicious. I'm not trying to curry favor with you."

Wu Zeqing chuckled. "Alright. Take a seat. I'll prepare lunch. If you want some tea, pour it yourself. If you want to watch TV, go ahead and change the channel. Make yourself at home."

Zhang Ye wanted to help out, but was rejected by Wu Zeqing. She was adamant about not letting him do anything. Zhang Ye could only sit on the sofa watching TV. From time to time, he would glance at the beautiful figure busying herself in the open kitchen. Wu Zeqing was wearing a white sweater. It had a wide and plump style and was not furry. It had a lot of leeway. Her pants were an ordinary whitish-gray pair of slacks. She was very suitable for such pale, light colored clothes, as it made her have an endearing temperament. She looked very gentle with her flowing hair. Hey,

let's stop talking about it!

Washing the vegetables.

Cutting the vegetables.

This scene was like a piece of art.

Be it her work or cooking, Wu Zeqing did thinks very calmly. She was the kind that did things neither too fast nor too slow. She was never flustered and did things prim and proper.

She was done cooking.

The two of them began eating.

"Oh! Delicious!"

"The fire was a bit too big for the potatoes. It wasn't done well."

"Not at all, this level of heat is perfect. It wouldn't be nice if it's too crumbly."

The television was always on Beijing Television Station. Suddenly, a familiar jingle was heard.

Zhang Ye's ears perked up when he heard it. He cleared his throat

and put down his chopsticks, immediately looking at the TV screen. "Sis Wu, it has begun. This is the commercial."

Wu Zeqing also turned her head to look at it.

The commercial was aired right after a Beijing Television Station entertainment program which had pretty good ratings. The time slot was also not bad. Immediately, there were two characters Zhang Ye was familiar with on the screen. One was an old man, and another an old woman. This was designed by a professional according to Zhang Ye's requirements. It was nearly produced in the exact same fashion as his world's "Brain Platinum" television commercial.

The moment they appeared, the two old animated characters began dancing.

"I will not accept any gifts this year!"

No gifts accepted, no gifts accepted! No gifts accepted, no gifts accepted!"

"The only gift I will accept is Brain Gold! Brain...Gold!"

The final scene was Zhang Ye holding Brain Gold's commercial logo. It was about a second long. Zhang Ye's picture was fleeting because in the next moment, the commercial ended.

Wu Zeqing did not speak a word.



Zhang Ye coughed and said, "Was that OK?"

She asked, "You only have that one shot?"

Zhang Ye acknowledged, "The main focus wasn't supposed to be me."

Wu Zeqing laughed, saying, "I won't evaluate the commercial. I don't have much prior knowledge on this subject. You are the professional in this area. You have done a few commercials, and all of them have been successful. You naturally have much more say and authority than others. Since you planned on doing it this way, you definitely have your reasons. Here, let's carry on eating."

Upon hearing what she said, Zhang Ye started to feel the pressure. "Actually, I only am 90% confident. There is always a 10% chance of uncertainty. You can never be sure of some things."

Wu Zeqing comforted him. "I've seen a poem before, called 'In Future We Trust'. I heard it even saved a life. That poem was written by you, right? I think it was very good. Believe in yourself. You have the strength and the ability. What should be done has been done. Doubt and fear do not help you in any way. Even if Little Mo's company goes bankrupt, it is also due to his mismanagement as he lacks talent in business. It had nothing to do with you."

It may be the case, but if it was any other company, Zhang Ye would have just been their spokesperson and not worry about

anything else, but this time, it was different. It was Wu Zeqing's nephew's company, so Zhang Ye was naturally very concerned about it. He would not fool or joke around with such matters.

Let's hope so!

Let's hope the trajectory would be the same as his worlds!

After the meal, Zhang Ye insisted on washing the dishes, but was still pushed away by Wu Zeqing once more. Helplessly, he could only symbolically wipe the table and had nothing left to do. After bidding farewell, he drove home himself.

.....

At home.

His parents were not around, as they were at work.

Zhang Ye did not sit idle. The moment he returned home, he switched on his computer to check the situation with the promotional strategy that he had designed. He was too busy to keep up with it over the past few days as he was busy. He did not worry too much about it, but after snapping pictures for Wu Zeqing last night and seeing so many pictures he should not have seen, upgrading their level of intimacy, Zhang Ye became more concerned. He did not dare to be sloppy about it. He read all the editorials and the internet publicity. Indeed, they were executed according to his instructions. However, his world's "Brain

Platinum" went through a gradual process. It had undergone a long period of accumulation. However, Brain Gold did not have as much time to set up the process. They could only bombard with greater intensity, adhering to the core ideas. It was as intensive as the commercial could be. It managed to be just in time for the Chinese New Year season. Tomorrow was Chinese New Year's Eve, so it was at an opportune time! Success all depended on this moment!

Pit-a-pat. Zhang Ye began typing and according to the 'specimen' of his previous world, he typed out a few editorials and sent it to the advertising company, letting them implement it as soon as possible!

By chance, Zhang Ye clicked on Weibo and caught a glimpse of the comments regarding Brain Gold. Without counting, ten out of the ten comments were all cursing!

"Pfft! What is this!"

"I feel like my eyes have been blinded!"

"What sort of retarded advertisement was that!?"

"Brain Gold? I think you are Brainless Gold!"

"F\*\*k! Why is Teacher Zhang's figure shown right at the end of such a crappy advertisement? It can't be! This does not conform to Teacher Zhang's overall image!"

"I'm wondering why too. Why did Teacher Zhang endorse such a health supplement company? It's such a knock off! It's too shitty! Teacher Zhang did not look at the advertising content when he took on the endorsement?"

"Was Teacher Zhang scammed?"

"I think so. The advertising company probably fooled Zhang Ye!"

"Even video websites have this Brain Gold commercial! It's a trap! I've nearly been brainwashed! How can there be such a rubbish commercial?!"

Suddenly, someone revealed insider news: "Zhang Ye was not scammed. I know someone from this advertising company. According to reliable news, this commercial and the series of promotions were all planned by Zhang Ye alone. They were only executing it to his standard. This endorsement was not a result of forcing Zhang Ye!"

"Ah?"

"That's not true, right?"

"It's true. I actually heard that too!"

"Impossible. Everyone knows Teacher Zhang's commercial planning skills. Be it the electricity conservation or 'I'll speak for myself', they were all top commercials in the industry. They would

likely be placed into education textbooks in the future. With Zhang Ye's ability, how could he possibly have come up with this crap?"

"Can this even called a commercial? I'm almost crying from watching it!"

"Exhorting the television station and websites to stop broadcasting this commercial! My ears!"

"I will not accept any gifts this year, the only gift I will accept is Brain Gold! I can f\*\*king sing it already! I'm shocked that such a brainless commercial is so catchy!"

"What has Teacher Zhang done!?"

"Zhang Ye has come up with another a mind-blowing move!"

"Haha, I'm delighted to see this. I'm waiting to see a fool made of someone!"

"Does Zhang Ye think he is too popular? He's trying to disperse some of it?"

"No matter how high the endorsement fee given to Zhang Ye was, such a crappy commercial should not be accepted. This is killing the golden goose! It will decrease his popularity! Is Zhang Ye dumb?"

"This commercial was produced by Zhang Ye. Who knows what he's thinking?!"

On the entire internet, be it Weibo, Tieba, or discussion forums, discussion about the product "Brain Gold" appeared beginning in the morning. And no one praised it. Yes, not a single one. Everyone was cursing at it. In the history of advertising, this could also be considered a miracle!

# Chapter 385: Completely Sold Out In The Supermarkets!

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Afternoon.

Zhang Ye and Wu Mo had an exchange over the phone.

Over the phone, Wu Mo sounded like he was about to cry. "Brother Zhang, you are my true bro. Didn't you say that this commercial would be fine? Why is all of society cursing at it!? Just visiting any website or opening Weibo, there are only comments cursing our company's product. Our Brain Gold is completely infamous! The editorials actually had some effect, but now, our fame and reputation is completely ruined!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Rest assured CEO Wu."

"Can I really?" Wu Mo asked anxiously, "How do we carry on promoting now? There's no way of promoting it in any other way. There's also no more time left. We can't reverse this terrible situation! You might not know. Even other health supplement companies, who are also trying to advertise during the festive period, are all laughing at us!"

Zhang Ye said, "Look at the sales."

"It's already been cursed so badly. If the sales are good, I'll cut my head off!" Wu Mo asserted.

Zhang Ye was at a loss of whether to laugh or cry as he said, "CEO Wu, it's Chinese New Year. You shouldn't say such words. Actually, I wasn't too sure this commercial would work previously, but now, seeing so many people curse at it, I'm already 99% certain that everything will be fine. We are not afraid of being cursed. The more curses, the better!"

Wu Mo said, "Ah? Why so?"

Zhang Ye said, "I have a suggestion now. That is to continue producing the product. Produce as much as you can. Replenish the stockpiles, or you will miss out on a huge opportunity."

"Replenish some more? We already have a lot in stock." Wu Mo said.

Zhang Ye said firmly, "Believe me. This is all temporary. I dare assure you that from today onwards, Brain Gold's sales will absolutely have no competition!"

Outside.

The sound of keys jingled. It must be his parents returning home.

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "I still have something on, so that will be all CEO Wu." Hanging up, he went out the bedroom and saw his parents enter the house. "You're back so early?"

Dad took off his shoes. "It's the eve of Chinese New Year



tomorrow, so we were able to get off work early today."

Mom did not look pleasant. "Why didn't you come home yesterday?"

"Hai, I drank too much and ended up sleeping at a friend's place." Zhang Ye brushed it off with a vague statement.

The television was still on. At this moment, Brain Gold's commercial aired once again. The sound attracted his parents' attention as they turned to give it a look.

Mom said in a speechless manner, "What sort of retarded commercial is that!?"

Dad also said, "The quality of advertisements these days are getting lower and lower! Anything can be aired by television stations these days. Aren't they afraid of ridicule?"

Zhang Ye: "..."

Finally, the scene cut to Zhang Ye holding up Brain Gold's logo.

Mom was momentarily stunned. "Son! Why did you appear in the commercial!?"

Zhang Ye said with a wry smile, "Didn't I tell the both of you last time? I am endorsing a health supplement company. It's this Brain

Gold."

Mom was dumbfounded as she said, "You planned this commercial?"

"Yes, it was planned by me." Zhang Ye said.

Mom could not stand for this. She immediately began lashing out at her son. This time, Dad stood on Mom's side. They began nagging, saying things like how he as a host. A layman should not do commercials or things like how producing such a crappy commercial was scamming the health supplement company. Mom was very greedy, but was also a honest person. For her son to take so much in endorsement fees from them to produce such a commercial, it was not worth the price of over a million. Mom also felt bad about it. There was no need to mention Dad. Dad was a person who had worked hard for all his life. He was never covetous of small gains. He did not take a single cent from his office, so he could not accept this!

Dad reprimanded him. "You are causing them harm!"

Mom said with worry, "If their company goes bankrupt, they will definitely sue you."

Zhang Ye could not explain it to them. "Aiyah, Dad, Mom. You are overthinking it. Don't worry with how I do things. I have an idea. Right, tomorrow is the eve of Chinese New Year, I'll go out and buy some things. I need to bring it to both granny's place. I'll be heading out." He took the opportunity to escape.

.....

Supermarket.

There was a large store downstairs.

Zhang Ye wore shades and a face mask and pushed a cart in the shopping district. He began to pick things out to buy, such as fruits, cigarettes, and wine. He got a bit of everything. These things were all essential.

Suddenly, he saw Brain Gold's shelf!

There were seven or eight youths standing there, looking through it.

"This is the Brain Gold from the commercial, right? The packaging isn't too bad."

"I also saw the commercial. Many people on the internet were discussing this health product. It's pretty hot right now. I'll buy two boxes for my parents."

"Is this thing really effective?"

"It should be. I saw some reports on the internet saying that there's something very important for the brain. It needs

supplements for it. It has something to do with memory loss while aging."

"Oh, then I should buy two boxes too."

"Why is it so expensive?"

"Good things are naturally expensive. It's only once a year anyway. We'll buy it."

"Forget it. I'll grit my teeth and buy it. You're right. It's just once a year. It wouldn't cause too much pain for my wallet. It's for the elders anyway."

A few people walked past and more than ten boxes of Brain Gold were removed from the shelf.

Not far away, a few people inquired with the supermarket staff.

"Big Sis, is there Brain Gold?"

"Yes, it's over there."

"Thanks!"

"This Brain Gold is selling out pretty quickly. It's almost sold out in a single afternoon. You should buy it early. I think we'll be out

of stock by night fall. It's the Chinese New Year after all, so gifting these types of things to your elders are the best. It's something worthy enough and has health effects."

"Alright, then I need to rush to get a few boxes!"

"If I get more, can I get a discount? My Mom heard from a neighbor that she saw some article on the internet. She specified to not give anything this year but Brain Gold."

"Oh, it currently isn't being discounted."

"Alright then. I still need to buy them, even if there are no discounts. Hai, the elders have already spoken."

As Zhang Ye pushed his cart past it, he noticed that the number of Brain Gold boxes left on the shelf numbered less than twenty. The other 90% of the space was empty, apparently bought out by others. He was not surprised. He smiled and carried on moving forward to buy his things. The health supplement industry was very intense. It was more obvious during festive seasons. What was typically most important about health supplements? Firstly, the effects. Since it had received the nation's approval, it must have some effect. Furthermore, these sort of things were not regularly bought. Commoners could not afford to eat this every day, so they were not very familiar with the effects, so what did they rely on? And what did they make their choice based on? Zhang Ye's commercial gave an answer!

From promotions!

From planning!

The health supplement's commercial was different from the typical daily supplement commercial at its very core!

Everyone was cursing at it? Zhang Ye was not afraid of that at all. It was better with more of such criticisms. This was an embodiment of popularity. He was afraid that when the commercial dropped, it would not result in even the tiny ripple. That would really be hurting! Zhang Ye was in the entertainment industry, so he knew this rationale. Wasn't popularity that resulted from being cursed at still popularity? It was too! Just like his world's Brain Platinum commercial, wasn't that commercial also cursed at, but in the end, what happened? Brain Platinum's sales surged! And Brain Platinum company did not change their commercial after all these years! It was always that "I will not accept any gifts this year"! Just this line alone made everyone think that this brainless commercial would go down the dark path of death!

But why did they dare to carry doing so? It was all from their great market sales!

Although people were cursing at it, everyone still bought the products after cursing!

Deciding if something had truly worked was proven by market and sales, and not the voices of people. If they listened to the so-called voices of everyone, the Brain Platinum from Zhang Ye's

world would probably not have hit such a large scale.

This matter seemed somewhat contradictory, and was quite strange, but that was what happened. What people said didn't reflect what they did. As people cursed at Brain Gold's commercial, it did not prevent them from buying a few boxes for their parents and elders.

When it came to commercials, it was a profound art. Zhang Ye was not a professional in advertising, and for the core concepts, he was actually only able to ambiguously understand it. He only understood what contributed to the current situation. Firstly, brainwashing. Secondly, using the festive season card. Thirdly, using the parents and elders card. In a single day, the commercial was already so hot. Its visibility was also increasing. What was the most important when giving gifts during the holidays? It was all about giving something substantial, something healthy. The most important thing was giving face. If you gave a health supplement no one knew about, it would seem weak. With Brain Gold suddenly appearing, it immediately took over all the chances for the health supplement market to promote their brand. Its sales naturally increased as a result! There were even children who did not know what to gift for the holidays. After seeing the commercial, they were given an inclination and subtle hint that if a gift were to be given, it should be Brain Gold! They did not need to wrack their brains over it, allowing them to choose their gift immediately!

Zhang Ye deliberately waited for a while. Twenty minutes later, he walked past the shelf again, and the Brain Gold here was already emptied out! There was not a single box left. It was all sold out!

Then, he saw a few supermarket staff rush over, moving boxes over. They then places boxes of Brain Gold onto the shelf. Apparently, they had just received the goods. Wu Mo's company definitely made a return!

"It sold so fast?"

"I'll have a box too!"

"It actually doesn't look bad. I'll buy some for my Dad!"

Many people saw how well the sales were and also bought it!

.....

The other supermarkets, other exclusive retailers of Brain Gold, online shops, and in various provinces and regions, such a miraculous scene was constantly repeated!

"It's sold out?"

"I just saw the commercial and came. Why is it out of stock already?"

"I even told my family I'll buy them gifts."

"Everyone, please wait a moment. Brain Gold is currently in short



supply. We have contacted the supplier and the goods will be delivered soon. Please wait another ten minutes!"

.....

In Zhang Ye's world, someone had once mentioned that for Brain Platinum to have today's scale, creating a legend of the present, it was all a result of that brainless commercial!

In the past, Zhang Ye felt it was a bit too exaggerated.

But now, it did not seem exaggerated in any way!

# Chapter 386: Brain Gold Is Selling Like Hotcakes!

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Beijing.

Brain Gold Company Headquarters.

Wu Mo sat in his office, depressed. On the display screen were all sorts of cursing at the commercial they had paid an arm and a leg for. He flipped through it from top to bottom and from left to right. He was stunned that there was not a single message or comment of praise to be seen. Not a single one! His heart hit rock bottom!

My company is done for!

He was going to go utterly bankrupt!

Health supplements were not easily approved. Wu Mo had started from scratch, spending a lot of time trying to get the right to sell the product, but today, everything had come to an end. He lost his last bit of hope on the final bet that he made. His face was ashen!

Everyone in the company was pretty much in the same mood. The employees had all seen the commercial. In the beginning, they did not understand the commercial's content, but after watching it, they were completely dumbfounded.

"This commercial..."

"We're finished. The company is doomed."

"Hai, everyone be prepared."

"There's no need to prepared. I've already packed my things."

"My Mom helped me find some job in finance by pulling some strings. I'll be starting work there next week. Everyone, seek out your future path."

"I heard this commercial was produced by Zhang Ye? That's all the ability he has?!"

"Wasn't it said that Zhang Ye's commercial planning was top of the industry? Why did he produce such a trashy commercial? Let's not even talk about the others, even I think it's brainless!"

"Hai, CEO Wu is nice to us. If the company doesn't go bankrupt, I really want to carry on working here."

"Me too, but there's no other way. The company won't be able to operate any further. Who will give us our salaries?"

However, just as everyone was preparing to wait for the bankruptcy notice, the company's phones suddenly began ringing. The moment one rang, a few more rang!

Ring, ring, ring!

Ring, ring, ring!

Ring, ring, ring!

It sounded like a concert!

"That gave me a fright."

"What's the situation?"

"Why are there so many phone calls?"

A female employee picked up the phone listlessly. "Hello, this is Brain Gold Health Supplement Company...Ah? What are you saying? Chenfeng Supermarket wants to reserve 200 boxes? Are...are you sure? Really 200 boxes...Ah, no I don't mean that...Alright, alright, alright! I, we'll immediately move the goods!"

The other employees encountered similar situations. "What? Reserve 500 boxes of Brain Gold?" After hanging up, he turned around to look at his colleagues, stunned. "This...This isn't some scam right?"

An old employee hung up the phone in shock, "I have Yonglian

Supermarket over here! They want a total of 2000 boxes of Brain Gold to be shipped to all the Yonglian supermarket chains in Beijing! Holy sh\*t, 2000 boxes!"

The female employee also cried out. "Madness! This bunch of people must be mad!"

.....

Wu Mo's office.

A department head rushed in without knocking on the door. "CEO Wu!"

Wu Mo was very easy going with his employees and was not bothered about it. "Old Zhang, what's the matter? You nearly scared me out of my wits. Are you here to tender your resignation? It's fine. I'll approve of it."

Old Zhang pointed outside, panting. Clearly he had run upstairs with a single breath. "Br...Brain Gold...Phew...is selling like hotcakes! !"

Wu Mo said in amusement, "What are you saying?"

Old Zhang said agitatedly, "It's really selling like hotcakes! We just received orders from eleven large supermarket retailers! We have also received calls from 57 smaller supermarkets around the country and reservations from individuals and online stores! In the

past ten minutes or so! We have received reservations numbering a total of 38,000 boxes! And it's still increasing!"

Wu Mo leaped up on his feet. "How is that possible!?"

Old Zhang trembled and said, "CEO Wu, what do we do now? I've never seen such momentum. The employees outside are all flustered. They think it's a scam!"

"I'll take a look!" Wu Mo charged out and said, "Contact the other shareholders! Get everyone here quickly! Also! Contact the factory! Produce goods overnight! The machines are not to be stopped! Procurement of the raw materials are to be restarted! Regardless if this matter is the truth or a lie, we should produce at maximum production! Take out all of the goods we have stockpiled! We must ensure a constant, steady supply!" At this moment, such courage was needed!

.....

At night.

The sky turned dark.

Zhang Ye returned from shopping.

"Dad, Mom, I'm back."

"Hmph, wash your hands and get ready to eat."

"I bought you some things. Take a look."

"Put it aside. I'm still cooking and can't leave."

"I'll help you. It's not a problem for me to cut some vegetables."

"Enough. The vegetables you cut end up looking like scraps for a dog. Stay aside."

Mom and Dad exiled Zhang Ye from the kitchen. As he smiled, he put down his things and waited for dinner. The cursing on the internet, as well as the specific sales situation of Brain Gold, had nothing to do with him. Now, he was at home, thinking of having a good meal. He had been in Shanghai for such a long time, and then busying himself at Peking University to teach. Although he was at home daily, he did not spend much time with his parents. Without returning home last night, he had infuriated his Mom. Zhang Ye knew very well that Mom was not being intrusive on his whereabouts, but because she knew he would return to Shanghai for work after the Chinese New Year. It was unknown when he would return again. There were only a few more days left for him to stay at home and spend time with them. Mom wanted Zhang Ye to stay at home to chat with them. Even if they didn't chat, just eating a meal and watching together was a kind of warmth.

Ring Ring. He received another phone call.

Zhang Ye had received numerous phone calls already.

This time, it was Yao Mi's father, Yao Jiancai. "Hello, old bro Zhang. I'm Old Yao. You..."

Zhang Ye cut him off with a laugh. "Old Yao, don't speak. Let me guess. Are you going to ask why I was so stupid to take on this crappy advertisement?"

Yao Jiancai was momentarily stunned, "Yeah, how do you know?"

Zhang Ye said with amusement, "You are the eighth person to call me this afternoon. All of you said the same thing. Can you say something fresh to me? Also, this advertisement and the series of promotions were all planned and supervised by me. Don't you say crappy advertisement, I don't like hearing that."

Yao Jiancai nearly fainted. "Damn you rascal. It was really planned by you? You sure are good. I'm really amused watching this crappy advertisement. I can already sing it. I've seen shitty advertisements, but I have never seen one as shitty as this before!" He was old friends with Zhang Ye, so he did not care if Zhang Ye liked hearing what he said. He still hung the words "crappy advertisement" on his lips. "Haha, anyway be careful. I heard SARFT is planning on a new stringent policy. Everyone is worried. You sure are good. You dare to commit such things despite the prevailing wind. Such low quality commercials are probably included in the crackdown."



Zhang Ye was speechless. "Don't worry. It will be fine."

"As long as you are aware of it. My daughter is waiting for me to eat dinner. Bye." Yao Jiancai said.

After hanging up, Mom brought the dishes out. "Why are you busier than the country's president?"

Dad smacked his lips and said, "Our son is busy with work. Look at you, profiting from the toil of others."

Mom retained some of her anger and said, "He produced such a crappy commercial, and you call that busy with work? Just now Mengmeng's mother called, saying everyone on the internet is scolding our son!"

Dad frowned, saying, "This money sure wasn't earned without guilt."

Mom tsked. "He just had some fame and reputation, but has thrown it all away with his own hands. Who would dare ask you to be a spokesperson in the future!?"

The two elders were still unhappy.

Zhang Ye chuckled and wasn't mad. He picked up his cellphone and said, "Mom, look. I'll switch off my cellphone, alright? I won't be going out for the next few days. I'll accompany you to spend the Chinese New Year with you guys. I'll follow wherever the two of

you go. I will not have any objections, alright?" Then he exclaimed in an exaggerated fashion, "Hey! Did you fry chicken wings? Great, I love eating those! This color, with some redness in the white, and some white in the redness. Its fragrant, fatty, but not greasy. It's too perfect! Only my Mom could make something that tastes this good!"

Dad: "..."

Mom was so infuriated by him that she chuckled. "You only know how to flatter!"

Twenty minutes later, all the dishes were served and they began eating.

Zhang Ye could not wait and began using his chopsticks. "It's such a feast today. Let me try it. Wow, this is delicious. Hey, this is also delicious!"

Just as they were half-done with their meal.

Brain Gold's commercial appeared on the television once again. It seemed like Wu Mo did not just buy a single time slot, but bought an entire package. Maybe there was complimentary time given. He had invested quite a lot. No wonder he placed so much emphasis on this commercial production back then. A majority of the company's funds had been invested into this!

Dad said, "In a while, give a phone call to the company you are

endorsing. Apologize to them. In the future, just be a host. You are prohibited from doing commercials."

Mom asked, "They won't ask for a refund, right?"

Dad said, "A refund would only be right. We scammed them terribly!"

Zhang Ye could do nothing about it, nor could he explain it to them properly. "Dad, Mom, you don't have to worry so much. Let's eat and not think about other things."

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Ding Dong, Ding Dong. It was unknown who it was.

Mom put down her chopsticks and pushed the chair aside with her leg. She went over to answer the door. "Who is it?"

When the door opened, the figure of a youth appeared. "Excuse me, is this Teacher Zhang Ye's house?"

Mom was stunned and said vigilantly. "Yes." Could it be a fan?

The youth was holding all sorts of packages in his hands. There were fruits and supplements. Upon hearing this, he placed the items on the ground and grasped Zhang Ye's mother's hands. He excitedly said, "You are Teacher Zhang's mother?! You look so

alike! Only a beauty with a temperament like aunt can produce such a talented son like Teacher Zhang! I have longed wanted to visit you and uncle. Today's meeting really tells me you are equal to your reputation!" Then he hurriedly picked his items up once more. "These are for you and uncle. Just a few gifts, nothing worth much. This is my New Year's greetings!"

There was flattery.

There were gifts.

Mom was a bit in a daze. "Who are you?"

Zhang Ye peeked his head out. "Hey, CEO Wu, why did you come?" Then he said to his parents, "This is CEO Wu Mo. He is Brain Gold Health Supplement Company's major shareholder."

Aiyah!

Speak of the devil!

Dad and Mom were already feeling guilty. They had just mentioned this matter and now the person in question had come to their house. Was he being courteous first before he went to arms? By giving some gifts first courteously, was he going to hire a lawyer to force their son to refund the endorsement fees?

# Chapter 387: Receiving An A-List Celebrity's Endorsement Fee!

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It's over!

Things were going bad!

Mom's nerves tensed up.

Dad also could not sit idly. He rushed out and said, "Why did you bring so much? Take it back. We don't lack this type of stuff at home."

Wu Mo hurriedly said, "Uncle, this is just a token of my appreciation."

"Come in first. Come in first." Mom realized that there was no way to dodge the problem at hand. Hence, she brought him in and closed the door. Such ugly matters was not something they wanted their neighbors to hear. Old people wanted to save their face.

Zhang Ye asked in wonder. "CEO Wu, how do you know my address?"

Wu Mo said, "When I called your phone, it was switched off, so I asked my aunt, getting her to find your address through the Peking University registry."

Dad and Mom perked up their ears. See, take a look! He chased you to our house!

Zhang Ye exclaimed. "You must be busy now, why would you come all the way here?"

Wu Mo excitedly grabbed Zhang Ye's hands. As he held it, he shook it forcefully, "No matter how busy I was, I had to come! I'm here to...ask for your forgiveness!"

Ah?

Forgiveness?

Wasn't he here to demand an answer for the wrongs that had been done against him?

At this moment, Mom and Dad were dumbfounded!

"Don't say that. Don't say that." Zhang Ye was spooked as he shook his hands hurriedly.

Wu Mo refused to let his hand go and continued shaking, saying, "I was really dumb. Truly, from your fame in the advertising industry, and all the results in the past, I should never have doubted you. I even angrily called you on the phone the past few days. I even said some words out of anger today. Don't bother with the likes of me, Teacher Zhang. I'm younger than you and just started this venture. I didn't know anything, so please don't bear a

grudge for the things I wrongfully said to you."

"It's not that serious." Zhang Ye said, "CEO Wu. You are too courteous. It's expected that you are worried about your company's product. Furthermore, I wasn't that confident in it either."

Wu Mo exclaimed, "No one would have expected such a miracle!"

Mom was stunned. "What are you talking about? What's going on? Isn't that crappy commercial not okay?"

Wu Mo immediately said, "Auntie, with Brother Zhang doing it personally, how can it be not okay?! That commercial is not some crappy commercial! It's a history creating commercial! Do you know? From this afternoon, a few hours after the first airing of the advertisement, our company has constantly received phone calls from all over the country. They were about rushing us for goods. In the past, some of the supermarkets which could not sell the Brain Gold products had planned on returning it, but decided against it. Not only are they not returning it, they are bulk purchasing it. Our Brain Gold product has been selling like hotcakes since this afternoon!"

Mom said with trepidation, "Such a thing really happened? That crappy advertisement was okay? What taste do people have these days? Ah, I'm not criticizing you, Little Wu."

"It's fine, Auntie." Wu Mo laughed and said, "This time, it was all thanks to my Brother Zhang! If not for him, our company would definitely have gone bankrupt! Now, it is back from the dead! And

not only is it revived, if this carries on, the sales in the future might be impossible to imagine!"

Zhang Ye said politely, "It's due to your company's products being excellent in quality."

Wu Mo disagreed. "It's not about quality and function. It's useless even if the product is useful. It's all about promotional campaigns! It's too heaven-defying!" Upon saying this, Wu Mo took out from his bag and flipped it open. He laid out a contract on the table and found a contract they had signed before. He then tore it apart in front of Zhang Ye and his parents. "Brother Zhang, tear the copy of the contract you have."

Mom said in fright, "What's this about?"

Zhang Ye did not understand either. "CEO Wu, what's the meaning of this?"

Wu Mo said, "The endorsement fee we agreed on from before was too low. It's so low that I can't face you if i give it. We need to sign a new contract. I'll give you three million for a year's worth of endorsement and advertising fees!"

Three million?

This was clearly no longer the endorsement fee commanded by a C or D-list celebrity! This price was not at the S-list level yet, but was definitely at the price of an ordinary A-list celebrity!



Zhang Ye upheld his principles. "No way. We've already agreed on it."

Dad supported him. "Yes, we can't change things that have already been settled. This is honest..."

Mom silently kicked her husband's leg and leered at him, prohibiting from saying another word.

But Wu Mo said, "You need to sign this new contract, otherwise I won't be able to answer to my aunt. The endorsement fee that I had agreed on earlier was not a lot to start with, and I understand that you agreed to do this for me only because of my aunt. Now that the company is experiencing a turnaround, you are a main contributor of it all, and so I definitely have to compensate you the deserved amount. Ignoring anything else, just the fact that you were willing to use your endorsement fee to invest into the marketing budget alone with the option of paying you back in installments, anyone could see that you had the interests of our company at heart. This is why I have to handle this properly, because other people who do business talk contracts and money, but I'm not the same. I talk relationships." Handing him the contract. "The new contract has already been drawn up, so take a look. You have to sign it today no matter what. The endorsement fee of 3 million is written and will be paid out within a month!"

Zhang Ye did not look at the contract. He handed it back and said, "I can't sign it. Let's do it as we agreed before. My dad is right, this is the most basic trust in an agreement."

His father nodded.

His mother winked at him and said, "Son, look. Little Wu's explanation is quite...."

"Mum." Zhang Ye smiled bitterly. Just a while ago, his mother was still under the impression that he had caused their company to lose money and had scolded him, but now, when she knew that their company was making a big profit, she was becoming greedy.

Wu Mo simply said, "If you don't sign this, I won't be leaving today." Then he sat down.

Zhang Ye was almost speechless, "We're about to have dinner. CEO Wu, why don't you have some too, we can talk while we eat."

"Heh, I really haven't had anything to eat yet. This is auntie's cooking, right? It looks really delicious. It looks like I am in for a treat today." Wu Mo did not stand on ceremony and just sat down to eat.

Mom beamed, "Little Wu's mouth is so sweet. Here, have more."

Wu Mo said while he ate, "Brother Zhang, the contract I have is not for nothing too. I've added a condition behind regarding future endorsement and advertisement production, such as the change of commercial in the later half of the year? And things like next year's renewal of contract? Unless there's some mitigating circumstances, we have to renew the contract with you. Of course,

this is not included in the 3 million endorsement fee for this year. If there is a need to change the commercial and your endorsement for next year, we will discuss your fees again when the time comes. It might not be 3 million if you become an A-List celebrity by next year. If it's still 3 million next year, even I wouldn't dare to give that to you no matter how thick my skin is. We will definitely need to discuss the terms again when we renegotiate the endorsement contract."

His mother answered like she understood, "That is good, that is good."

His father hit the table and said, "What's so good? Just eat. Let our son decide his business matters on his own."

Zhang Ye was very practical too. If it were anyone else, he wouldn't say too much, but since Wu Mo was Wu Zeqing's nephew, Zhang Ye did not hide anything, "CEO Wu. President Wu has always treated me very well and I feel indebted to her. If there's anyone I wanted to cheat, it would not be you. We can talk about this openly. This commercial does not need to be updated or changed, even after one year or five years, you can continue using the same commercial. It will not go out of style, so don't worry. Of course I can't guarantee that you can use it forever, but in the next five years at least, there shouldn't be any problems, so there's also no need for me to give you a new advertising proposal."

Wu Mo considered for a while, "Use it indefinitely?"

"Yes, keep using it. As long as the sales do not drop significantly, keep using it until it is no longer profitable." Zhang Ye's

advertising experience was actually lacking, but his advantage was the experience and knowledge from his previous world. In this, no one could possibly understand better than he could.

Wu Mo nodded, "OK, I will do as you say!"

Zhang Ye said, "Then there's no need to mention the contract anymore."

"No. If this is the case, then that is all the more reason we need to re-sign this contract. For you to tell me all that honestly, it means that you trust me and don't take me for an outsider!" Wu Mo laughed and said, "Besides, your commercial can be used forever, so how can we just pay you for one year's worth. You are gonna get me blamed by everyone. If there are any marketing strategies that we need to tweak, I will still need to seek your advice."

Zhang Ye felt that it was not a big deal, so he said, "I will advise you without a fee."

"That's not right. If you say that, I wouldn't dare to trouble you in the future." Wu turned serious and gave a smack on the contract, "You treat me as a friend and bore the brunt of the pressure and scolding for my company. I cannot stand here and do nothing. You can do whatever you want to do, but if you don't sign this contract, you are only making things difficult for me. Even if you don't sign, I will still transfer 3 million as the endorsement fee payment. If it doesn't go through with the company, I will pay you with my own money!"

Zhang Ye: "..."

His mother prodded him, "Go on and get it signed. In the future, you can suggest more ideas to Little Wu, so that he can expand his business even more."

Wu Mo said, "Auntie is right. This is what I wanted to hear. Everyone in our company is depending on Brother Zhang for more ideas for our marketing!"

Since he was like this, Zhang Ye could not say anything else, "Alright then, but the fees don't need to be paid out so soon. As the commercial has just started airing, it is still not enough. It needs to gather momentum so it would be best if you could pump more money into that area first. continue to air it on regional channels, CCTV, and so on." Not wanting to earn the money for nothing, Zhang Ye continued giving suggestions, "Nothing is considered too much in this area."

Wu Mo asked, "Even air the commercial on CCTV? Isn't that going to cost a lot?"

"If you can't bear to do that, you won't reach your objective." Zhang Ye looked at him, "If you don't want to make Brain Gold the best selling nationwide health product of the year, you can ignore what I just said."

Wu Mo was trembling by now, "Ah? Best selling?"

Wu Mo was still overjoyed from the fact that Brain Gold had come back from the dead, but.....

Becoming the best seller?

Holy sh\*t!

What about that.... there's even a chance for it to become a best seller?

They'd only been selling health products for how long now, maybe a year or two? How were they going to compete with those health supplement companies that had been on the market for more than 10 years? How could they compete with those big corporations with large sums of investment money? Wu Mo had never thought of surpassing those big brands, but, but, those were just his own thoughts, but now, Zhang Ye was telling him that he could make it a best seller?

Mom said to her son, "Don't blindly brag like this to him!"

Dad also felt that his son was talking big now. Because even now, he did not understand how that "crappy commercial" could increase sales!

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly, "Anyway, if you trust me on this, just do it according to my marketing campaign."

"Of course I will believe you!" Wu Mo clenched his teeth, "OK, I

will go back and have a meeting with the shareholders. I will discuss with them about this and come up with a new plan!"

Zhang Ye's father tried to caution him, "Be careful, be careful about it!"

Wu Mo laughed, "Uncle, if Brother Zhang says so, then there's no way it can go wrong."

Zhang Ye knew that even now, Wu Mo still had doubts. He did not believe that Brain Gold would really become a bestseller in the country, but Zhang Ye knew. At least the Brain Platinum in his world successfully been the best seller for 7-8 consecutive years. Whether this history would repeat itself in this world, Zhang Ye did not know, but based on his past experiences, the chances of it happening was very high!

Zhang Ye signed the contract.

Wu Mo also signed it.

The new contract was sealed!

His mother was beaming with joy, staring at the figure amounting to three million Yuan, smiling non-stop. She took some food and put it onto Wu Mo's bowl for him to eat.

After two random bites, Wu Mo suddenly said, "It's so delicious, thank you Auntie. I'm full now. The contract has been settled, so I

won't intrude on you all any longer. I still need to rush back to the office."

Zhang Ye's mother said, "Stay a little longer."

"I really can't, Auntie." Wu Mo wiped his mouth and stood up, "There's still a lot of work to be done back at the company. Now that the sales have soared so much, I still have to head over to the production factory to supervise. There's also the sales statistics compilation that I need to do. The follow up promotions also needs to be planned out. The festive season is an important time for health products, so I really need to grasp this opportunity in the next few days. There's simply no time at all. If there's a chance in the future, I will come again to pay you and uncle a visit."

She said, "Alright then, come often whenever you have time."

Wu Mo said with a smile, "Sure, I'm sorry about today. I turned up without first informing your family. I had thought that Brother Zhang was angry with me because his cellphone was off. I felt guilty about it, so I hurried over to see if I could make it up to him. Lucky for me, Brother Zhang has a large heart and did not take it badly."

Zhang Ye was tickled, "You were thinking too much."

His mother also smiled and said, "I was the one who asked him to switch off his cellphone. He was busier than the president today, receiving calls all day. I couldn't take it anymore, so I made him switch it off. There were so many people cursing at him online, so I



thought that it would be better for him not to be bothered by others. This son of mine is not so petty. There's nothing to fault with when it comes to his friends. And this is related to work, so how can he have any misgivings with you?"

When he heard her say that, Wu Mo quickly assured, "Uncle, Auntie, Brother Zhang, don't worry. When the sales figures are out, I will redress Brother Zhang's reputation. Those that scolded Brother Zhang online are just doing it for the fun. They do not understand the reality and the exact situation. This sort of godly commercial should be listed in the annals and be used as teaching material. It's just that they do not understand it!"

Zhang Ye happily said, "Go back and busy yourself, CEO Wu. There's still a lot to be done. I don't think you will be able to enjoy this Chinese New Year."

Wu Mo laughed heartily, "Even if I can't spend this Chinese New Year properly, as long as the sales can be maintained, I wouldn't mind even if I have to work for the whole year without rest!"

Wu Mo used to be one of those who had criticized the commercial before, as he did not understand the value that a crappy commercial like that had. Until today, until this moment, did he finally see and clearly understand the value of this advertisement proposal that Zhang Ye had given to him!

# Chapter 388: An Advertising Proposal That Created History!

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At home.

After sending away his guest, Zhang Ye closed the door and returned to his seat

Mom said with a beaming smile, "Son, come and drink something."

Zhang Ye said, "Mom, didn't I say, you don't have to worry about matters that deal with my work."

"I wasn't worried." Mom gave some tea to her son and then pointed to her husband. "It's all because of your father's worrying. I say, what does an old man like you know? Just worrying over nothing!"

Dad nearly coughed out a mouthful of blood. "When did it become my fault?"

"Are you saying that it was me?" Mom was denying any relation with him. "I have always believed in my son. How bad can the commercials he produce be? Take a look. He is a company's chief executive. Such stature, yet he personally came to give us his new year's greetings. He even brought so much stuff, and even asked for our son's forgiveness! He even took the initiative to ask for a change in contract, adding more to the endorsement fee. Actually,

when I saw the commercial this afternoon, I already found it extraordinary!"

Dad ignored her and carried on reading his newspapers. "Alright, say whatever you want to say."

Zhang Ye was also amused. "Mom, don't keep angering Dad."

"Alright, I'm ignoring him." Mom pulled Zhang Ye over to the sofa. "How do you plan on spending that three million yuan? Do you think it's time for me to learn how to drive now?"

Dad interjected, "It's already tiring for you to go downstairs. What driving are you even talking about?"

Mom stared at him. "So what if I drive? It's none of your business!"

"Little Ye, don't listen to your mother. You can buy a car for anyone but her." Dad said, "You might not know, but when you were young, I had a quarrel with your Mom. In the end, your Mom really rode a trishaw all the way to the Beihe province! She disappeared for a day, nearly making me call the police. And it was one of those old-school, crappy trishaws. She dared to even cross provinces, if you give her a vehicle with four wheels, she will probably cross the ocean!"

Mom was slightly annoyed, "Why are you bringing up something from so many years ago!"

Zhang Ye chuckled and said, "Mom, so you actually have a criminal record?"

"What do you know?" Mom tsked. "Back then, your Dad made me so angry, that I grabbed you and got on a trishaw. I didn't care about anything and just kept cycling in one direction. Finally when I was mollified, and looked up, I nearly had a fright. A large signboard wrote — Beihe Province Welcomes You! I didn't expect to ride so far, so I hurriedly cycled back with you. When I reached home, my legs nearly broke!"

Dad added on. "You also caused the child to catch a cold."

"Isn't that your fault?" Mom rolled her eyes at him.

The old couple bickered again.

Zhang Ye was amused and continued listening.

Over here, the family was "enjoying abundance of happiness", but on the internet, the storm regarding "Zhang Ye's Brainless Commercial" was not over. It was still in the heat of the moment.

.....

On Weibo.

"Again?"

"The TV is airing that Brainless Gold again!"

"God damn it! Teacher Zhang, please spare me! How many times has this commercial been aired today?"

"In the past, I always wished to watch Teacher Zhang's video lectures when he was a part of Peking University. Just seeing him made me happy. I was full of anticipation. Now, seeing Teacher Zhang in this commercial, I can't look at it anymore!"

"The commercial is too idiotic!"

"That's right, I've never seen one so idiotic before!"

"Brain Gold's company sure is bold. They even dared to use such a commercial given by Teacher Zhang?"

There were commoners scolding, and there were members of the advertising industry who stood forward, questioning the "low-quality" and "low-morals" of the commercial. There were even advertising industry insiders who said such a commercial could not even be called a commercial. It was too trashy and did not comply with advertising standards and requirements.

The last line was written by the industry insider as follows: "Even an idiot would not buy a product promoted by such a trashy commercial!"

"That's right."

"Only idiots would buy this!"

Many people echoed.

Then, a piece of news came out!

Following that, everyone was stunned!

This was published by an online news agency. They had done preliminary market statistics and had interviewed members from Brain Gold company's headquarters in Beijing. "The moment we entered Brain Gold company's office, our reporters were stunned by the scene before their very eyes. There were more than a dozen phones on the tables constantly ringing. The employees were all busy picking up calls for additional orders. They were all too busy. Even the company's leaders had to help pick up phone calls to deal with the logistics. We interviewed the company's chief executive, Wu Mo. CEO Wu brought our reporters to his company, and took out a report of today's sales and pre ordering records. Just today, in less than a day's of sales, Brain Gold has already reached the Brain Gold sales volume for an entire quarter from last year! The exact figures have not been produced by Brain Gold company, but according to Wu Mo and relevant personnel, Brain Gold's sales volume has increased by at least a hundred times! When the actual statistics are produced, this number might be even larger than expected!"

"Heavens!"

"A hundred times!?"

"This news must be fooling us, right!?"

Everyone shouted out, expressing their disbelief. They just couldn't believe it!

The news article also wrote: "Later on, when the reporters asked CEO Wu what the reason for the sudden rise of Brain Gold. As a relatively new product, being able to get such an overwhelming advantage during the Chinese New Year, a period when the health supplements market is at its most intense, the only reason given by CEO Wu was a few words. He said 'due to advertising promotions'. As the reporters pursued the matter, CEO Wu did not reveal the exact advertising strategy, but did thank Teacher Zhang Ye. The commercial planning was supervised and implemented by Zhang Ye alone from beginning to end. CEO Wu told our reporters that other than the excellent quality of the product, choosing Teacher Zhang Ye as the spokesperson for their product, as well as delegating the responsibility of developing the advertising strategy, was the best choice their company had ever made!"

Upon seeing this news, everyone could not accept it!

"It can't be!"

"Is everyone mad?"

"People actually believe this commercial?"

The industry insider who had just bombarded Brain Gold's commercial also jumped out, publicly questioning the veracity of Brain Gold's sales volume. He believed it was faked!

Following that, another piece of news came out!

Beijing Times' official Weibo: "Today, our reporters visited various supermarkets in Beijing Times to survey the sales situation regarding health products during the festive holidays. The results of our survey exceeded our reporters' expectations. The shelves of major brands were desolate and cold. Rows of products were neatly placed on their shelves, as if untouched. However, on Brain Gold's counter and shelf, when reporters visited, there were five supermarkets whose shelves of Brain Gold had been completely emptied. There were four other supermarkets who had only eight boxes of Brain Gold left on their shelves. When the reporters queried the salesperson, the person's answer was that this was the second batch of goods to sell out that day. They had received a new batch of goods from Brain Gold company at the last minute, but also nearly sold out by night time. Many people, who came to the supermarket, would rush straight for Brain Gold's shelves. They were all meant for gifting their relatives and seniors. Tomorrow was the eve of Chinese New Year, and the salesperson told our reporter that the demand for Brain Gold tomorrow might be even higher. According to the sales situation, the momentum of this growth might continue past the Chinese New Year!"

Another news media: "Brain Gold! A marketing miracle is born!"



The fourth media agency: "From today onwards, Brain Gold will have a spot in the intense competition amongst health products. Our reporters interviewed a few companies that also sell health products, and their market analysts told our reporters that they found the outcome incredulous. They even added that Brain Gold's miraculous sales had to have a master advertising planner behind the scenes. However, he expressed that he was not familiar with the advertising company Brain Gold company hired. He believed that only a top advertising company would have such an ability, and being able to grasp the situation regarding the health product market so accurately. When our reporter mentioned that the advertising strategy was suggested by Zhang Ye, he turned silent momentarily before saying 'no wonder, so it was him'. Finally, he even expressed that when Zhang Ye's contract with Brain Gold expires next year, they had the intention to negotiate with Zhang Ye to work with him as well."

Zhang Ye's contract did not limit him to other endorsements. He could actually endorse products like shampoo and beverages. He was only restricted from endorsing health products. This was something that was definitely in the contract.

One agency's news was fake?

But it couldn't be false when so many official media agencies were reporting it!

'God, please tell me this isn't true!'

"Hahahaha! Teacher Zhang is too hilarious! He has once again succeeded in wiping everyone out!"

"The two words Zhang Ye means miracles! Why do I love Teacher Zhang Ye so much?! Just seeing him speak and him doing things make me overjoyed!"

"This commercial is really godly!"

"So the brainless commercial that everyone is scolding is so awesome?"

"Some people are having their faces smacked! Face-smacking Zhang is in action again!"

"I'm dying of laughter! Teacher Zhang Ye is too good at stirring up trouble!"

"It can't be refuted that Zhang Ye is too formidable! Just a simple idea for a commercial saved a company!"

"The dust has finally settled! Finally we can seek redress for Teacher Zhang Ye's name? Brainless commercial? How can a commercial that can increase a company's sales by a hundred times be called a brainless commercial!? Then what commercial isn't brainless? What a joke for some so-called industry insiders saying bold words that this is some trashy commercial! A commercial isn't filming a movie. So what if it looks pretty? So what if the melody is nice? The goal of a commercial's airing is to make people buy their

products! Teacher Zhang Ye has given everyone in the advertising world a lesson! Today! He has once again created advertising sales history!

The so-called advertising world industry insider also became silent. He did not have the courage to appear again. It was unknown if he went offline or was silently watching behind his computer screen.

Following that, it was unknown who leaked the news, revealing the endorsement fee Brain Gold company paid to Zhang Ye. It nearly blinded many!

Zhang Ye's endorsement fee for Brain Gold products was three million a year!

As a D-list celebrity that was about to reach C-list, the endorsement fees he received was heaven defying. This was the f\*\*king endorsement fees given to A-list celebrities! !

"Wow!"

"I'm shocked!"

"Why is it so high?"

"This is fake too, right? A D-list celebrity getting paid as much in endorsement fees as an A-list superstar?"

"It's ridiculous, right? Is this news reliable?"

"It's reliable. I heard it from a fan. Three million, and it's just for a year!"

"Wow!"

Many people were gasped in shock!

Even Zhang Ye's friends Liked it on Weibo.

Yao Jiancai: "Haha, congratulations to my old bro Zhang for rising to A-list!"

Su Na: "D-list getting the endorsement price of an A-lister. Teacher Zhang Ye is number one in the industry! Citizen of Peking University sending her congratulations!"

Those who did not understand the situation also watched the bustle. Those who actually understood knew very clearly that the endorsement fee was not just purely an endorsement fee. It should have included the advertising strategy fees. Brain Gold company had deliberately wrote it into his endorsement fee so as to boost his popularity. Actually, with Zhang Ye's popularity, giving him 800,000 a year for being a product's spokesperson wasn't considered low either. The remaining so-called endorsement fee was probably the cost of Zhang Ye's commercial! Hence, it was not true that Zhang Ye's endorsement fee was on par with an A-list

celebrity's. It was due to Zhang Ye's brain and abilities that allowed him to exceed the levels!

Was three million expensive?

It seemed expensive, but with careful thought, it wasn't at all!

That was sales that was a hundred times higher than before! If they knew Zhang Ye's commercial would be so formidable, those larger health product advertising companies would probably be willing to pay five million!

The internet stirred. There were people still scolding, while others began to watch the advertisement with an objective eye. There were many who praised Zhang Ye to the skies too!

Things like "those who gain Zhang Ye, can rule the world!"

Things like "Once Zhang Ye makes his move, everything belongs to me!"

Even if many people did not like Brain Gold's commercial and still felt it was trash, but when Zhang Ye was mentioned, they could only respond with "awesome". Regardless of anything, his results and the outcome was right before their very eyes. Sales was the thing that spoke actual volumes. Everything else was meaningless!

.....

That night.

Many advertising companies worked overtime. It was very rare for advertising business, or even similar circles, to work overnight on the eve of Chinese New Year. This was because they were not that busy during the festive holidays. Whatever planning that had to be done would have been cleared. The only reason for working overtime tonight was because of that commercial!

At a particular company.

In a particular office.

A department chief was playing Brain Gold's commercial on a screen. There were about eight advertising creatives and staff watching it helplessly. This was already the tenth time they had watched it in a row!

"Let's talk. What's so good about this commercial?"

"Leader, this..."

"Speak, don't daze."

"We really can't tell. It just really doesn't seem good at all."

"Not good? If it's not good, how can it create such legendary sales

of a hundred times more!? Everyone will work overtime today. We have to fully digest this commercial. The higher-ups have already expressed that we have to research it, research it, and research it some more! We have to understand the core of the commercial! Everyone has to learn! After grasping it, our company will attempt to create a similar commercial after the New Year!"

"I can see the brainwashing effects. The tune is also catchy. It also subtly hints at giving gifts to your parents, but...the commercials of other health products are also similar. Why is it that only Brain Gold's commercial caught on? Could the secret be in the tune? Or is it because of the animated Grandpa and Grandma?"

Why did it catch on!?

This sort of crappy commercial shouldn't have done anything!

Everyone researched it all day without figuring out why!

.....

At the same time.

Other advertising companies were having similar scenes play out!

"Everyone, analyze it!"

"Where is the crux of the commercial? It's so strange!"

"This doesn't fulfil logic. At the advertising school I studied in, there was no mention of such things. This commercial is dealing cards in an unexpected way. There was no precedent in the past!"

"Who has classmates or friends who work in the company that did the advertisement for Brain Gold? Give them a call and ask them. Get something out of them!"

"I have a friend there. He was one of the ones doing Brain Gold's advertisement. He was in charge of producing the animated characters, but when I asked him, he too said he did not know the core or strategy regarding this advertising promotion. He was even more unsure of where the miracle in the television commercial was. He said that it wasn't only him. Everyone in his company was just copying slavishly. However whatever Zhang Ye said to set up, they would execute and do it. The design of the characters, the tune were all planned by Zhang Ye. The rest was unknown. Zhang Ye also did not tell them!"

Everyone has a clash of opinions.

The chief was eventually infuriated as he slammed the table. "Such a large bunch of professional advertising school industry elites, and yet you are inferior to a layman who hosts for a living? People will laugh their heads off if this gets out! Carry on watching! Carry on analyzing! This commercial must have some key concept and idea! I don't believe Zhang Ye is really all-capable! He knows how to advertise, but we, as professional advertisers, don't? If any advertising company manages to hire Zhang Ye, what do we have



left to compete against them with? Ah?"

That's right, how are we to compete?

Zhang Ye's ability was too perverse!

Just an idiotic commercial had been made into a miracle by Zhang Ye. Many people in the advertising industry were probably as dumbfounded as they were!

A female advertising producer meekly said, "Chief Chen, we can try to poach Teacher Zhang Ye. We can bring him on as a consultant."

Chief Chen was stunned and then slapped his thigh. "That's right! Why didn't I think of that?!"

Unfortunately, they were not the only one who thought of this idea. Many advertising companies were analyzing the stunning case study of Brain Gold, but were left fruitless. Such a commercial was impossible to imitate, hence, some people thought of getting Zhang Ye. They began to act using their own connections.

In the end, just as Zhang Ye crawled into bed, preparing to sleep late at night, his cellphone began to ring.

Chief Sun was very polite, "Hello, Teacher Zhang Ye, I hope I didn't disturb your sleep? Hur Hur, let me first give my new year well-wishes to your parents. I'm Old Sun from Dahe Advertising

Company. We wish to invite you to be our company's consultant. Don't worry, we will not tie you down in the office. We will just ask you for ideas when needed, letting you analyze our advertising proposals. Also, there will be some lectures. The salary is negotiable."

Zhang Ye did not think too highly of himself. "Chief Sun, I'm am but a host."

Chief Sun smiled wryly. "You may be a host, but you have continuously created many legends in the advertising world! Others may treat you as a layman, but we won't. You are more professional than any professional in the advertising world! Do you want to consider joining our company? A annual salary of 1.5 million!"

Zhang Ye politely rejected, "Thank you for thinking so highly for me. If there is any opportunity for me to be a spokesperson in the future, I will contact you then. As for other things, let's put it aside. Sorry about that."

There were a total of four calls, all from advertising companies.

Zhang Ye rejected each one of them, and did it in a friendly manner without thinking highly of himself. Their invitation was a form of recognition and trust in his ability, so Zhang Ye had to give them face.

# Chapter 389: A Situation At The [Spring Festival Gala!](#)

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Peng!

Smash!

This was the sound of the New Year. When he awoke the next morning, on New Year's Eve, there were already people setting off firecrackers. The pila-pala sounds had awoken numerous people. Zhang Ye had also been woken up by these sounds. Hai, what inconsiderate neighbors. The neighbors downstairs had set off a string of firecrackers that faced his bedroom, and there was even the sound of double bang firecrackers in the distance that could be heard! That sure was loud! Eh, but it was Chinese New Year after all. It was a time of family reunion and joy, so it wasn't good to tell off anyone.

Taking a look.

It was only 5AM and the sky was still dark.

Mom, who had also been awakened by the sounds, said, "Which family set that off?"

"It's better to be up early. A new year, a new outlook." Dad was also up.

Zhang Ye heard his parents talking in the living room. He could only smile bitterly, saying, "The issue is that it's not even New Year today! There's no need to have such a differing outlook yet, as it's still only New Year's eve. I'm going to sleep in a while longer. I received so many calls last night and ended up sleeping late. I'm so tired."

His mother said, "Sleep then. Later today, we'll be going to your paternal grandma's place to have lunch. Then in the afternoon, we will go to your maternal grandma's house. Whether we will stay overnight will depend when we get there. Anyway, don't plan on returning home before midnight. We have to wait at your maternal grandma's place at least until the clock strikes midnight, so sleep as much as you can so that you will be able to stay awake tonight."

There were a lot of tasks planned for today.

"OK." Zhang Ye lay down once more.

His father had gone downstairs to buy breakfast while his mother switched on the TV.

Suddenly, Zhang Ye, who was wrapped inside his blanket to hide from the sounds of the firecrackers, heard his mother shout for him in shock, "Son! Son, come and take a look!"

Zhang Ye came out from under the blanket, "Mom, I'm still sleeping!"

Her roaring voice came once again from outside his room, "Come over, quick!"

"What's there to see?" Zhang Ye could only put his winter clothes on and get out of the bed. He went out to the living room to see what was on TV and then froze.

He did not see the first part of the news and only watched from the middle, "...first round, there was no sign of this, but during the second round of rehearsals for the Spring Festival Gala, our reporter has already received confirmation the relevant authorities. The second round of rehearsals has added a segment involving popular Korean pop singer, Lee Anson, who will perform 'LOVE-ONE'. Lee Anson has had great success in China this year with his concerts and his popularity has soared. His popularity is second to none as he has won numerous fans in the country. The production team expressed that Lee Anson's appearance for this year's gala was only arranged last minute. Then, with the addition of a new performance, they had to take into consideration the overall time allocated. Naturally, there would be a reduction or cutting of other performers' time and the latest news our reporter received is that the list of performers for tonight will have two artists cut from it. One of them is veteran singer, female soprano, Zhang Xia, who would have performed 'Ethnic Ties', and the other one being Heavenly Queen, Zhang Yuanqi, who was slated to perform 'Wishing We Last Forever'. This news has also been confirmed by the production team!"

What?

Old Zhang's program has been removed?

Old Zhang won't be able to make it onto the Spring Festival Gala this year?

Zhang Ye found it unbelievable. The name list for the performances had already been set, how could they just remove someone just like that? And it was even a celebrity at the level of a Heavenly Queen, Zhang Yuanqi?

His mother cursed angrily, "Is this a joke!?"

His father, who had just returned from buying breakfast, happened to push open the door at this moment. "What are you shouting for?"

"Our son's song has been removed from the Spring Festival Gala!" His mother was furious, "I've already told all our relatives and friends about it and also informed the neighbors a few days ago. I reminded them that our son's song would be on the Spring Festival Gala and told them to watch it. How can they remove it just like that!"

His father said in an understanding manner, "The Spring Festival Gala has very strong competition, so they must have had no choice."

His mother said, "Even if there's strong competition, they shouldn't sacrifice my son's work. What's so good about that Korean singer? I've never even heard of him before! How can he compare to Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi! Zhang Xia is such an

experienced artiste, that we grew up listening to her. Zhang Yuanqi might not be young anymore, but she's not old either. She's already such a familiar face at the gala, why aren't they letting them perform?"

Zhang Ye was earnestly watching TV when he said, "Mom, keep listening."

His father also sat down to watch.

The television report continued, "Ever since the Spring Festival Gala first began, Teacher Zhang Xia has taken part in 13 galas, while Zhang Yuanqi has taken part in 6 of them. It can be said that they are old friends of the gala. For this year, Executive Director Peng Yiyu invited the Korean celebrity, Lee Anson, to perform, removing both gala veterans, Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi from the list. From this, we can deduce that Director Peng Yiyu has plans to change the outlook of tonight's gala."

Change? My ass!

Our country's Spring Festival Gala, it's our country's Spring Festival Gala! Why would they invite a Korean to take part! And because of his participation, our own countrymen's programs were withdrawn?

Does that make sense?

Your brains must be clogged with water!

All of a sudden, Zhang Ye did not feel sleepy anymore. He was furious now!

.....

On the internet, the discussions were getting heated. Some people had heard the rumors last night and were already discussing it online. As there was no way to verify the rumor's authenticity, they were not sure about it, but now that the news had confirmed the rumors of Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi not taking part in this year's gala, the discussions exploded over in Weibo, Tieba, forums, and even the video website's comment sections!

"Great, Lee Anson will be here!"

"Lee Anson, my male God!"

"I wasn't planning on watching the Spring Festival Gala tonight, but now I will definitely watch it! Lee Anson, I love you!"

"Lee Anson, all of us are rooting for you! Ah! It too exciting! What a surprise!"

Some were praising.

Some were also scolding!



"Peng Yiyu, you idiot!"

"Peng Yiyu shouldn't have been given the helm for this year's Spring Festival Gala! He's such a troublemaker!"

"Sister Zhang's program is canceled? The production team should go eat shit?"

"Grandma Zhang Xia is already past 60 years old! Yet she's still fighting on the front lines of the performing arts! How can the production team do something like this? Do they even have a heart? If you didn't want Grandma Zhang Xia to appear on the Spring Festival Gala, you could have said so earlier! Why did they change the list after it was already released to the public? That's so disgusting! How do you people do things! My parents have always been fans of Grandma Zhang Xia! They grew up listening to her songs!"

"Grandma Zhang and Sister Zhang are both veterans of the Spring Festival Gala. Now that you have different plans, you just remove them from the lineup? That's too disappointing!"

There was a lot of criticism, and a lot of people had given up on watching the Gala!

At this moment, the gala's production team's Vice-Director posted on Weibo to clarify, "After the second round of rehearsals, there had been some changes to the program list. It was after much consideration that we decided to try something new for this year's

Spring Festival Gala to create a livelier gala full of energy. We also respect and admire Madam Zhang Xia and I personally like her songs very much too, but because of her age, we do not wish to subject her to round after round of rehearsals, as that is very draining on her body. Regarding Teacher Zhang Yuanqi, I especially like her movies and songs too, but after the second round of rehearsals, the production team brought up that "Wishing We Last Forever" sounded more like a Mid-Autumn Festival song, we felt that it might not be so suitable for the Spring Festival Gala. We are very sorry to make this very difficult decision, but if Teacher Zhang Yuanqi has a more suitable song for tonight's event, we would still be open to reconsideration."

There were countless of people below leaving comments ridiculing them!

"Bullshit!"

"Afraid that Grandma Zhang would suffer? Why didn't you say that at the very beginning? You only came up with some rubbish excuse after they went through two rehearsals?"

"You want to host a dynamic and strong Spring Festival Gala?"

"So what you mean is that Teacher Zhang Xia and Sister Zhang are old!?"

"Teacher Zhang Xia and Teacher Zhang are not strong and lively? What the heck!"

"Yea, Grandma Zhang might be over 60 years old, but her vocals are stronger and better than a young singer! She's not old at all!"

Suddenly, Zhang Xia's official Weibo posted a reply below saying, "My health and body are still good and my spirits are high. I can stand the rehearsals because this is what I love to do. No matter how many rehearsals we have to go through, as long as everyone still wants me, I will do this until I'm 70, 80, or even 90, but of course if the Spring Festival Gala feels that I am getting old and should make way for the young ones, I will do so, as it is my duty as a senior. Thank you to all the friends who support Little Zhang and I."

When this Weibo was posted, everyone did not know what to think anymore!

"Grandma Zhang! You are always, always the best!"

'You and Sister Zhang are the best singers in the country!"

"Why does my heart feel so much pain!"

"This production team is full of beasts!"

Everyone had different feelings and their own views and judgment on this matter. What the Deputy Director said was politically correct, but everyone knew that it was just an excuse. The song was inappropriate? Afraid that Grandma Zhang would not be able to take the toll of rehearsals? These were all excuses!

The Spring Festival Gala's real intention was to change everything to a brand new outlook for this year! Zhang Xia was too old, while even though Zhang Yuanqi's age wasn't that advanced, she had started out as a child star. She had appeared on the Spring Festival Gala many times, one of the most among the Heavenly Queens and Kings, so she was also considered an 'old' person on the gala. This gala was being led by Director Peng, and since he wanted to revolutionize the outlook of it by making changes, the easiest way to do it was to get rid of the 'old'.

Why did they choose Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi?

Because the two of them did not have many new works and their fame was going downhill!

Grandma Zhang Xia only had old songs to perform at every Spring Festival Gala, while Zhang Yuanqi, even though no other actress could compare with her in the field of acting and she could be called the top actress of the movie industry, when it came to the field of music, she had had a hard time in recent years. There were even rumors that she wanted to give up her music career to focus on movies, but as everyone knew, not only did she not give up on music, she even did extremely well with a song that was written and composed by the controversial host, Zhang Ye. The song was released as a single called "Wishing We Last Forever" and became very popular. It had revived the Heavenly Queen's music career single handedly, but it seemed like that wasn't enough for Director Peng. To him, maybe in terms of music, Zhang Yuanqi was already a thing of the past. She was past her shelf life and it was now the world for fresh new faces. He felt that it was time for Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi to retire.

But the production team did not think about how their changes to make the Spring Festival Gala a livelier event would have such a great effect on Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi. Their inconsistent treatment towards them caused people to feel disgust!

Heavenly Queen Zhang had made a good comeback with "Wishing We Last Forever" and was slowly coming back to the origins of her musical roots from all those years, but now, they want to remove her just because they found her to be 'old'? How would that look to her fans? Those who did not know better would think that Zhang Yuanqi was really a thing of the past. It was even more difficult for Zhang Xia. An old lady would be no match for the younger ones. They could still do movies, but could she? The young ones could do commercials, could she? The young ones could release albums, could she? She couldn't do any of that anymore. The only place which she could shine was on stage at the Spring Festival Gala! Without this stage, the old lady's performing chances would literally be zero. She might not want fame or money, but she would be missing out on the stage that she had loved all her life. The only thing she looked like she could do now was to retire back to her hometown, but did the production team consider that?

Maybe they did consider it, but they still did it anyway.

This was also the reason why Zhang Ye and many others were so angry!

"Let's not watch this year's Spring Festival Gala!"

"Zhang Yuanqi will not be appearing! There's no reason to watch

it!"

"My parents just told me they won't be watching it either!"

A lot of dissonant voices started speaking up.

"If you don't want to watch, then don't watch!"

"Heehee, who cares whether you all watch or not!"

"As long as there's Lee Anson! Lee Anson is so good looking!"

"Inviting Lee Anson while getting rid of an old lady and an auntie, Director Peng a smart choice!"

Some people picked on issues and others fought back!

A lot of them started scolding back at them, some of which included fans of Zhang Ye. He was also known in his circle of fans as — Professional Korean Insulter! Whether it was on the internet, in his own words, or on television programs, Zhang Ye had shown his firm stance on this. For example, in "Zhang Ye's Talk Show", he had even spent a full 30 minutes of an episode scolding Koreans. In other episodes, he would also occasionally scold them. If you were to identify someone who was the most consistent in scolding Koreans, Zhang Ye would definitely be No. 1! Being Zhang Ye's fan, firstly, they liked Zhang Ye because of his values and national pride. Secondly, fans would also be imperceptibly influenced by the celebrities that they followed!

So if there was a need to say who had the angrier set of fans, Zhang Ye's fandom would definitely claim top spot, as there were many people similar to Zhang Ye within his fans!

"Brainless fans of the Koreans, get lost!"

"Who dares to say that they are an old lady and auntie?"

"I won't stand for this! How can anyone be as brainless as this?"

"Is this our country's Spring Gala Festival or Korea's Spring Gala Festival? How can you say such things about your own countrymen? Is Lee Anson your dad or your mom?"

The war of words was never-ending!

The online discussions had become a free-for-all!

Many of the bigger stars in the country also stepped out to have their say. Of course they were standing on the side of Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi. Zhang Xia was an elder of the singing world and had a good network of friends. Zhang Yuanqi was also well known for her good relations with others and also was a big shot in the entertainment industry who has helped many of her juniors!

Some stars even openly questioned the directing team.

Others were more tactful and did not burn any bridges. All they did was show their support, but did not implicate themselves in the argument.

Zhang Ye did not say anything. He did not make any comments, nor did he post on Weibo. When he finished reading the news online with his parents, he switched his phone off.

Comment?

Scold?

It no longer had any effect!

Zhang Ye had his own plans, since this was an outcome that he could not accept!



# Chapter 390: New Song? I'll Write It For You!

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Home.

The three of them were eating breakfast together.

Breakfast wasn't particularly delicious. As it was Beijing, all the store owners who usually sold breakfast had gone back to their hometowns for the holidays. There was only a small store run by locals across the street that had still been open. There was really nothing much to compliment on the taste, but they would have to make do with it.

Mom grumbled, "Too much, just too much!"

Dad also understood the situation. "Every new chief brings in his aides. Now that the Spring Festival Gala has changed Executive Directors, the planning will definitely be different, nor would be it be the same, or else would it be able to highlight himself?"

Mom asked, "Little Ye, Zhang Yuanqi's past songs aren't suitable for the Spring Festival Gala?"

Zhang Ye was eating fried dough sticks. "She has song. She's been on so many Spring Festival Gala over the years, so she must have sung a suitable song before."

Mom spoke like a layman, "Then she should just sing that!"

Zhang Ye shook his head silently. Do you think "Unforgettable Night" can be sung for her entire life? Typical songs cannot be repeated all the time!"

Dad sighed and said, "Zhang Xia also only has oldies, nothing new, so there's nothing appropriate for her. If they really had any good, new songs that match the mood, the Spring Festival Gala's production team wouldn't dare to remove their program slots. After all, their qualifications are known by everyone."

Mom said, "Don't they all have professional teams? Get those people to write a song! They should be able to come up with something nice."

"What time is it already? It's almost time for the final rehearsal. It will be the official live broadcast tonight. How can a song be written in this short amount of time now? No matter how awesome a music composer is, he won't be able to write one so quick. Composing a song isn't as simple as going out on the street and buying cabbages like they are worth nothing." Dad waved his chopsticks. "Don't worry about it. Just eat. It was also fated that Little Ye's song can't be on the Spring Festival Gala. There will be other chances in the future."

Mom continued grumbling about the bunch of directors. Zhang Ye's temper was probably inherited from his Mom, as they could not put up with anything.

They had finished eating breakfast.

Zhang Ye put his chopsticks down before straightening his clothes. "Dad, Mom, I'll be out for a while." Saying that, he went back to his room to grab his wallet and cellphone, before putting on a coat.

Dad frowned, "What are you doing?"

"It's only 6." Mom looked at her watch. "We still need to go to your paternal grandma's later."

Zhang Ye said calmly, "I have something to do. I'll try to rush back before noon."

Mom's face scrunched up. "No, nothing is more important than spending the new year together! Don't you go running anywhere!"

Zhang Ye said, "Mom, I really need to go out for a little. If I'm not back by noon, don't wait for me. Eat your meals and help me apologize to my aunts."

"You darn brat don't listen to me..." Mom carried on.

Dad looked at his son's expression and held his wife back. "...Let him go."

Mom turned nasty. "What's he going for? No matter what

happens, he still needs to pass the new year!"

Dad said calmly, "Our son is all grown up. He knows how to handle things." After saying that, he said to his son, "Go on. Don't worry about family matters. Your mother and I will help you make things better."

"Thanks Dad." Zhang Ye nodded and left.

.....

Downstairs.

He drove his BMW and left the district.

On the way, Zhang Ye gave Zhang Yuanqi a call. "We're sorry, but the number you are trying to reach is currently unavailable." Despite making a few calls, it did not connect.

Out of options, Zhang Yuanqi gave Zhang Yuanqi's manager, Fang Weihong, a ring.

Du Du.

It was connected after two rings.

"Sister Fang, it's me." Zhang Ye said.

"Little Zhang, is there something you need me for?" Fang Weihong's side sounded chaotic. There was a lot of noise, so she was definitely outside.

Zhang Ye slowed his car and stopped by the roadside. "I just called Sister Zhang, but could not get through. Are you able to contact her? I'm looking for her."

Fang Weihong said, "Sister Zhang is at CCTV Broadcasting Studio 1. She went over this morning. The reception there might not be good, so you can't connect. I haven't called her. If you can't get to her on the phone, I probably won't be able to reach her either. Why? Is something wrong?"

Zhang Ye was stunned, "At the broadcasting studio? Wasn't she removed from the show?"

Fang Weihong said, "She's been removed, but still she must still put up a fight. This is the Spring Festival Gala, the biggest stage in the entire country. This gala is very important for Sister Zhang's music career. We can't just let it go. Little Zhang, I'm busy over here and it's quite chaotic. Let's talk again tomorrow, alright?"

"Alright, go mind your matters." Zhang Ye hung up.

Broadcasting Studio 1? This wasn't good. He could contact her!

Zhang Ye drove his car towards CCTV and carried on calling

Zhang Yuanqi on the phone to no avail.

.....

Around 7 in the morning.

The sky was still dark, but it was nearly dawn.

Zhang Ye reached CCTV and saw people coming in and out of the entrance. It was quite lively, with some people carrying hula hoops, while others were disembarking from cars, wearing all sorts of colorful outfits. They produced their work passes, or event passes and entered. There were many fans outside watching, screaming constantly.

"Chen Yi! Chen Yi!"

"Aiyah! Fifth Brother is here!"

I saw Xiaohua! Xiaohua, Xiaohua, I'm here! Please look at me!"

Very soon, the screams of the fans blocking the entrance were drowned out by firecrackers.

While sitting in his car, watching this scene, he knew it was impossible to enter without a pass. It didn't matter if he was a star. Everyone here was a big shot. Zhang Ye's face was worthless here.

What should he do?

How was he to meet Sister Zhang?

He suddenly thought of someone and as his eyes twinkled, he picked up his cellphone to call him—Tian Bin. He was Zhang Ye's former colleague from Beijing Radio Station. They had previously conflicted and nearly fought with each other. Eventually, both of them had quit and reunited after burying the hatchet. Tian Bin was now working at Central Radio Station. It was under Central TV, so he wanted to ask if Tian Bin had any idea on how to get him in.

The phone connected.

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "Old Tian, what are you doing?"

Tian Bin smiled and said, "I'm working overtime of course."

"Why do you need to work overtime over the new year?" Zhang Ye asked.

"You went to an online television station and even started lecturing at a university, doing advertisements, so of course you're free during the new year, huh? I'm different. We get more busy the closer it gets to the new year. It's not like you don't know." Tian Bin wondered out loud, "It's not any time close for you to be sending new year greetings yet, so why did you call me?"

Zhang Ye immediately said, "I have something to ask of you."

"Go ahead." Tian Bin said.

Zhang Ye said, "I want to enter Central TV's Broadcasting Studio 1. You are a part of Central TV's system, is there a way you can help me get in? It's quite an important matter. As for what it is, I can't tell you for the time being."

Tian Bin was stunned. "It's the Spring Festival Gala tonight. It'll be almost impossible to get in."

"I know, that's why I'm troubling you." Zhang Ye was out of options. "Other than you working at Central Radio Station, I don't know anyone else."

Tian Bin paused. "Where are you?"

"At the entrance of Central TV. The main entrance, on the road to the west." Zhang Ye said.

"Alright, wait for me then." Saying that, Tian Bin hung up.

Zhang Ye was still pondering, but a few minutes later, through his windscreen, he saw Tian Bin's figure appear in the distance. After searching, he ran straight towards Zhang Ye before opening the door and getting in.



"Why were you inside?" Zhang Ye knew Central Radio Station was not here.

Tian Bin chuckled and said, "The Spring Festival Gala only happens once a year. Our radio station pulled all the young men over. I was one of them, so I'm here to help out temporarily."

Zhang Ye said, "Hey, that's nice!"

Tian Bin looked at him and said, "Since you don't want to talk about it, I won't ask about it." Saying that, he removed the pass that dangled from his neck. On it was his name and picture. "This is my work pass. Don't walk through the main door. It's all my colleagues there and they know you and me. They will definitely not let you in. I'm not some bigshot that they will let you in either. Every year's Spring Festival Gala is extremely strict. Even for me, if I didn't bring my pass, they would not let me in. Go in through a side door. You might be able to sneak in as its specially for staff. The people checking are hired security personnel, so they aren't as strict. They are also unfamiliar with most people. When you produce the pass, try covering part of the photo and it should be enough. Our facial structures are quite similar."

Zhang Ye was stunned. "If you give this to me, how are you going to get in?"

"I'll apply for time off. I can also go home and spend the new year's with my wife. It will be a load off my chest." Tian Bin smiled. "But don't get caught by them. I might not be able to keep my job if you do."

Zhang Ye took his work pass and felt his heart warm. "Thank you Old Tian!" He did not expect that Tian Bin would risk so much to hand his work pass to him. This would result in at least a disciplinary violation!

Tian Bin patted him on the back. "You don't have to stand on ceremony with me. Back when we fought with each other so badly in the office, it was mostly my fault. I tried to use my qualifications, thinking too highly of myself. When I left my post, none of my friends contacted me. Not a single person reached out a helping hand. I never expected, and I really didn't imagine back then that you would come to help me out. You gave me the authorization rights to 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', allowing me make a comeback, so, there's no point for so many words between the two of us. A friend in need is a friend indeed. Even if I, Tian Bin, become awesome, becoming an international superstar, I would not acknowledge any of those so-called friends and bros. I would only acknowledge you as my true friend!"

Tian Bin said this from the bottom of heart.

Zhang Ye did not turn corny. "Alright, then I'll be making my move."

The two of them got out of the car. Zhang Ye followed Tian Bin's directions and walked over briskly. As he walked, he wore his shades, avoiding the entrance filled with fans. He found the side entrance reserved for staff only. It was probably a passage recently opened just for the occasion.

The door wasn't very big. There were people lining up to enter. Everyone wore a white color pass around their necks. They were all identical to Tian Bin's.

A few security guards were standing by the door. They checked the documents and did a body inspection, using an item to sweep their bodies.

It reached Zhang Ye's turn.

"Documents." The security guard said with an expressionless face.

Zhang Ye held up the pass that sat on his chest and his fingers covered half the photo. It was not completely covered, or it would appear suspicious.

The person did not look at it carefully.

After the security check, Zhang Ye left his lighter outside, and followed the people in front of him to enter Central TV's compound, heading straight to Broadcasting Studio 1.

Old Zhang!

Wait for this bro!

"Wishing We Last Forever" is for the Mid-autumn festival?

All you need is a new song, right!? I'll f\*\*king write one for you!

# Chapter 391: The Song Has Been Written!

---

The sky slowly lit up.

Central TV's Broadcasting Studio 1 was in turmoil.

"Where are the costumes? Hurry!"

"Leader Sun, the props are broken, what do we do?"

"It's fine. Get Little Chen to get them. There are spares over there!"

"Everyone quickly change into your costumes and get your makeup done. The final rehearsal has already begun. We are the eighth program. Once you're ready, go backstage, it will be our turn soon!"

"Aiyo, don't push!"

"Where's the makeup artist?"

"It's the final stage. We have to do it well or our program might get axed!"

"That's right. My hands are shaking. Even big stars like Grandma Zhang and Auntie Zhang can have their programs cut at the last minute. People like us without any fame will not..."

"Shh, quiet down. Don't speak about it anymore."

"Director Peng is trying to pave the way for future stars."

The lobby was a mess. There was the sound of guitars strumming, people singing, and there were even people dancing. There were way too many people in here, which was unable to accommodate so many people to individually practice. Hence, people could only find a spot to practice a few times before going up on stage. One could see the nervousness and excitement on everyone's face.

Going on the Spring Festival Gala!

This was such a hallowed event!

Basically almost 90% of them were going on the Spring Festival Gala for the first time. They naturally would not look as calm as those familiar faces to the Spring Festival Gala. In fact, even those celebrities, who had appeared on the Spring Festival Gala more than once, were also possibly nervous, as the pressure was intense! Furthermore, with Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia creating a precedent, programs decided on the program list might eventually not go on the show. Only at the final moment of the live broadcast would they know if their programs would be allowed to be performed. The competition was brutal!

Lobby...

Corridor...

Resting area...

There were many big stars here, so no one cared about Zhang Ye. Many of them did not know him.

Zhang Ye randomly looked around, unsure of where he was. Hence, he pulled a child walking by, "Friend, please wait for a moment."

The young girl was only ten years old. When she saw him, she suddenly shouted out in pleasant surprise, "I know you! You're Teacher Zhang Ye!" She was carrying some metal loops. It seemed like she was going to perform acrobatics.

Zhang Ye cheerfully said, "Yes, it's me. I have a question for you. Do you happen to know where Zhang Yuanqi is? Have you seen her since you came?"

The little girl was very honest. "I know. Auntie Zhang and Grandma Zhang are in the resting room. They are just around the corner. Turn right farther up. In the room on the left right at the end of the hall. I just came from there. The door is open, so I saw them." It wasn't a big place, so it was quite easy to find someone.

"Thank you, young lady."

"You're welcome."

Zhang Ye began his search.

.....

In a resting room.

It could also be considered a makeup or changing room. As there were mirrors on the side of the wall, and heaps of clothes and props on the floor. It was a multi-purpose room.

Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia were sitting beside each other chatting.

Zhang Yuanqi laughed cheerfully. "It's quiet over here."

"Hur Hur, we are 'aged elderly' who have fallen from popularity. It's nice for some peace and quiet too." Zhang Xia was a very healthy and high-spirited old granny. All her short hair was white, but had been rebonded. Her eyes were very bright too. "But if they say I'm old, as a granny, I admit it, but to go so far as to say Little Zhang is 'old', it is me implicating you. How can someone in her thirties be considered old? Besides, you still look like you're in your twenties."

Zhang Yuanqi said, "You can't be considered old either. How many elderly grannies can sing 'Song of the People' without being out of breath? We have been 'made' old by others." She looked at



her watch. "The final rehearsal is about to begin, and will have nothing to do with us. Are you going to leave?"

Zhang Xia smiled and looked around and took a while before she spoke, "I have been coming to this place for so many years. I haven't been home for many new year's eves. I've always been here. To me, Central TV Broadcasting Studio 1 is the place I will always spend my new year's eve, and so today shall be the same. Even if I can't get on the program, I will still spend my new year's eve here."

Zhang Yuanqi patted Zhang Xia's hand, "Then allow me to accompany you."

Zhang Ye happened to hear Zhang Xia's words just as he reached the door. At that instance, his heart was struck and twitched slightly!

What sort of old person was she?

What sort of emotions did she have?

This was an old granny that had merged the Spring Festival Gala into her bones!

"You don't have to stay with me."

"It's fine, I don't have any other things on today."

"Isn't your team trying to compose a new song for you? You still have a chance of going on stage."

"Hur Hur, it's just burning the midnight oil. They won't finish in time. If the directing team told me earlier that the song wasn't suitable, I would have found someone to write me a new song, but now, it's too late no matter what."

"It's too early to give up. There's still hope. Your standing in the entertainment industry is much higher than mine. There are so many musicians writing lyrics or composing melodies. You just need to ask one of them."

"I've already asked them. Nothing is appropriate. Even if there were appropriate ones, they were not that shockingly nice. It has to at least match 'Wishing We Last Forever' before I could even sing it. If there's no nice song or lyrics, what's the point of me going on the Spring Festival Gala? We are in the arts, so we can't just fool the audience, right?"

"Who wrote 'Wishing We Last Forever'?"

"Zhang Ye."

"He doesn't have any similar songs?"

"Writing a song is slow and tedious work. It needs inspiration. If the directing team had informed me a day earlier, I would have

asked Zhang Ye, but I was informed too late. Little Zhang most likely doesn't have any suitable songs."

Suddenly, Zhang Ye marched into the resting room. "Who said I didn't!?"

This voice of his gave the two of them a fright as they looked over.

Zhang Xia did not know him. "You are?"

"Little Zhang?" Zhang Yuanqi smiled and said, "You really cannot be talked about."

Zhang Xia could tell from her words. "This is that Zhang Ye?"

"Grandma Zhang, hello." Zhang Ye nodded at the elder. "Let me wish you a happy chinese new year."

Zhang Xia said kindly, "You too. You were the one who wrote that song for Little Zhang, right? I don't know much about the entertainment industry, so I don't really know you. Please don't mind."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "If you knew me, it would have been my honor. It's fine. I'm just a small celebrity and I'm not that famous." Compared to the two in front of him, he was indeed a small celebrity.

Zhang Xia asked, "What did you say when you entered?"

Zhang Yuanqi also looked at him. "You have a good song?"

Zhang Ye said confidently, "Of course."

"Do you have a sample? Let me listen to it?" Zhang Yuanqi said.

"That I don't have." Zhang Ye said.

"You don't even have the score or lyrics?" Zhang Yuanqi asked.

Zhang Ye said, "I saw the news at 5 or 6 this morning and got wind of it then, so I didn't have much time to prepare. I also tried contacting you on the phone, but failed. I borrowed a friend's staff pass to sneak in. I know you are in need of a song to go on stage. Why are you looking for others? I, myself, would do. It's impossible for you to get other musicians to create a song that will be well-received across the entire country at the very last minute, but you know I can do it!"

Zhang Yuanqi smiled and said, "The last time I tried buying the rights to your lyrics, you refused all day, so I was too embarrassed to request another song from you."

Keep acting!

Carry on acting!

Have you ever been embarrassed?

Zhang Ye said, "This time it's different. I've always believed that art does not care about age. Of course, I'm not saying that the two of you are old. What the Spring Festival Gala's directing team has done has infuriated me. My parents are also very angry, so when I encounter such matters, I think I should do something about it. Hur Hur. A person like me doesn't have much ability, but I'm still not bad at writing poems or songs. I won't dare to say what I write is the best in the country, but I dare to say that no one can write faster than me! Tell me what type of song you would like, and I'll write you that song!"

Zhang Xia was at a loss of whether to laugh or cry, "You'll write anything we want?"

Zhang Ye said with affirmation, "Yes."

Zhang Xia then said, "Lyrics along with the melody?"

"Yes." Zhang Ye replied as if it was a matter of fact..

"Interesting." Zhang Xia was filled with doubts, but very interested. In her decades of experience, for someone to dare brag so much, they were either a madman or a genius!

Zhang Yuanqi shook her head. "Well, I don't know what song I

want either. Without a sample, I can't judge if it's a suitable piece of work."

"Then, let me take the liberty of thinking of a song for you." Zhang Ye said.

"Alright." Zhang Yuanqi waited.

Upon seeing this, Zhang Xia got up and said, "I'll go to the ladies. You two carry on chatting."

Zhang Yuanqi held the old granny. "You don't have to hide, it's fine."

The old granny laughed and said, "I really need to go to the ladies."

Zhang Yuanqi did not speak further. Zhang Xia went out and closed the door behind her.

The moment the door closed, Zhang Yuanqi returned to the appearance Zhang Ye was familiar with. It was as if she had changed her face. Her expression lost all color. If anyone saw this scene, they would be stunned till they peed their pants. However, Zhang Ye did not react as he was completely used to it now.

Zhang Yuanqi asked indifferently, "Are you confident?"

"It won't be inferior to 'Wishing We Last Forever'." Zhang Ye said.

Zhang Yuanqi acknowledged and coldly said, "Regardless of what song is it, I owe you one."

Zhang Ye knew that for him to rush here because of her news, ignoring everything at home to the point of sneaking into Central TV to help Zhang Yuanqi write a song, Zhang Yuanqi was actually appreciative of it, despite not showing it on her face.

"Let me write the lyrics first for you to look at."

"OK."

Zhang Ye found a pen and paper and began writing.

After finishing, he cleared his throat and began singing.

One minute...

Three minutes...

After hearing it, Zhang Yuanqi remained silent.

Zhang Ye blinked at her. "How is it, Sister Zhang?"

Zhang Yuanqi stared at him. "How do you do it?"

"Just like that." Zhang Ye said evasively.

After saying this, Zhang Xia entered after pushing the door open. "What's the matter? You haven't begun writing the lyrics? It's fine. Take your time."

"It's already written." Zhang Yuanqi's expression changed suddenly, as she smiled and said, "Not only are the lyrics written, even the melody has been produced." Saying that, she showed the lyrics to Zhang Xia.

Zhang Xia took it from her and said, "You heard it? How was it?"

Zhang Yuanqi smiled lightly. "I've never doubted Little Zhang's literary skill. I'm always assured with his lyrics. I always felt that the melody of 'Wishing We Last Forever' was a fluke, and that he happened to chance upon it, but today I finally came to a realization that it was not a fluke. Little Zhang is one of the top musicians in this country!"

Zhang Xia said stunned, "You seldom give such high praises to someone. Is it that good?"

"Take a look at the lyrics, and I'll sing it to you once." Zhang Yuanqi could sing a song after listening to it just once.

The moment she opened her mouth, Zhang Ye was convinced.



That voice of hers, that music literacy of hers, if this song was not sung by Zhang Yuanqi, it would be a sin against the heavens. Although there were some parts where Zhang Yuanqi went a little off-tune, she had only heard it once after all. Although there was no band or accompaniment, Zhang Ye still felt this classic music piece, even when sung by her, gave him goose bumps! The song's melody had been on Zhang Ye's mind on the way here. He could not get it out of his head. He wanted to let Zhang Yuanqi try it out, but he never expected that it would be so beautiful!

Who said Old Zhang could no longer carry on down her musical path?

This talent, this voice, this singing experience...all of this made her an integral person in the musical world! It was only bad luck that she did not have any good songs these past few years!

Zhang Yuanqi finished singing it.

After hearing it, Zhang Xia gasped. She immediately stared at Zhang Ye's eyes. "You really wrote that song in the past few minutes?"

Zhang Ye nodded.

Zhang Xia repressed the shock in her heart and regulated her breathing rhythm. "Little Zhang, if not because I know so much about the music circles, having some interactions with all the rookies and seniors in it, I would have believed that you are the best musician in the entire country just based on that single song!"

Then she said to Zhang Yuanqi, "Hurry and make the background music and get some accompaniment. You can definitely mount the stage of the Spring Festival Gala. If this song can't get you on it, then the Spring Festival Gala would have really lost all of its value. Yuanqi, and Little Zhang, I really like this song to the bone. After the Spring Festival Gala is over, let's find an opportunity to talk about it. I want to make a cover too. We can talk about the rights and cooperation details then."

Zhang Yuanqi suddenly said, "I have a suggestion. How about, the two of us sing it together!"

Zhang Xia waved her hand, flatly saying, "That won't do. This is Little Zhang's song for you. Besides, you are a Heavenly Queen, so there's no reason for you to sing a duet when you can sing it solo."

Zhang Ye spoke up first. "You decide, I'm fine with anything." Then after a short pause, he said, "Grandma Zhang, I actually think this song is better if the two of you sung it together."

Zhang Yuanqi smiled and said, "Then it's decided."

Zhang Xia was still hesitating. "That's not appropriate, right?"

Zhang Yuanqi said calmly, "The directing team, the media, and many people are saying that we are old and have lost our popularity. I don't know what you think of it, but I don't like hearing that. Let the two of us let them see that we are not old. We can still sing. After another ten years, after another twenty years, we will still stand on that stage...still beautiful women as ever! We

will still be the brightest and most dazzling flowers of the gala!"

Zhang Xia smiled, so much to the point that she did not resemble an elderly person. "...Alright! Let the two of us fight shoulder to shoulder! Let's show them what we've got!"

Zhang Yuanqi immediately took out her cellphone to make a call. When she discovered it had no reception, she quickly walked out the room to call her team. "Hello, Old Wang, I have a song here. I'll need some background music for it, and some accompaniment. Prepare on your side. I'll be there immediately. Get everyone together and prepare to work overtime. I'll treat everyone to dinner. Hur Hur." Then, she left Central TV alone to busy herself with the track's music!

# Chapter 392: Going Onstage!

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8 AM.

In the dressing room.

Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia had left, and so Zhang Ye had nothing to do also. He walked out and circled around the lobby. He could not return home as he still needed to supervise after the companion track was produced. The Heavenly Queen had specially exhorted him before leaving. Hai, so what if I don't leave. I'll help you to the very end.

"Who is this?"

"Why is he so free?"

"Eh, he looks familiar. Isn't, isn't he Zhang Ye?"

"Zhang Ye? I don't know him."

"He's a host. He's quite popular these days."

"Hey, it's really Zhang Ye. Why is he here? Does he have a program?"

"Let's just worry about ourselves first. It will be our program's turn soon. Stay sharp and don't make any mistakes."

Suddenly, Zhang Ye saw a person. He looked like he was in his twenties too. He was very young and had small eyes. He was very handsome. Zhang Ye recognized him at a glance that he was the Korean idol singer, Lee Anson. He was being interviewed by a reporter. He said a bunch of Korean that Zhang Ye did not understand. This man was one of the reasons why Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi could not appear at the Spring Festival Gala, hence, Zhang Ye took a few more looks at him. He already didn't like him. He had a small nose and small eyes. Where did so many brainless fans, who liked him, come from? Actually no matter what Lee Anson looked like, Zhang Ye would still view him with animosity. Why? There was no need to ask why! The title of Professional Korean Insulter wasn't something he got for nothing!

Pa.

Someone tapped him on the shoulder.

Zhang Ye turned around. "Hello?"

It was a female reporter. As they were not allowed to film or do audio recordings, she was holding a pen and a notebook. "Oh, it's really Teacher Zhang. Why are you here? You aren't appearing on the program. Oh, I understand. The 'Wishing We Last Forever' you composed for Zhang Yuanqi was removed from the show, so you are here to make another song for Teacher Zhang Yuanqi? Are there any results yet? Will Teacher Zhang Yuanqi be able to appear onstage at tonight's Spring Festival Gala?"

Zhang Ye was tight-lipped. "Sorry, I don't know either."

"Just give me a hint, Teacher Zhang." The female reporter insisted.

"I really do not know anything." Zhang Ye said a few words before leaving.

The female reporter could do nothing about it. After some thought, she wrote a title in her notebook. "'Wishing We Last Forever's songwriter Zhang Ye mysteriously appears at Central TV's Broadcasting Studio 1. Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi might have a new production".

.....

After 9.

He received Zhang Yuanqi's call, but the person who spoke was Zhang Xia instead. Clearly, the two of them were together right now. Two legends from the music industry were working together to create a song which they would sing as a duet together. Just the thought of that was very exciting.

Zhang Xia said, "Zhang'er, I will be getting Yuanqi to send a part of the accompaniment to you. My team and Yuanqi's team rushed to create this, so please give us your opinion."

Zhang Ye replied, "OK."

After he received the accompaniment, he listened to it in seriousness.

Finally, Zhang Ye commented, "I think it sounds a bit too flat, there's not enough instrumentals? A little too simple."

Zhang Xia considered for a moment, "Do you mean it should have more depth? That's not impossible, but the time we have...." At this time, someone beside said a few words before Zhang Xia continued to say, "Alright, we will keep working to improve it and try to perfect it. Zhang'er, do you have any other suggestions? It was written by you after all, so you should have the final word."

Zhang Ye did not know much about the technicalities of music production, but even so, what he had in his head was the original piece from his world. The accompaniment music was also a mature piece already. With the song having been covered by so many people before, it could be said that it had been slowly polished to its essence. He said to them, "The beginning few seconds when the melody starts, could you add some percussion to it? I don't really know what type of drums or whatever, but it's the kind where there's a very light hitting sound, then after that, when it moves into the main melody, you can change the part after that to be played on a piano....."

With that, 20 minutes had passed.

.....

Before noon.

The Spring Festival Gala was holding its final rehearsal.

The participating actors and staff were all having their lunch or taking a break. They were all waiting for the final decision. Right until the end, no one would know if there would be any changes to the performance list. They could be taken out of the plan at any time and there were precedents of this happening before.

Soon, Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi came rushing back.

"Little Zhang."

"You two are back?"

"Come on, we've already contacted the production team."

"I'm going too?"

"You're the composer, so of course you must go."

The few of them went upstairs as Zhang Ye followed along behind.

.....



In a large conference room.

The Spring Festival Gala's Director Peng Yiyu was seated at the end while the rest were either standing or sitting down. They were all busy chattering and discussing about the various programs and timing issues.

Zhang Ye and company arrived. Peng Yiyu asked, "Auntie Zhang Ye is here? Please wait a moment."

An assistant director said, "As long as every program segment does not overrun by more than 3 seconds, there shouldn't be a problem."

Peng Yiyu said, "There are no problems on time."

"Right, as long as there are no unforeseen circumstances, we can guarantee it." said a female assistant.

Peng Yiyu was an ordinary looking middle-aged man. He was wearing old fashioned looking clothes, though not as old fashioned as Zhang Ye's father. If he were to walk around the streets, those who did not know him would have never thought that he was the director for this year's Spring Festival Gala. He was also one of the more famous directors of the Gala.

"So the existing program plans are just about set and there won't be any need for changes." Peng Yiyu said.

When Zhang Yuanqi heard this, she smiled and said, "Director Peng, you have forgotten about us again?"

Peng Yiyu looked over and smiled back, "How could I forget? Did your team create a new song? Alright then, let's have a listen to it." Whether it be his fame or qualifications, Peng Yiyu could not compare to these two people in front of him. One was a well known Heavenly Queen, the other was a veteran of the singing world. No matter how pretentious Peng Yiyu was, he could not ignore the two of them. At least on the surface, he was still very polite. He said, "Will Miss Zhang be singing first or Auntie Zhang?"

Zhang Xia smiled. "The two of us will be singing one song."

At this moment, the people from the directing team were stunned. "One song? The two of you are singing a duet?"

Zhang Yuanqi chuckled and said, "Director Peng said that this Gala has to be lively and we have to pave the way for young people, and so in consideration of that, Auntie Zhang and I have decided to sing a song together. It also can squeeze some time for the youths, giving them an opportunity to express themselves."

Peng Yiyu's eyes twitched. "Hur Hur, alright, I'll listen to the work first."

The Deputy Director, who had previously posted on Weibo, looked at them. He was thinking that if the two of them didn't go onstage, then wouldn't there be more time squeezed out for others!? We said your song wasn't suitable and that your bodies

could not keep up were just perfunctory words, and you really believed it? You really produced a new song? The Deputy Director was shaking his head. How good could a song produced at the last minute be? Coming over was still meaningless for the two of you will definitely not have a chance to participate in this performance!

The other members of the directing team knew very well in their hearts. This Spring Festival Gala was in preparation of a drastic reform. Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia's music was already out-dated!

Forget it.

Let's listen to it first.

Zhang Yuanqi did not stand on ceremony and smiled to a staff, saying, "Play the accompaniment." She then passed it to him. It was obvious that she was a great star in the entertainment industry.

The staff did not grumble and immediately did it right away.

Finally, Zhang Yuanqi said to him, "Thank you young lad. You sure are quick on your feet. Come to my company one day to work." It was not considered poaching in front of others as the Spring Festival Gala's directing team was only a temporary unit. They were all from different departments and companies, each from their own units.

When the staff member heard this, he was excited. "Thank you Sister Zhang. If you think so highly of me, I'll definitely work for you in the future."

The directing team had not been dissolved yet. What's the meaning of this? The Deputy Director was a bit speechless, but he did not speak a word. He did not want to offend Zhang Yuanqi either. Heavenly Queen Zhang had very good connections in the entertainment industry.

As the music played, everyone's feelings started to well up.

Zhang Yuanqi looked to Zhang Xia, "Auntie Zhang, let's just keep it simple?"

"There's no mic and no sound system. We have no choice but to keep it simple." Zhang Xia laughed. Then she pulled at Zhang Yuanqi and the both of them sat down gracefully.

The production team sat as they listened to the duo sing while sitting.

If it were any other celebrities, how would they dare to do it like this in front of Director Peng, but these two were Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi. Even if they were to lie down and sing, everyone would have to listen with respect.

"It's done." Zhang Yuanqi said.

That staff immediately played the accompaniment.

Seeing this, Zhang Ye also did not stand on ceremony. He found a place to sit himself down as well. Although he did not have a similar status to these two ladies, being unafraid to offend others was his special trait. Since Old Zhang had already sat down, then he would definitely sit down too. Who cared what the production team thought of him? Zhang Ye never felt the need to lower himself in front of others. And so, what Zhang Ye did also attracted the attention of a few of the assistant directors. They were all frowning.

Where did this person come from?

When everyone was distracted, Zhang Yuanqi suddenly began to sing.

At that moment, the production team members all had their attention pulled back to her voice. Slowly, everyone's eyes shone with amazement. They were all looking at each other in disbelief!

This...

This song.....

Peng Yiyu's eyes changed too!

Zhang Yuanqi had just finished her part, and Zhang Xia continued on!

Finally, the two ladies used their pitch perfect vocals to end the song!

At this moment, the assistant director wanted to curse. Sing it simply? How was this considered singing it simply? This was even without any sound processing and a lack of atmosphere, and they could sing it to this level? What if the effects and sound system were added? Then wouldn't it be heaven-defying? What's more, that song.....had stirred their souls despite having heard it for the first time! That sort of unhurrying pace, that confidence. It sounded like it was a fine rain, yet it also sounded like a sharp knife. It had left all sorts of marks on their hearts!

A female assistant almost went crazy from listening to it!

The others in the production team could not say another word either!

Zhang Xia said, "We are limited by the conditions here, so we couldn't perform our best. Please make do with it. Director Peng, is this song alright?"

Peng Yiyu immediately asked, "Was this composed by your team just now?"

Zhang Xia gave a smile and said, "My team is not that talented. This was done by Yuanqi's team. No, we can't even say it that way, because it was Yuanqi's friend who helped to compose this at the last minute." As she said this, she pointed to Zhang Ye, who was

seated behind them, "I think you may have heard the name Zhang Ye before?"

Zhang Ye?

Zhang Ye composed it?

Some had heard of him before and some had not.

Peng Yiyu said, "No wonder, so it's by the composer and writer of 'Wishing We Last Forever'. I've also heard that the lyrics and melody for that song, which swept the country, was also composed on the spot."

Zhang Yuanqi asked, "What's the decision of this evaluation?"

Peng Yiyu stayed silent for a moment, then said, "The song is good, but I still feel the same way. I feel that it does not suit the mood of the Spring Festival Gala."

Zhang Xia looked at him, "Then according to Director Peng, what song do you feel suits this gala? Do you need us to compose a 'Spring Festival Gala', 'Song of Spring Festival Gala', 'Spring Festival Gala is Great', or maybe even 'The Spring Festival Gala of Director Peng Yiyu is the Greatest'? Maybe only a title like one of those would suit the mood?"

The elderly could really be quite sarcastic!

With that jab from her, Zhang Ye was overjoyed just hearing it!

Peng Yiyu smiled bitterly, "Auntie Zhang, I know that you are unhappy, but don't scold me like that, I do not mean it that way. I just wanted to confirm the program schedule. The last rehearsal is already over and it won't be easy to adjust anymore."

Zhang Yuanqi smiled, "Auntie Zhang and I have also taken part in two rehearsals before, so we do not need much preparation and can just go on stage directly. That is not a problem. If we may be a little boastful, the two of us together have been on so many Spring Festival Galas, more so than any of the participants tonight, so Director Peng should trust our experience and capabilities. At least when it comes to me and Auntie Zhang, we won't have any hiccups."

Zhang Xia said, "We only need two minutes."

The assistant director stood beside Peng Yiyu. He said, "The timing won't be OK. If we squeeze in another performance, the whole schedule would be a mess. The both of you are also top artistes and started since young. Surely you'd know how difficult it is when you're young and new. It is now the world of the youngsters. In the future, it will also be their time. I believe you would want to be an example to them? Pave a way for young people?"

Not even two minutes?



Go f\*\*k yourself!

Zhang Ye got more and more irritated listening to this. They were not finished as he suddenly spoke out, "It's no problem to pave the way for young people. I believe it is to pave the way for our juniors, Grandma Zhang and Sister Zhang would not say a word, but may I ask what country's New Year it is? Why must we pave the way for a Korean? Just because of a foreigner, you have pushed our own country's people to the back of your minds? Does that make sense!? I've seen the program list. The directing team has given Lee Anson three minutes for his song, but for our own people, to two veterans who have contributed so much to the Spring Festival Gala, not even two minutes can be given? I don't know what others think when they hear this, but I feel terrible. I speak very frankly and say whatever's on my mind. Youths are important, but what's the use if you are only young? Without the older generation's inheritance, without the beliefs and traditional heritage of the older generation, where would the youth go? How should youths proceed?"

The female assistant was the person who relatively understood Zhang Ye the most amongst the people present. She had heard Zhang Ye's speech, "Ode to Young China", but upon hearing what Zhang Ye said today, she nearly fainted! Your sister! What you said at Peking University was not like that! Didn't you say the old were like crashing celestial bodies? Didn't you say the old took opium? Go to hell! Why did you change what you said today!? The female assistant had long heard of Zhang Ye's foul temper and mood. And indeed after seeing him today, the rumors were indeed true!

Peng Yiyu was very unhappy. Did you have the right to speak here?

Zhang Xia asked, "Little Peng, so what is the outcome of your decision? Please tell us directly. We will accept whatever your decision is, so don't be too pressured. If everyone needs us, then we will sing. If they don't need us and the Spring Festival Gala doesn't need us either, then Yuanqi and I will leave. We won't say a word anymore."

Don't be pressured?

Peng Yiyu felt even more stressed now!

If it were Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi's previous two songs, he could deal with it in his own way and there wouldn't be a problem, but right now, they had brought out an outstanding song that had left Peng Yiyu with a very difficult decision. He was already ready to go ahead without Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi's participation, but had not expected things to turn out this way. What the f\*\*k is up with this Zhang Ye? Coming up with such a good song in such a short time?

The assistant director said nervously, "Director Peng?"

The conference room was so quiet that even a cough would echo.

One of female assistant directors suddenly said, "If this song does not make it onto this year's Spring Festival Gala, I think it would be a great pity. I would really like to see two of them appear on stage for a duet!"

Peng Yiyu stared at the female assistant director.

She did not notice him, but looked at Zhang Yuanqi and smiled. The two of them definitely knew each other.

At this moment, another staff member from the production team spoke. He looked to be the oldest among them. The old man said, "The Spring Festival Gala is not watched only by youngsters, and we still have to consider the middle-aged and elderly's thoughts. For the Korean celebrity, Lee Anson, we could shorten his performance time by a bit to around 2 minutes and that would be enough. With the remaining 1 minute, we can manage the other programs and put them back to back to squeeze out the remaining time so that Old Zhang and Little Zhang can use it to perform."

There was an internal schism production team as well!

After all, this was not a team that would work together for long. Even if Peng Yiyu was the overall director, he could not convince everyone of his decisions. What's more, it was a decision regarding Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia. They were very popular, had great social connections, and could sing. Their only shortcoming was that they did not have many new songs, which had already been made up for now. The new song was even very outstanding, so there was no reason to not let them sing. The excuses of the songs not being suitable, or that those were old songs already did not work. If they insisted on not letting them make an appearance, then it would surely offend many people. During this event, the two of them would have to listen to the production team's instructions, but the event would only be for today. When it was

over, don't they still need to work? Unless they chose to leave the industry? They would definitely have to give face to the two of them!

After discussing for a long time.

Finally, Peng Yiyu could no longer not consider Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi's influence as well as the internal differences his team had. He said, "Go back first, we will discuss the timing allocations and see if I can make some time for your program. Once it's confirmed, I will contact you again."

Since it was said in such a manner, it meant it was very likely a certainty.

.....

Outside.

Zhang Xia sighed , "Actually, Little Peng's not having it easy either." The old lady was still understanding of the situation.

Zhang Yuanqi commented, "He's just being too eager. What Uncle Chu said earlier was right. The Spring Festival Gala is not only a gala for young people. Older audiences and performers should not be forgotten. If that really happened, then it would definitely be a tragedy for the gala. It is precisely people our age who have the most feelings for the gala."

Zhang Xia laughed, "Let's see. If the people are not satisfied with my performance this year, I will admit that I'm too old for this and consider my retirement."

## Chapter 393: The Never Waning "[Woman Flower](#)"!

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Afternoon.

Lunch boxes were being given out.

Other than some people with special circumstances, even an A-list celebrity would not go back. They would have to collect their lunch box and make do with it.

Zhang Ye was also eating alone. Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi had gone off somewhere, likely to practice for tonight's song. After all, it was their first time hearing it today. If they wanted to sing it well, especially as a duet, it wouldn't be easy for them. They would need a lot of practice. When Zhang Ye gave this song to them, he had already heard it more than a hundred times, but as he was not a music professional, he could not possibly dare to give them guidance by his standards. They were professional singers, so they definitely knew better than him. It was better for him to just sit around and have his lunch.

Ring, ring, ring.

His father was calling.

"Where are you?"

"Dad, I'm outside."

"Are you coming back for lunch?"

"Oh, maybe not. There are some matters over here. Are you at aunt's place? Please apologize to everyone on my behalf. I might not be able to go to maternal grandma's place either."

"Something important?"

"Yes, it's important."

"Alright then, I won't say anymore. Go and do what you need to."

In the afternoon, Zhang Ye received quite a few calls from Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia's teams. They discussed with him regarding the musical composition. Earlier, they had only let the gala directing team listen to the draft version, which still had its flaws, so they had to discuss further with him. Zhang Ye found a quiet corner and spent the entire afternoon on the phone to help them sort out this matter. When Zhang Xia called him, he would go and listen to Zhang Yuanqi and her singing practice. He was no professional, but at least he had the standard of this song in mind from his previous world, which he used as the marker to point out the problems with their version. With that, he had corrected some of their problems which had arisen from their unfamiliarity with the song.

An hour.

Three hours.

Five hours.

It was already 7:40 PM in the evening.

After finally busying himself with them, Zhang Ye was exhausted. He did not have a good night's sleep last night, and had, at most, four hours of rest, so he really could no longer stay awake. The Spring Festival Gala was about to begin and everyone was busying themselves for the moment they appeared on stage. Zhang Ye spotted an opportunity, looked for an empty room and found the makeup room that Zhang Yuanqi had been in earlier that day. It was a mess inside as random makeup and accessories lay strewn on the floor as well as some unused costumes, but since there was no one around, Zhang Ye switched off the lights and went to a corner where there was a sofa. There were a few partitioned spaces, which were covered by curtains, probably a space for changing. He pulled a curtain to cover himself and sat on the sofa. Ah, it was rather comfortable. Zhang Ye did not care about anything anymore since he had already done all that he could. He just lay down and fell asleep, not even moving an inch.

.....

The sounds of firecrackers thundered!

There was jubilation everywhere!



The annual Spring Festival Gala had begun!

The first program was the opening dance, a performance that mainly junior and middle school students participated in. Although they were young, their movements suggested that they were very well trained. The dance was beautiful and the music was very vibrant. From this opening performance, it could be seen that this year's Spring Festival Gala was indeed putting its focus on the younger generation. Those old songs or old recital performances of yesteryear, which had been rejected by the younger generation, could possibly even be canceled and replaced with the ever enjoyable language performances or popular song and dance routines. It was going the way of popular demands, as traditional programs were becoming too old fashioned. Those programs did not make money and also could not attract viewers. Another way to call the lively and energetic Spring Festival Gala was to call it the business opportunities Spring Festival Gala!

At Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

Cao Mengmeng was anxiously sitting on the sofa saying, "It's starting, it's starting!"

Zhang Ye's mother was nagging and saying, "There's nothing good to watch on this year's Spring Festival Gala!"

Second Uncle said depressingly, "They'd already planned for Little Ye's song to be performed, but why did they have to go and cancel it!"

Third Auntie said, "That bunch of directing team people don't have any foresight. All they want is to attract viewers and find a chance to make money by suggesting a Spring Festival Gala for the young. They have already forgotten about us elderly!"

Maternal Grandma said, "Change the channel. If Little Ye's song isn't going to be performed, then I don't want to watch it! Zhang Xia and Sun Ying's not slated to perform this year too, so what's the point of watching it?"

Maternal Grandpa said, "I heard this year only has one Peking Opera performance lined up. It's even combined with other types of opera as a single performance. What's that called?"

Cao Tong said, "Hehe, those are called mashups."

"What sort of thing is that?!" Maternal Grandpa said, "A tradition passed down from our ancestors has been messed up by them!"

Cao Mengmeng clung onto the remote control saying, "You can't change channels. I still want to watch my Lee Anson perform."

The eldest, Cao Dan looked at her, "Didn't you say that you wouldn't chase after Korean stars anymore? Our brother is an ultra-nationalistic. It's not like you don't know that. If he knows that you are still chasing after them, he will definitely give you a beating."

Cao Mengmeng cheekily said, "I'm not chasing after him. I only have one idol and that's our brother. About Lee Anson, I'm just a casual listener, hehe."

Cao Dan prodded at her sister's head, "You!"

Maternal grandma said, "Is Little Ye really not coming back for the new year?"

Zhang Ye's mother said angrily, "I don't even know what he's busy with! Don't care about him!"

Zhang Ye was the most doted on by his maternal grandma. She said, "Little Zhang has his own career. He's famous, that's why he's busy. We need to understand that."

The Spring Festival Gala continued on.

The second program was a group singing event.

Followed by the third, a magic show. This was something that rarely occurred in previous galas. The magician was a 19 year old rookie who had come from Hong Kong. If it were based on seniority, he definitely could not compare to other 30 or 40 year old magicians. Yet he somehow managed to get invited to perform.

"The magic tricks are just normal."

"Yea, it's not interesting."

"It's alright, I think it's fine."

"It's far from the standard of the old timers. They really aren't letting the veterans perform this year? I do support their efforts in creating a lively and energetic gala promoting the young ones, but they still need to ensure the quality of the event! If they aren't good enough, why should they be allowed to perform on stage? They had to cut off the older people's programs, even if their skills are better? That's so unfair. Besides, a forty-year-old magician can't even be considered old."

"I wonder how they even think!"

"This is a decision for the future, to groom new talents."

"But they can't just abandon the older generation like that!"

"But they really are getting old and will only go downhill from where they are. The young ones, however, have a lot more chances, so they will definitely keep improving."

Discussions like the one happening in Zhang Ye's maternal family right now was also happening in other families all over the country. Some objected, some understood, and some supported. Everyone had their own views on the issue.

Finally, the language performances started.

First off was a crosstalk, followed by a skit.

Cao Mengmeng was falling asleep, "What is this rubbish! The crosstalk and skits in recent years are getting from bad to worse! It's not even as funny as our brother's talk show!"

Cao Tong however was enjoying the show. She said, "Your standard of humor is too high. I find it to be quite alright."

Cao Dan gave an objective point of view saying, "It's just because you are easy to humor. Language performances have really suffered a drop in quality. There aren't any good works, even though some are quite OK, but they are unable to stand out and are not as funny as those performances from 10 years ago. Didn't you read those negative comments online in recent years?"

First Aunt said, "It's really falling in standards, year after year."

First Uncle said, "Easy for you to say, but crosstalk and skits are the hardest to perform. They encompass art and humor, as well as needing the audience's affirmation. To produce a good skit or crosstalk is really difficult."

.....

At the scene of the gala.

The location was fully packed.

Officials, workers, white collars, students, family, etc. There were all sorts of people in attendance. If there was something in common about them, it was that they had 'connections'. Everyone who attended had depended on their connections to their company or friends to secure tickets. It was not so easy to get it. Even Zhang Ye needed Tian Bin's pass just to sneak in.

"Splendid!"

"It's so great!"

"It's not interesting this year."

Some people were giving their kudos, while others had no expression or were dozing off.

Master Zhou and Master Wei from the calligraphy world did not spend the new year at home with their families too, and instead came to the gala. Master Zhou brought his wife and daughter along. Master Wei brought his grandson and granddaughter. They were all seated in the 5th row at the left.

Mrs Zhou said, "Since Big Sis Zhang is not going to make an appearance, we have come in vain."

She had been a friend of Zhang Xia for more than a decade.

Master Zhou, who also knew Zhang Xia, said, "You know the health condition of Big Sis Zhang too. She recently had an operation for cerebral thrombosis last year. At her age, she should think of retiring and enjoying herself."

Mrs Zhou shook her head, "Singing and the stage is Big Sis Zhang's life, so she would never want to leave it, not in her life. If they really force her to retire, she would definitely be unhappy. When people are unhappy, their health will only end up suffering."

Master Wei said, "I heard that Zhang Xia has heart problems and high blood pressure? When people get old, their problems also increase. If I weren't concerned with my children and grandchildren's futures, I would have sealed my brush long ago. At our age, especially at Big Sis Zhang's age, which is probably a few years older than me, we need to admit that age is catching up. Performing on stage all the time, that's something for the young ones to do. As we grow older, we need to wrap up at some point."

Master Wei's grandchildren were not listening to their conversation.

Suddenly, the MCs on stage announced something.

After the announcement, Master Wei's granddaughter screamed, "Lee Anson's coming up next! My idol!"

Master Wei asked, "I thought your idol was grandpa?"

"Of course you are." His granddaughter smiled and said, "But Lee Anson's my second idol. I like him so much, he's too handsome!" If she didn't know that Lee Anson was slated to appear in the gala, she would not have attended the gala. In fact, she had to beg her grandpa to bring her along today.

Master Wei's grandson was also paying full attention, "Don't talk anymore. Watch the performance, watch it!"

At this moment, the music started playing and Lee Anson appeared on stage singing. He was not singing in Korean, but Chinese! His hit song had been translated into a Chinese version!

Countless screams rang throughout!

"Ah!"

"It's in Chinese!"

"He's too good-looking!"

"I love you, Lee Anson!"

It was the same on scene and on TV!

Countless young fans were excitedly chanting Lee Anson's name. The atmosphere was so passionate compared to the earlier



performances!

Lee Anson had a slight smirk as he sang on stage, "Love....is the only.....Love....can't avoid heartbreaks...." He probably did not know how to speak Chinese and maybe just had some basic lessons. Some of his pronunciation and articulation of words were too stiff, but it still won the cheers of those who were watching him!

The song had ended!

The applause from young people was thundering!

Lee Anson smiled as he bowed and left the stage.

Master Zhou looked to his left and right and saw the excitement of the young generation. He helplessly commented, "Old Wei, did you understand the song?"

Master Wei laughed, "Not at all."

Master Wei's granddaughter said, "It was such a good song!"

Mrs Zhou touched the child's head, "You youngsters feel that it's good, but we are old and unable to keep up with the times."

Master Zhou sighed, "Hai, we are really becoming old-fashioned. This world belongs to the young ones already. Hur Hur, we should just step aside."

At the gala, many other members of the older generation had similar thoughts.

Suddenly, the stage lighting and background changed. A light melody drifted throughout the place as it signaled the start of the next performance. It was supposed to be a simple transition, but when everyone saw who appeared on stage, those who were attending the live event, and those who were watching TV, were all stunned!

"Grandma Zhang?"

"Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi!"

"Holy sh\*t! Didn't their performance get canceled?"

"What's going on? They have a performance? And it's the two of them together? Are they going to do a duet? A vocalist and a popular singer? There shouldn't be any common songs for them!"

"Why didn't the directing team inform anyone?"

"The program list was changed at the last minute?"

.....

At Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

"Ah!" Cao Mengmeng shouted.

"Little Meng, what are you shouting for?" Maternal grandma had a slight shock.

"Quick, take a look! Hurry!" Cao Mengmeng hurriedly shouted to Zhang Ye's parents.

Zhang Ye's mother said, "I'm making dumplings, I don't want to watch."

Cao Dan, who looked up to glance at the TV also shouted, "Zhang Yuanqi's on! And so is Grandma Zhang Xia!"

Zhang Ye's mother exclaimed, then threw the half made dumpling out of her hands and ran out of the kitchen, "That's impossible! Didn't their programs get cut by the directing team!?"

Everyone in the house was now staring at the TV.

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At another house.

"Mom! Don't prepare dinner first!"

"What do you want me to do if I don't prepare dinner? That damned Spring Festival Gala is not worth watching."

"Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi are appearing together to do a duet!"

"What? Let me take a look!"

.....

A certain phone call.

"Hello, Sis."

"Bro, why did you call me again? Didn't you just called to send me new year greetings?"

"Are you watching the Spring Festival Gala?"

"I'm not watching it this year, Zhang Yuanqi's not on it."

"Then go and watch it now, quick! Zhang Yuanqi has made an appearance! There's a new song!"

"Impossible!"

"It's true! She's appearing together with Zhang Xia! It's an

unfamiliar tune. Definitely not 'Wishing We Last Forever' or any of Zhang Yuanqi's old songs!"

"There's a new song? What the heck! Then I'm gonna hang up now! I'm going to take a look!"

.....

Throughout the country, scenes like this kept playing out.

It was the opposite of what happened a little bit earlier. This time, many of the older generation's attention perked up.

As for the younger ones, all of them had an expression of disinterest, like nothing much was happening.

"Why is it Zhang Xia again!"

"It's always her every year!"

"Zhang Yuanqi too. She comes for this every year, isn't it annoying!?"

"Sister Zhang's movies are great and her old songs are nice as well, but in recent years, her songs are terrible. They are all out of date!"

"Looks like this will be boring."

"No need to watch this, it's definitely going to be a recycled performance!"

Mrs. Zhou's eyes shone brightly, "Big Sis Zhang's really appearing up there!"

Master Zhou smiled bitterly, "What for? This year's gala is focusing on energy and youth. If it were me, I would not have gone on stage. That's unnecessary."

Master Wei's granddaughter said, "Yes, Grandma Zhang Xia is already so old. Even Auntie Zhang Yuanqi is not young anymore. She can't be more popular than my Lee Anson, so why bother to come at all. I'm talking about it in terms of music, but for movies, Zhang Yuanqi's definitely still at the top."

Master Wei's grandson also said, "Sister Zhang shouldn't come here to sing. She should just concentrate on acting in movies. Her songs are no longer suitable for this era."

Master Wei frowned, "That Korean kid was introduced on stage by the MCs. but why aren't they announcing Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi? They are just going to move directly into the singing?"

His granddaughter pursed her lips and said, "It shows that the directing team does not place importance on them."

The older people looked at the two women onstage, listening to the lukewarm atmosphere from the audience. They had the sudden feeling that maybe it was true that the time for the younger generation had come. Zhang Xia was old, Zhang Yuanqi was getting old. The stage for music....probably did not need them anymore. Maybe they shouldn't have gone on stage this time and just retired at their peaks, so what if they kept working hard to stay on it?

The only thing that felt strange to them was the clothes that Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi wore. They were dressed in extremely bright colored evening gowns. There was red, green, yellow, purple, and blue. The colors were very glaring and they even had a red rose in their hair to go along with. This sort of getup was very gorgeous, a style that Zhang Yuanqi had never done before, nor had Zhang Xia!

What's going on?

What were the two of them going to do?

Peng Yiyu and the directing team were looking at the screen backstage!

Millions of people around the country were also staring in doubt at the two of them on their television screens!

At the next moment, Zhang Yuanqi raised her microphone and took a light breath and smiled.

"I have a flower."

"It grows within my heart."

"A bud waiting to bloom.....for the longest time."

Every moment, waiting for a sincere person to come to me in my sleep."

A song titled "Woman Flower" by Anita Mui was portrayed with vividness by Zhang Yuanqi. Her voice was not youthful, nor was it lively and there wasn't even a hint of clarity and lingering in her voice. Zhang Yuanqi's voice was the type that sounded a little husky, but it was exactly this type of voice that suited the song. Only a woman's voice at this age could transmit the feelings and mood of "Woman Flower"! This wasn't a song written for young women! This was a song that belonged to them!

When everyone heard that part of the song, they were all stunned!

Flower?

A bud waiting to bloom?

In the context of movies, TV, or literature, these lyrics were often used as a symbol of young women, but today, Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia had gone to use these words to sing about flowers. They even came onto the stage dressed in a flowery theme. They had



portrayed themselves as flowers!

Blooming?

That was the rights of the young people!

Only the young should bloom!

But at your age, how do you qualify? Why?

Zhang Yuanqi was holding onto Zhang Xia's hands, smiling at her as if the whole world was invisible:

"Woman Flower, swaying in the red dust."

"Woman Flower, wavering softly in the wind."

"Only hoping for a pair of gentle hands."

"To sooth the solitude in my heart."

A middle-aged woman seated in the front row suddenly held her daughter's hands, as tears rolled down her cheeks without her even knowing why!

"Mom, why are you crying?" The little girl asked.

The woman was smiling and crying at the same time, "You're still young, but when you grow up, you'd understand."

Mrs. Zhou stood up, her eyes had turned red, but she kept an unblinking stare at the two women on stage!

Zhang Yuanqi's voice seemed to have carved each and every word into the hearts of all the matured women. Her voice was a like a pair of hands, holding them by the shoulders!

Master Wei also had a look of being touched, "This song...."

The melody changed.

Zhang Yuanqi lowered her microphone as Zhang Xia raised hers.

Grandma Zhang Xia held Zhang Yuanqi's hand and smiled at the audience. Even though her hair was grayed and her skin was wrinkly, her smile was ageless!

It was like a flower!

Like it had suddenly bloomed!

"I have a flower."

"The flower scent from the branches."

"But who would devote himself to tracing the scent back?"

"A flower blooms not for long, treasure what you can have while you have it."

"Women are like flowers, flowers are like dreams."

When most of the women heard this, their faces were already covered with tears!

But Grandma Zhang Xia still smiled vibrantly:

"Woman Flower, swaying in the red dust."

"Woman Flower, wavering softly in the wind."

"Only hoping for a pair of gentle hands."

"To sooth the solitude in my heart."

Mrs. Zhou was also crying now. For this stage! For this Spring Festival Gala! For the audience! They had given so much of their time! They had given so much of their youth and time to the stage!

Who said that they were old!

Who dared to say they were old!?

They could still sing! They could still sing for the rest of their lives! !

Even if 10 years had passed! Even if 50 years had gone by! They would still be the most brilliant and bright woman flowers on stage!

They would never be old!

We would never be old! !

At this moment, even the men had faces of shock. Sometimes, men understood women more than women understood themselves. Everyone's heart seemed to have been struck by something at that moment!

A middle-aged man in the last row looked at his wife and reached out his hand to hold hers tightly. With a grip that felt like he did not want to ever let go, he said, "Yan'er, I'm sorry about last time. I called you old and haggard, I....." his voice choked, "You've done so much for the children, for me, and for our family!"

His wife smiled happily, "I'm willing to do all of that no matter what."

The middle-aged man's grip tightened, "To me, you're forever an ever blooming flower!"

"The duet!"

Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia held their hands and walked forward. As they walked, the two did a little dance to the music. It couldn't be considered dancing per se, but were light movements that seemed to emanate from their mood. With some nifty hand movements their fingers sometimes touching the flower on their heads!

"Woman Flower, swaying in the red dust."

"Woman Flower, wavering softly in the wind."

"If you'd ever smelled the flowers."

"Don't ask me who this flower is blooming for."

"Having loved, you'd know what it's worth. Only when you are drunk, would you understand the strength of wine. Flowers bloom and wither all for naught."

Fate does not wait, it's like the spring breeze that comes and go, women are like flowers, flowers are like dreams."

Their voices harmonized. This made many in the audience stand

up. The feeling that jolted their souls was very difficult to describe.  
All they knew was this:

This is a woman!

This is what a woman is!

A woman is like a flower! It would never wither!

# Chapter 394: Who Could Have Written This Song?

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The music was fading out!

The song was ending!

It was as if the accompaniment was set to the lowest volume to allow the two women's voices to resonate even more clearly. It was an enchanting scene!

Zhang Xia smiled vibrantly, "I have a flower, it grows within my heart."

Zhang Yuanqi grasped Grandma Zhang's shoulders, "No one understands true love. The weeds of the land, are growing throughout the hills....."

Up until here, the two women, who were no longer considered young, looked straight into each other's eyes. They did not speak, but slowly revealed their smiles and sang the last bit of the song. It was very gentle and light, "A woman alone.....by herself.....has the most heartache."

On this stage meant for the young ones!

In this world of the younger generation!

The two women, who had been doubted by so many and had being labeled as things of the past by countless media outlets, at a time when their chances to appear in the gala seemed to be non-existent, had appeared on stage together. They had fought against all odds and sang with the youthfulness in their hearts. They showed their vibrancy in what might be their last time on this stage!

Narcissism?

No! They were not narcissists!

All the older people in the audience at this point in time were applauding with all their might for the two great women on stage!

"Great!"

"Who says that both of you are getting old!"

"Grandma Zhang, you are beautiful tonight!"

"No one wants to appreciate the both of you? We will appreciate you!!"

On stage were a middle-aged woman and an old lady, but to everyone right now, they were younger than the young! You've both given so much to the audience and lost so much! Even if time has crept up onto your faces! The both of you are still the most beautiful 'Women Flower' in the world!



Tears.....

Excitement.....

Sadness.....

Moving.....

The audience all had different expressions as they were touched by this "Woman Flower" song. They were also moved by these 2 women who had dedicated their entire lives to the stage!

Back in his previous world, "Woman Flower" was the most classic work of [Anita Mui](#). A song composed by Chen Yaochuan and written by Li Anxiu, paired with the husky and deep voice of Anita Mui. It was arguably one of the most godly works to have existed, but today, Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia's version had a different kind of effect. Though it lacked Anita's sense of resentment, it added a sense of confidence and calm. Those who did not know, might never be able to appreciate the depth of this song. "Woman Flower" had no parts that required soprano singing, no increase in pace of tempo, no fancy changing of pitches and just played out with a steady and flat melody. If judged by the young, this song would have been considered as a failure, but those who had truly aged with time and experience, especially women, were the only ones who could understand the message within this song!

It's speaks for the life of a woman!

It describes the loneliness beneath the beauty!

It was the desolation behind the bustle and the final bloom within that desolation!

"They....they really haven't had it easy all their lives." Master Zhou was full of emotion.

Mrs. Zhou said while wiping her tears, "Big Sis Zhang has sung for over 30 years and spent her life on stage. Zhang Yuanqi debuted since she was just a few years old and also spent over 30 years of her life performing. No one knows how hard they have worked and no one knows how much they have given. When the Spring Festival Gala needed them, they were here, dedicating their lives. Now that the Spring Festival Gala doesn't need them anymore, what would they do? Where can they go?"

Master Zhou held his wife's hands, "The Spring Festival Gala still needs them!"

Master Wei silently looked at the stage, "Yes, the singing world still needs them!"

To many of those in the audience, Lee Anson's "LOVE-ONE" was quite a good performance and entertaining as a popular act, but it wasn't art. Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia's "Woman Flower" was what they would call real art!

.....

Backstage.

A 40 year old female technical staff had lost her composure. When she heard the song, it had reminded her of her life. When she was born, going to school, starting work, getting married, giving birth, going through her divorce, all sorts of emotions came rushing in. This song had overwhelmed her!

Why?

Why did they stop such good singers from appearing on stage?

The female staff from the production simply stared at the screen and said, "When I heard them sing it earlier, I thought it was quite good, but I never expected it to sound so amazing when they sang it live! It's really too amazing! I almost cried when I heard them sing! It isn't easy being a woman."

The oldest man in the production team smiled and said, "Zhang Xia is still as good as before! Who says that only the young singers are popular? 'Woman Flower'? These two women has shown us a lot today!"

They had all heard the song earlier and knew that it was a good song, but never did they expect this song to be able to move so many people. It seemed like it was true when Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi mentioned that they did not sing it well that afternoon.

Only on stage during the live performance, did they sing it with all their heart and soul!

Perfect!

The interpretation of the song was too perfect!

What a great pairing of two music veterans!

Even Director Peng Yiyu, who had been insistent on the Spring Festival Gala not needing Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi anymore could not help but be moved by the song. He thought over it for a moment and then quietly took out his phone to send a message to his wife, "It's been hard on you all these years."

His wife replied very quickly, "Ah? What does this mean?"

Peng Yiyu said, "Nothing, I just wanted to thank you."

His wife replied, "Hur Hur, why are you being so mushy? Go work, you are still busy. I've wrapped dumplings. Let's eat them later when you are back from work."

Peng Yiyu replied, "Don't wait up for me, I don't know what time I will be back."

His wife said, "I will wait up no matter how late. There's no need to reply, focus on your work."

.....

At the studio.

"There have been songs about women that I felt were quite good before, but when compared to 'Woman Flower', why do those songs feel like they're not that good anymore?"

"That's right. Those songs that sing praises of women only cover the issue superficially and are too dignified in a sense, but this 'Woman Flower' really touches on what being a woman is really about! The song writer must understand women really well to their bones. It's really too understanding of us women! The song is so well written. Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi sang it so well too!"

"It's a perfect work of art!"

"Those two women are really as good as ever!"

The young people did not understand any of this.

"What song was that, it's terrible!"

"Yea, it's so lousy compared to Lee Anson's song!"

"Only the melody was not bad. Everything else was not so good."

But there were also other younger people who liked the song, "What do you know? If this song was not good, then there aren't any good songs anymore! Don't tell me you all didn't understand Grandma Zhang and Auntie Yuanqi's message from the song at all?"

A girl said, "Right, it's really so nice to listen to!"

A guy, whose eyes were full of admiration, said, "Grandma Zhang and Sister Zhang are too beautiful! That aura, that charm, they really didn't feel old at all! I will fight it out with whoever dares to say otherwise!"

Although this song was about women who were older, the message it sent was not necessarily only applicable to those with age. It also channeled a special kind of energy in the younger ones!

Then, whether it was the audience or people in front of their TVs, a lot of them suddenly had a question! Which master could have written such a good song that so accurately depicted women? Didn't they say that Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi's songs were canceled? Why did they suddenly appear again to sing this song? If it was already composed beforehand, then it wouldn't be possible that their performances would have been canceled. Why wasn't this song brought out earlier to prevent that? The people who watched the gala included children, teens, and old people. There were men....and naturally women too. This was a fitting song singing about women, so why did they not bring it out earlier and instead only bring it out after the last rehearsal had ended?

Could it be that the song was composed spontaneously at the last minute?

It can't be? How could such an amazing song be so "casually" written and composed at a moment's notice?

The next program had started by now. It was a show of four songs being continuously performed one after the other. The performing artist was a more popular male singer in recent times, but at this moment, most of the audience had their minds on something else. There were limits to how much emotion a human mind could take. As "Woman Flower" was performed right before the current segment, everyone was too emotionally invested into that and had not recovered from the greatness of it!

There was still a voting round to come!

Every year, during the Spring Festival Gala, there would be a vote!

According to previous years programs, a language based performance would usually be voted to be the top one. Whether it was cross-talking or skits, they were usually the most popular amongst the audience whether they were young or old. In the merry mood of the Spring Festival, everyone would enjoy light hearted and fun programs like these, which was why language based performances usually had an advantage over others!

But this year....

A lot of middle-aged people had gone online to cast their votes!

Every year, they would always cast their votes to language type performances, but this year, they wanted to vote for "Woman Flower" instead!

Everyone knew that the total votes at the end for a song performance would never outnumber votes for the language performances. Even if this year's language performances were not good, and no matter how good the performance of "Woman Flower" was, it would never happen, but they still chose to vote for "Woman Flower" simply because they had been touched by those two great women! Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia had gone against all odds and made it happen, telling the world of their persistence and dedication! And so, they, as the audience, also had a sudden urge to tell everyone else, to tell the whole nation, to tell the whole world, that they were not old at all! Everyone of them were blooming flowers! Even at the end of their lives, they could still contribute that power of theirs to the world!

**30 years old, so what?**

**50 years old, so what?**

**70 years old, so what?**

**90 years old, so what?**



Even if no one would understand, even if only we felt that we were still worthy of praise, even if everyone thinks that we are a thing of the past, so what?!

We will speak for ourselves!!

# Chapter 395: Friend Of Women!

---

At Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

The performance for "Woman Flower" came to an end.

There was no one left making dumplings in the kitchen. Everyone in the house was on the couch staring at the television in front of them. Especially all the women in the house were too moved by this song!

Second Aunt also cried. "It was sung so well!"

Third Aunt patted her on the back. "That's right. Who would have thought that even at that age, Zhang Xia can still dress so beautifully in that flower dress. It didn't look out of place either. It was very pretty. Zhang Yuanqi too. I think Zhang Yuanqi today was much more beautiful than any of her previous outfits!"

First Uncle interjected, "Is this song good?"

First Aunt leered at him. "This is a song for us women. What would you know!?"

Cao Mengmeng said, "Yes, this is a song for us women! It's really nice!"

Everyone laughed. "You are a little girl at best, what woman? Hur

Hur Hur."

Cao Mengmeng did not like hearing that. "Hey, music knows no boundaries, nor does it discriminate against gender or age. Why can't I find it nice? All of you are discriminating!"

Suddenly, Cao Dan looked at her cellphone in shock. "Oh hey, hurry and take a look. News appeared on the internet. This "Woman Flower" was written by our bro!"

Cao Tong exclaimed, "What?"

Cao Mengmeng rushed over, "Give it to me!"

Cao Dan excitedly passed her cellphone to her. "Take a look!

This was news revealed by Zhang Yuanqi's company.

"Woman Flower".

Lyrics: Zhang Ye.

Composer: Zhang Ye.

Arranger: Zhang Ye, Zhang Xia, Zhang Yuanqi, Wang Zhengyi, Sun Chengzhi.

Cao Mengmeng exclaimed, "Holy sh\*t, even the arranger has my bro's name? And his name is placed in front of everyone else's? My bro is too awesome! This is really a song written by my bro!"

Zhang Ye's mom became excited. "Give it to me! Show it to me!"

Cao Mengmeng handed the cellphone to her. "Aunt, someone from our family has really gone on the Spring Festival Gala! It's so empowering! No, no! I must call my classmates! Hahahaha!" She immediately took her cellphone to the balcony and began bragging to her classmates and friends. She was showing off happily!

Zhang Ye's Mom's glance made her momentarily high-spirited. With a beaming smile, three shouts of "Great" sounded out, and then hurriedly went to a corner to make phone calls. It was all to her old neighbors or colleagues.

"Hey, Old Zhang!"

"Hey Old Cao."

"Wishing you a happy new year."

"Thank you, thank you. Here's me wishing you a happy new year too."

"Are you watching the Spring Festival Gala?"

"I'm watching. I just finished listening to the 'Woman Flower'."

"You heard it? What's your thoughts about it?"

"Of course it's good. Our entire family is talking about it. This song is absolutely wonderful!"

"Hahaha, let me tell you that this song's composer and arranger was all written by my son! Didn't I tell all of you that my son's work would be on the Spring Festival Gala this year? It was originally going to be 'Wishing We Last Forever', but they changed it with something even better. It's this 'Woman Flower'!"

"Ah? It's really written by Little Ye?"

"How could that be fake!? It's written by my son!"

"Hey! Old Cao, your house has produced a genius!"

It was immediately followed up by a second call.

"Hello, Big Sis Sun, here's wishing you a happy new year."

"Hey, Little Cao, thank you. You have happy new year as well."

"You heard the 'Woman Flower' on the Spring Festival Gala just now, right? It's written by my son! And it was specially written by

my son for me! Wasn't it nice?"

.....

A few phone calls later.

Zhang Ye's Dad glanced at her. "Was there a need to brag so much?"

Mom rolled her eyes. "Who was bragging!? Isn't that song my son's work!?"

"It is written by Little Ye, but who said it was written for you." Dad was quite speechless.

Mom could not stand it and disliked what she had heard. "Hey, if that wasn't written for me, then who was it for?" She then looked at her other relatives and said, "Tell me, am I right!? Look at the lyrics, that melody. It can't be any clearer. This was a song my son created for me!"

Dad was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. "Why can't I see that?"

Maternal grandma smiled and said, "Since she said it that way, then it has to be it."

"Mom." Mom stared. "What do you mean then it has to be it. It's true in the first place!"

Dad did not want to argue with her. "Alright, alright, alright. It is."

Mom was overjoyed. "I was wondering what our son was doing this new year's eve, so he was out composing a song. He has really given our family face!"

.....

On the web.

Elsewhere.

"Woman Flower" caused quite a buzz!

"It's really a nice song!"

"It does not have any high pitch or pitch changes, or colorful, eye-catching things in it, but every word was so moving! Isn't the highest art of singing this?"

"I'm not afraid to be ridiculed by all of you. I cried listening to the song just now."

"I didn't go so far as to cry, but I was also touched!"

"Me too. These two music veterans have really made a leap and reached a level of sublimation. I also liked their songs in the past, but just like how young people evaluated these songs, the songs are all too old. It's too outdated. It's fine listening to them once or twice, but it can be inevitably tiring hearing it too many times. There's nothing new, but today's 'Woman Flower' has really made a qualitative leap! I can't not be in admiration!"

"Who said it's the world of young people now? After listening to 'Woman Flower', I only have a feeling. That wine gets better with age!"

"This is a classic piece!"

"That's right! "It will definitely be a golden oldie that will leave a good name forever!"

Following that, the songwriter's identity was revealed. When many people first saw his name, they were stunned, and then began to feel that it was very normal!

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"Holy sh\*t! It's really him!"

"I knew it. I was just asking who could write such lyrics! There aren't many you can find in the music circles. Zhang Ye is one of them, and it's really written by him!"



"This production of his sure is big!"

"Zhang Ye is too heaven-defying! He's truly talented!"

"But he's a young person and a man at that. How does he understand women so well?"

"Haha, sometimes men are able to understand a woman better than other women!"

"That's true. With Teacher Zhang Ye's talent, you can no longer look at him with common sense. Just like his talent in poetry. If it were anyone else, it's not something they can produce at that age. However, this is common sense when it comes to Zhang Ye. Don't put common sense over his neck!"

"Actually, after I heard 'Woman Flower', I chuckled. I had something in my mind saying what if this song was written by Zhang Ye? As the directing team had just rejected Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia from going on stage. The media and many members of the public also say that they are old and outdated. Eventually, it was followed up immediately by that 'I have a flower, it grows within my heart', telling everyone that they were not old. This is face-smacking! Those who understand Zhang Ye's personality should know that these lyrics are too reminiscent of that fellow Zhang Ye! There's no one else other than him! I never expected it to be true! When my wife was watching TV, she was also amused. Her eyes were very sharp and immediately said that this song was not only sung for women. Not only was it sung for the audience, it was also sung to those who doubted them!"

"What literary skills!"

"Zhang Ye's ability to create music might not be weaker than his ability at writing poetry. The popularity of 'Wishing We Last Forever' now doesn't look like a coincidence. Zhang Ye has the ability. In the future, more and more people will ask for songs written by him. However, I heard that he doesn't easily write songs for people. It seems even when Zhang Yuanqi tried buying the rights to 'Shuidiao Getou' back then, they had gone through quite a lot of trouble. They only managed to get it after using both hard and soft tactics. Furthermore, it was Zhang Yuanqi who composed the melody!"

"I also heard of it. After that song, many people came asking for Zhang Ye to write their songs, however, they were all nicely rejected by Zhang Ye. Hai, only the Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi and an old veteran like Zhang Xia have the standing to get one from him. As for others...nothing. After today's resounding outcome, Zhang Ye will be at the top of the musician circles. Just these two songs of his are no less than a top musician's work! In fact, it might even be slightly better in certain aspects!"

"Zhang Ye is too awesome!"

"I'm wondering. How can this Teacher Zhang Ye be so versatile? He can write novels and poems. He's good at making programs too. He is also good at speeches, proficient at literature, and the classics. Also, wasn't that Brain Gold advertisement in recent times also a work of his? Now, there's an additional trait of writing lyrics and composing melodies! How can one person be so talented?"

Which rock did this man jump out of!?"

"This is what 'however strong you are, there is always someone stronger' means!"

"Haha, I'm really anticipating his next piece of work!"

"'Ode of Mulan' was wonderful! 'Woman Flower' is a classic! I suddenly feel like I'm obsessed with Teacher Zhang Ye! He is a spokesman for us women! He knows us women too well!"

"That's right! He's a spokesman for women!"

Zhang Ye had experienced ups and down, and was quite legendary. Hence, he always had many nicknames and titles.

Jinx!

Literary hooligan!

Anti-hijacking hero!

Professional Korean Insulter!

Today, under everyone's discussion, Zhang Ye had gained another title of "Friend of Women"!

# Chapter 396: A Stunning Scene In The Dressing Room!!

---

10,000 votes...

20,000 votes...

"Woman Flower"'s votes for best program rapidly increased!

Although it could not catch up to a skit, 'Are You Coming', nor could it compare to a cross-talk program ranked at the top, it was all a result of song-related programs being limited by the Spring Festival Gala. However, compared to other song-related programs, it was leading by a large margin. Just a few minutes ago, it had even caught up to "LOVE-ONE" sang by Lee Anson, who was extremely popular in the country. "Woman Flower" even momentarily surpassed it!

"It's been surpassed!"

"Haha! Nice!"

"The Korean's song has been taken down!"

"Can this song still continue rising?"

"No chance of that. It's all language-related programs on top!"

"It's already not bad reaching this spot. Hur Hur. 'Woman Flower' is now ranked number one for song-related programs at the Spring Festival Gala. Awesome! I heard that the Gala's live version will be released tomorrow. I also saw Zhang Yuanqi's manager, Fang Weihong's post on Weibo that Sister Zhang will be releasing a solo version of 'Woman Flower' the day after tomorrow. Grandma Zhang will probably do the same and release a solo version as well. I heard they are just talking to Zhang Ye about the copyright now!"

"If a single is out, I'll definitely buy it!"

"Forget about buying the CD. That's outdated, but I will spend money to buy a high quality version of 'Woman Flower'. It's really nice!"

The song was very well-liked!

Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia's performance was also very well-received!

Even Zhang Ye, the composer, got some visibility as a result of the massive audience watching the Spring Festival Gala and the massive popularity of Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia. Of course, he was only a composer, so the amount of attention given to him could not compare to the performer as few people paid any attention to this, but then again, the viewership of the Spring Festival Gala was completely heaven-defying, with about 20% of the nation watching this channel in front of their televisions.

These numbers were massive. Even if one out of a thousand people paid attention to the composer Zhang Ye after listening to the earth-shaking "Woman Flower", that was still a lot of popularity!

This was precisely the difference Zhang Ye had in his development compared to other mainstream celebrities. He was different from others. He did things here and there. Writing novels and poems. A song here, a program there. A lecture at times, and even did an advertisement. He used all of this to accumulate his popularity bit by bit. Others could become immediately popular after filming a movie, but their popularity would decline after that for extended periods of time. Their popularity would rise again once they were filmed in another movie or television drama. Most people were like that, but Zhang Ye wasn't. Ever since he debuted, his popularity had never declined nor had it remained stagnant. His popularity did not increase as fast as them, but it was increasing on a daily basis! How did he do it? It was all based on this sort of accumulation! No matter how small a mosquito was, it was also flesh. Zhang Ye would never miss an opportunity that could increase his popularity!

.....

It was almost 11.

Central TV Broadcasting Studio 1.

In a particular dressing room, Zhang Ye was still sleeping soundly. He was sleeping ever since the Gala began until now. He was completely unaware of what was happening outside or the stirring buzz. He didn't even know about the commotions in the

room. He had slept too late last night and had woken way too early this morning. It caused him to sleep like a dead pig.

Ga!

It was an ear-piercing screech of a chair being pulled out!

Zhang Ye's eyelids twitched as he leaned sideways in a half-awaken state. Other sounds entered his ear. Outside the curtain that hid the sofa he was on, there were people talking.

There were a lot of sounds.

There were a lot of women's voices.

There were all sorts of tinkling sounds with things being moved as well as some rustling.

"Grandma Zhang Xia, you look so beautiful today." The voice sounded very young, but he did not know her.

"Really? Thank you." It was Zhang Xia's voice..

"I can't call you Granny next time and should call you Big Sis. That big red flower on your head really suits you. It makes you look even younger than me!" It was still that person's voice.

Zhang Xia's laughter transmitted over. "Hur Hur, Yuanqi and I acted young today!"

Another woman's voice: "I once dreamed of being a singer. When I was young, my parents always listened to your songs, giving me that dream. However, you can't always get what you want, right? I actually did not have this talent. Finally, after graduating from Central Conservatory of Music, I switched careers and became a dancer."

A delicate voice said, "Eh, Xiaojing, you were from a music conservatory? I've only just realized now."

"Indeed I am. I am an authentic graduate from a music conservatory. Furthermore, I majored in singing. Sister Zhang, when I was schooling, I heard that you came to our school's auditorium as a guest to teach music. I'm not sure if you remember. After the class, all of us surrounded you asking for your autograph. You spent about half an hour to give each and every one of us an autograph. You did not reject anyone and did not put on celebrity airs."

"I have some impression of that. Were you there?" It was Zhang Yuanqi's voice. It was magnetic and very characteristic.

"That's right. You gave me your autograph, and I still have it hanging in my closet."

Zhang Yuanqi: "I saw your dance performance just now. It was really very good, and was extremely high in artistic quality."



Thankfully you switched careers, reducing the number of detours."

"Right, now that I think about it, I'm still good at dancing. I heard you learned dancing in the past too and are great at it. If there's a chance in the future, can I consult you?"

Zhang Yuanqi: "Hur Hur, you would put me to shame. You are a professional dancer, so how can I even compare to you? We can have some exchanges, and in this circle, I have quite some face. If you need to do any commercial performances or other performances, you can look for me. I'll help get you in touch with the right people."

The girl's voice sounded excited. "Really, Sister Zhang?"

Another woman's voice said, "Since Sister Zhang has agreed to help you, then it can't be fake. Sister Zhang, do you still remember me?"

Zhang Yuanqi: "Of course. I heard many people calling you Little Zhang Yuanqi. I don't like that title of yours. You'll definitely be better than me in the future. Your singing voice is very unique."

The woman said, "Don't, your assessment is too high! Although it was a five person choral, it was all down to luck for me to go up on stage. How can I compare with you? I haven't even thanked you for the other time. Back then, I didn't know you and encountered a management company that wanted to ban me, preventing me from releasing albums. I really was out of choices then. Later on, an industry friend suggested me to look for you. At that gathering, I

mustered my courage to tell you about it. In the end, it was settled the second day. I later heard that you gave my management company's higher-ups a call after the meal, settling it for me."

Zhang Yuanqi: "It was nothing."

The woman said, "It might be nothing to you, but it was everything to me. I was not famous at all when I released albums in the past. I never expected you to really care so much as to help me."

The women chatted.

There were quite a few exchanges, and seemed like there were about eight or nine people.

Zhang Ye became more and more awake. He rubbed his eyes and yawned. He sat up from the sofa. What was the situation? The Spring Festival Gala was over? How was he to go back? Old Zhang had also gotten off stage? The performance was over? How was the performance? Was the response from the audience okay? Zhang Ye did not know a thing. He looked at his watch and oh boy, it was almost 11! In about an hour, the clock would strike midnight. He really could sleep, missing his own song's performance!

He had enough sleep already!

It was time to wake up!

He stretched his back and stood up.

The women outside were still laughing and chatting.

"The two of you singing 'Woman Flower' was really too impressive!"

"That's right, Xiaoyu. I also think it was the best singing program tonight!"

"In the future, no one will dare say that Sister Zhang or Grandma Zhang are old. That will just be them smacking themselves in the face! Did you see the reaction from the audience? I saw from backstage. Many elderly women were crying. Those young people were also staring wide-eyed. They were completely engrossed in it! This is the charm of a good song!"

Eh?

"Woman Flower" was very successful?

Zhang Ye nodded his head slightly. Although it was expected, he was also pleasantly surprised. Who said his efforts were for naught? He did not spend time with his family to pass the new year, but had been working hard here writing lyrics and melody, with all the accompaniments. His efforts had paid off. The approval of the audience was the best evaluation!

His popularity could increase once again!

"Sister Zhang, I also wish to do a cover of 'Woman Flower'. I'm not sure if I will have a chance in the future. Of course, it has to be next year, or the year after because Grandma Zhang and your performance have reached the peak of perfection. The both of you used different styles to perform 'Woman Flower' to its peak. I don't dare to cover it so soon after the two of you sung it. That would be embarrassing. I'll have to wait a year or two first. When that happens, you'll need to give me the authorization rights. I'll buy it."

Zhang Yuanqi said with a laughing tone, "I can't decide on that. The rights are with Zhang Ye. Auntie Zhang and my single release of 'Woman Flower' would also need brand new discussions with Zhang Ye regarding the contract."

"Zhang Ye?"

"I know him. I heard he's a particularly awesome person!"

"I've also heard of his name. In our circle, many people talk about him. I heard Zhang Ye is quite a character, but his temper isn't good."

Holy sh\*t!

Whose temper wasn't good!?

Zhang Ye nearly fainted. Is this bro's reputation in the

entertainment industry in such a state?

Behind the curtain, it was Zhang Xia who spoke up for him. "Then that must be hearsay. I've seen Little Zhang. He's a very mild-mannered person and was especially polite to everyone. He was also very particular in what he says or does. He's also very loyal. There's really nothing you can fault him with his dealings with friends. He's a very good lad. If not for him rushing here from afar, Yuanqi and I would have had no hope going on stage, whatmore future Spring Festival Galas."

A girl asked, "Oh, is Brother Zhang easy to talk to? I heard many people had asked for songs from him, but he ignored them. Only Sister Yuanqi has the standing enough to get two classics, 'Wishing We Last Forever' and 'Woman Flower'. We probably don't have any hope just to get one song."

It was Zhang Yuanqi's laughter. "It's not easy for me to get a song from Little Zhang either. Do you know that 'Wishing We Last Forever' was me imposing my seniority on him before I managed to grab it? If not, he would not have given it to me."

"Hur Hur, then there's no hope for us."

"If there's a chance, you can try and ask. Teacher Zhang Ye's songs are really great!"

Industry outsiders or the audience might not pay too much attention to the composer or lyric writer. They only cared who sang the song, but industry insiders, and people who really did

music or sung acted differently. After listening to an excellent piece of work, their first reaction was obviously the audience's reaction. They would then want to know who wrote the song. Firstly, it was out of curiosity, and secondly, if they wished to work with the composer in the future, so they naturally had to know the other person's name. Or else, if they were to meet, and did not know anything about the composer or lyric writer, then who would write a song for you!? Hence, the moment "Woman Flower" was sung, Zhang Ye's visibility in the circle completely opened up!

Those who could create one good work might have been lucky.

However, to continuously produce two songs that reached the peak of perfection, it was definitely not as simple as luck. This fellow had true ability!

Well, that's more like it.

Keep chatting, I'll carry on listening.

Zhang Ye did not find it appropriate to come out at this moment. He sat down on the sofa with satisfaction, listening to them talk about him. They were still on the topic of him, so if he suddenly appeared out of the blue, it would be quite awkward, and so he had to wait a little. He would pretend that he had just woken up and not heard a thing.

Just as Zhang Ye was prepared to hear them praise him further, these people ended their chatter and the topic moved back to the Spring Festival Gala's programs.

"The skit wasn't nice."

"It was alright. It wasn't as good as I expected."

"That's right. Language-related programs are getting worse. There's a lack of creativity."

"That's right. They all follow the same pattern and is quite uninteresting. It's getting worse throughout the years."

Upon hearing this, Zhang Ye felt helpless. All of you are so bad at chatting. Keep talking about how this bro is so awesome and mighty. Why was that all?

Time to go!

Let's go out!

Zhang Ye knew everyone was resting in the dressing room, and had come here because it was too chaotic backstage. They were probably waiting for the clock to strike midnight for the new year. Since he had nothing better to do, he might as well go out and chat with everyone. At least, he could get to know some new friends. Of course, that was the scene in his fantasy.

Get to know friends?

Chat with everyone?

None of that scene happened!

After he pulled open about half the curtain, there was a curtain in front that was opened. However, as it was along a corner, those women were all gathered in front of the makeup artist. Hence, from Zhang Ye's angle, he could not see anyone, and could only hear their voices. In Zhang Ye's imagination, Zhang Yuanqi and those nobodies or lesser-known celebrities were sitting on chairs, munching on melon seeds while chatting. Hence, Zhang Ye could walk out with a chuckle, but when this fellow walked towards the outer curtain, and saw the dressing room...

Zhang Ye was dumbfounded!

He was completely shocked that he nearly peed his pants!



# Chapter 397: The Heavenly Queen Rescues The Situation!

---

In the dressing room.

Behind the curtain in a corner.

Zhang Ye's back was completely drenched in cold sweat. His sweat instantly seeped out of his pores. His autumn underclothing was a third drenched. Guess how frightened this fellow was! His hair nearly stood up. He was still hoping to chat with some of the women and get to meet some new friends. From their chat, he really thought they were just having idle chatter, as the topic was all about the Spring Festival Gala. No one mentioned anything about taking off or wearing their clothes!

He was doomed!

Why were all of them changing their clothes!

The performances were all over, and all the women were in a dressing room alone, changing into their own clothes before waiting for the clock to strike midnight and then go home? Why didn't all of you tell me earlier!? If I knew all of you were changing, no matter how retarded this bro was, I wouldn't have come out. I would have pretended I was dead asleep, or even dead till all of you left. Now it's too late. Zhang Ye had been seen by Zhang Yuanqi!

Don't scream!

Old Zhang, don't you scream!

If you scream, this bro will be having his funeral wake tomorrow!

However, well, this scene was really quite "beautiful". Although he only took a quick glance that was less than two seconds, whatever could be seen had all be seen by Zhang Ye. Furthermore, it was everyone. It caused his nostrils to turn hot. Zhang Ye could not help but pinch his nose as he had a feast for his eyes! The women he saw were not just any ordinary women, but celebrities. Whether they were background dancers or back up vocalists, they were still celebrities despite not being famous. Most of their bodies and faces were excellent. It was a scene that could make him spurt blood!

"Sister Zhang."

"Eh?"

"Why aren't you taking off your clothes?"

"Hur Hur, I'm trying."

"Is it difficult? Let me help you."

"Xiaojing, right? There's no need to trouble you. If your Sister Zhang can't even take off her own clothes, then it means that I'm

so old that I'm not too far off from saying goodbye to the stage."

"Hehe, don't you say the word 'old'. If you are old, then what are we? You look younger than any of us."

People spoke from outside again.

Old Zhang did not mention what had happened!

Zhang Ye heaved a big sigh of relief. He was so glad that Old Zhang was so loyal! You really are something! You really are something! Hence, he carefully lay back down on the sofa. Actually this sitting took him about ten seconds. As the sofa was made of leather, it would issue creaking noises. Zhang Ye naturally did not want people outside to discover his presence, so he sat down very slowly so as to minimize the sounds to prevent discovery.

Suddenly, something happened again!

The sounds of footsteps approached. "I remember there's a sofa over here?"

Another woman said, "I think so. Behind the curtains."

The woman laughed. "There aren't enough chairs here. If I don't sit, I can't take off these pants. Teachers, why don't you go first? I'll wait for a while?"

A woman's voice that sounded in her forties said, "Hur Hur. Go ahead, I'm almost done."

"Alright, then I'll be going ahead." The sound of footsteps sounded even closer to Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye's eyeballs stared widely. Holy shit, don't! What are you coming here for!? There's someone here! Zhang Ye was already at a loss what to do!

Shit!

He was about to be discovered!

Suddenly, Zhang Yuanqi's voice rang. "Xiaozhao, hold on for a moment."

"Hmm? Sister Zhang?" The woman said uncertainly.

And Zhang Yuanqi was heard saying, "You are so young and learn dancing, is there really a need for you to sit down to take off your pants?"

The woman said, "Hai, it's because I've practiced dancing all year round, so my waist is full of injuries. I usually have to take care and protect it."

Zhang Yuanqi said, "Then let me give you a hand."

The woman hurriedly said, "I shouldn't trouble you. There's no need. I remember there's a sofa over there. I was doing my make up here before I went on stage. I'll be fine alone."

One step!

Two steps!

Three steps!

The wind that accompanied the person's motions had blown the tiny curtain in front of Zhang Ye's eyes. Furthermore, the curtain was not fully drawn. There was a tiny portion exposed right in front. If the woman took another two steps, Zhang Ye's position would have been exposed. This bit of space was not enough for him to hide! What should he do? There was nowhere to hide! Zhang Ye was extremely anxious. This wasn't a big deal, but it wouldn't do his reputation any good. If he was charged with the crime of sneaking into a women's dressing room to peep at the Spring Festival Gala, Zhang Ye might as well find a piece of tofu to slam himself to death with. He could not lose his reputation! He was too much too. Why did he run into a dressing room to sleep. If he knew that this dressing room was also a place where everyone changed their clothes, Zhang Ye would never have rested here. It was over!

"Hey, Xiaozhao." It was Zhang Yuanqi stopped her again.

"Sister Zhang?" The person said.

Zhang Yuanqi: "Why don't you wait first?"

Woman: "Oh? Is something the matter with you?"

Zhang Yuanqi: "For me, I want to change my clothes. Hur Hur, but my gown seems to be stuck. It's not easy to get out of it. I want to try sitting down since I've already taken off half of it."

The woman said, "Sure, sure. You go ahead and change first. I'm in no hurry."

"Alright, thanks." Zhang Yuanqi said.

"You are too courteous. There's no need to thank me." The woman said.

Then, the sounds of high heels approached him. Tuk. Tuk. Tuk.

As Zhang Ye focused with shock, Zhang Yuanqi was already standing in front of the curtain. Her eyes met Zhang Ye's once again. Zhang Yuanqi was holding up her evening gown, with many things blocking her chest. However, her shoulders and white back were completely empty. The Heavenly Queen did not say a word or have any special expressions. She stepped into the dressing room and then pulled with her backhand.

Hua la.

The curtain was closed fully!

Zhang Ye knew he was finally saved. He looked at Zhang Yuanqi with gratitude. Then he revealed a wry smile, and made a gesture of him sleeping.

Zhang Yuanqi did not understand him. "Oh?"

Zhang Ye then leaned over silently and whispered with the quietest voice possible, "Sorry Sister Zhang, it wasn't on purpose. Just now, when all of you of left, I was sleeping here. When I woke up, I heard all of you chatting and thought all of you were just chatting, so I foolishly went out!"

Zhang Yuanqi acknowledged indifferently.

Zhang Ye repeated again, "I really didn't mean to."

Zhang Yuanqi said in a deadpan manner, "That might not be the case."

"F\*\*k!" Upon feeling like his volume was a bit too loud, Zhang Ye quickly locked his lips and said with a whisper. "What do you mean that might not be a case. It was really an accident. Don't you know what sort of character I have? I really have to thank you for rescuing me from this situation. Can you get them to hurry up and leave in a while? So that I can sneak out? If not, I'll not be able to get out, and will be exposed sooner or later!" Zhang Ye pleaded.

Zhang Yuanqi looked at him. "Let me consider it."

Zhang Ye was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. "What do you mean you need to consider it? Don't pull my leg. Lives are at stake!"

Zhang Yuanqi threw a bag on the sofa nonchalantly. "Next time, write another song for me."

"Didn't I write one for you today?" Zhang Ye said in a speechless manner. "By helping me this time, you can consider it as paying me back for this song. Alright? We can talk about next time in the future."

"What about the rights to my single?"

"I'll give it to you. You have all the rights, but you must give me some money. As for how much, we can discuss later."

"...Alright."

"Then it's settled! Deal!"

"OK."

Zhang Ye was in a rush to leave now.



The woman outside suddenly said, "Sister Zhang, are you done changing? If you aren't able to do it, let me try? Evening gowns are always like that. They are too tight and at times hard to take off."

Zhang Yuanqi stretched her head sideways and said, "I'm fine."

The woman said, "Alright, then carry on changing. If you have troubles, give me a call."

"Thanks Xiaozhao." Zhang Yuanqi said.

This changing room was only about 2.5 meters wide. Although it was not considered small, there was a tiny sofa placed in here. Hence, the space was reduced by half, making it pretty confined. Zhang Ye sat on the sofa, while Zhang Yuanqi stood in front. The two of them were nearly stuck to each other. If they wanted to maintain a distance, Zhang Yuanqi would be squeezed out of the curtain. Old Zhang's perfume fragrance was also very prominent.

Take off her clothes?

Right, Old Zhang still hasn't taken off her clothes!

Upon thinking of this, Zhang Ye looked at her helplessly.

"What are you looking at me for?" Zhang Yuanqi said with a

frown.

Zhang Ye knew she had a bad temper and hurriedly said, "Nothing." Then he diverted his eyes to one corner and looked at the wall to his left. Then he found it quite unnatural and a bit awkward. In the end, he took out his cellphone to play with it, pretending to surf the net and read the comments of "Woman Flower".

Outside, the women were still chatting.

"Today that Lee Anson was just lip-syncing right?"

"Really? I didn't listen to it carefully."

"It was lip-syncing. You could tell during the rehearsals."

"Oh, I saw it too. However, he did it quite well. He did not make his voice too clear, so many of the audience members couldn't tell. It's also very common to lip-sync at such a stage. It's to prevent any errors from affecting the stage effect. There are very few people like Sister Zhang or Grandma Zhang that dare to sing live."

In the changing room.

Zhang Yuanqi also laughed and responded. "It's not that there are a few people. There are quite a few. However, there are some people who rehearse so much to the point where they become so tired and sleep for three hours. Some got sick while some got tired

out. Some of their voices might not be in top condition, and there will be others who lip-sync. It's understandable."

"That's right."

"It's actually not easy."

At this moment, Zhang Yuanqi turned towards the curtain and faced her back to Zhang Yuanqi. Then she slowly tried pulling off her evening gown again, bit by bit.

Zhang Ye was actually in no mood to use his cellphone. This fellow was known to be the kind of person who could not walk after seeing women. How much nerves did he have to be able to carry on surfing the internet with the Heavenly Queen's beauty and figure beside him? Impossible! Zhang Ye began to secretly look down and peeped at Zhang Yuanqi's back. She could not see him, so Zhang Ye did not pretend to look at Weibo any longer. With his head lowered his eyes maintained a focused look!

The back was extremely white.

As he had previously seen Zhang Yuanqi wearing nipple stickers, she definitely was not wearing a bra underneath. Hence, her back was completely empty. However, there was a bra mark left behind on the Heavenly Queen's skin.

# Chapter 398: The Heavenly Queen's Clothes!

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She was still taking them off!

The evening gown had gone down one centimeter!

The evening gown had gone down another centimeter!

The Heavenly Queen's fancy evening gown began to fall off as her entire back was revealed. That arc and waist was beyond words. Zhang Yuanqi did not have a figure as tight as Rao Aimin, nor did she have the long legs that Dong Shanshan had, nor did she have Wu Zeqing's full bosom. However, Zhang Yuanqi's figure was the most standard and perfect. It matched the beauty standards of the masses. She was taller than Rao Aimin and her breasts were bigger than Dong Shanshan. Her skin was tighter and more elastic than Wu Zeqing. From top to bottom, her figure's ratio was gold!

"What are you doing in a while?"

"Me? I need to go home. My kid is waiting for me."

"You are going back so early? There's still a celebration after this."

"I can't. My kid can't sleep without me. He's just three years old."

"Sis Yuanqi are you going to join in on the celebration?"

"If you are going, let's go together. Actually, they probably have already begun eating. They have set up a few tables, placed at the studio hall. There's food and wine."

There was some miscellaneous chatting outside, and whenever Zhang Yuanqi was mentioned, she would respond. She did not stop her hands from moving. Suddenly, a black article of clothing appeared on her waist!

Panties?

Black?

Zhang Ye's eyes began twitching seeing this. Suddenly, he felt that Zhang Yuanqi's neck was moving. It was unknown if she was turning back or it was just an ordinary movement. However, Zhang Ye did not dare risk it. He hurriedly lowered his head and looked to the side, pretending to look at Weibo on his phone.

He could not see a thing.

He could only hear the rustling of clothes being taken off.

After another ten seconds, Zhang Ye felt it was safe once again and lowered the cellphone in his hand. He made an angle and quickly used the reflection to see Zhang Yuanqi, who was less than half a meter away from him. Her head was still facing the opposite direction. Feeling emboldened, Zhang Ye looked up again to peep.

Just this peep made Zhang Ye's eyes stare immediately. This was because two beautiful buttocks were gently jiggling inches away from him. Clearly, it was a result of her evening gown scraping against her legs that caused this motion. Zhang Ye could see the fleshy ass tremble thrice, and what made him awestruck was that the two buttocks was not completely engulfed by her panties. They were both revealed without any hindrance!

It was a thong!

It was a black colored thong!

Zhang Ye did not expect to see such a stimulating scene. After some thought, he understood too. This evening gown was too tight-fitting and was a bit long and thin. If she wore ordinary panties, it would result in a visible panty line, hence Zhang Yuanqi wore such an underwear that could cause him to spurt blood. This scene really made Zhang Ye's eyes unable to move away!

Slowly, Old Zhang's bent down. The evening gown was now down to her legs. Pulling out her legs, she was completely undressed. And she threw it backwards.

"Ai!" Zhang Ye jumped in fright. The clothes happened to land on his head. It was still quite warm.

Zhang Yuanqi looked back and whispered. "Put it on the sofa."

Zhang Ye pretended to cover his eyes. "Alright, alright." He then hung the clothes on the sofa behind him.

Zhang Yuanqi did not ask if he had seen anything. After saying that sentence, she ignored him. Then she carried on rummaging through the bag that she had brought in. There were clothes inside.

Zhang Ye knew her face would look over, so he did not dare peep. He covered his eyes and lowered his head, appearing like a gentleman. However, the gap in his fingers was not completely tight. There were some gaps. It wasn't Zhang Ye doing it on purpose, but he happened to chance upon a white pair of hands taking out an item from the large purse on the left. There were stockings and a black dress. There was also a pair of stilettos. Finally, a bra was taken out. It was black in color and was made of very little material. Clearly it was part of a set with the black thong!

The beautiful bare legs turned around, which probably meant Old Zhang turning back.

Zhang Ye waited for a while and tried taking a peep. Zhang Yuanqi's back was facing him and putting on her bra. Bada. She had hooked it on. Then she raised her thigh adjusted a stocking with her hands. She was supporting herself on one foot. Then, she put on the stocking on her beautiful leg and put it on very quickly. However, pulling up the stocking was comparatively difficult and troublesome. After all, she did not have any place to sit, so it was quite inconvenient.

Zhang Ye covered his eyes and subconsciously whispered. "Sit over here and put them on."

"Why?" Zhang Yuanqi asked.

Zhang Ye said, "It will be more convenient wearing it here."

Zhang Yuanqi's voice's came from above him, "How do you know I'm wearing stockings?"

"Ah?" Zhang Ye was dumbfounded and immediately made up a story. "No, I just heard the sounds. I was thinking how it isn't easy for you to wear clothes while standing up. I'll stand up and you sit, alright?"

"Oh."

"Then I'll..."

"There's no need."

"Then, alright."

What a close shave!

He did not know if he had been caught or not!



With the clothes taken off, the fragrance from Zhang Yuanqi's body intensified. Wisp after wisp, it lingered around Zhang Ye's face. This time, it was not the perfume from her clothes since she had taken them off. Now, it was mostly her body's fragrance. It was very mild, but especially gripping.

She took a long while to wear the stockings.

The changing room was small to begin with. With Old Zhang bending her back and lifting her hips, Zhang Ye could discover it at a glance. Those two butt cheeks were about thirty centimeters away from him. If Zhang Ye lowered his head and moved forward just a bit, his head would touch them. He sat down while the Heavenly Queen was "hovering". Zhang Ye's head was almost level with her buttocks as Old Zhang was very tall.

It's killing me!

This is making this bro not be able to sleep!

However, after seeing such an alluring scene, Zhang Ye felt that it would be worth it even if he could not sleep for three days and nights. This kind of "special seat" treatment was not something just anyone received!

Suddenly, Zhang Yuanqi's legs twisted as she exclaimed. She did not stand firmly and just as she was wearing her second stocking, she lost her footing. As her leg was still partway into the stocking, so there was no way for her to find her balance. She then fell towards the side, and not towards Zhang Ye. It was the wall and if

she hit it, it would definitely be quite serious!

Zhang Ye was, after all, a person who eaten quite a few "Taiji Chinese martial arts" skillbooks, and was considered half a "martial arts pugilist". He was quite agile and responded quickly. He leaned forward immediately and pulled her over. Well, he did not manage to catch her, but managed to cover where she was falling towards!

Smash!

Zhang Yuanqi's back hit the wall!

As Zhang Ye's hands were protecting her, Old Zhang did not slam into it too heavily. However, Zhang Ye also ended up moving in one direction towards the sofa. Pong. There was a loud thud from the sofa.

The people outside heard it.

"Eh?"

"Sister Zhang?"

"What's wrong?"

The sounds of two people's footsteps could be heard coming over quickly!

Zhang Yuanqi immediately raised her head and said to the people outside the curtain. "It's alright. I didn't stand nicely and bumped it. Hur Hur, it's been awhile since I last practiced dancing. My skills seem to be deteriorating."

A girl said, "Did you fall and injure yourself?"

"I'm fine, Xiaozhao. Why don't you find a stool to change your pants. I might take quite a while here. Sorry about that." Zhang Yuanqi said.

The girl said, "Look at what you are saying. It's alright. I just used Grandma Zhang's chair and have already finished changing. We're all waiting for you. Aren't we going to join in the celebration supper?"

Zhang Ye's heart rate was probably at 150 by now. After all this twists and turns, Zhang Yuanqi was already leaning on the sofa's armrest. Zhang Ye had his hands around her back and his other hand was touching the bottom of Zhang Yuanqi's thigh. This was a movement and action he did without thinking while protecting her. Zhang Ye did not do it on purpose. He was also touching where Old Zhang had not covered with stockings. Let's put it this way, Zhang Ye's right hand's top few fingers had come into contact with the stocking's rustling feeling, while the middle of his palm was the other end of the stocking that was still scrunched up. Finally, the lower end of his palm was on Zhang Yuanqi's thigh flesh. It was extremely warm to the touch. Her skin's temperature instantly reached Zhang Ye's palm!

It was soft!

Zhang Ye did not dare to move, afraid people outside would discover him!

Zhang Yuanqi did not move and said, "Go ahead first. I'll come out there once I'm done."

The girl outside said, "That won't do. We aren't in a hurry either. We will wait for you."

"I'm not done changing, and I still need to remove my make up. It's quite troublesome. Auntie Zhang, go ahead and have the meal with everyone first. It's not right for all of you to have to wait for me." Zhang Yuanqi said.

Grandma Zhang from outside laughed in a kindly manner, "Alright, then take your time. We won't be waiting for you. Let's go and eat something first. All of us have been busy all night and are probably hungry. Are you all dressed?"

"I'm done."

"Me too."

"Alright then, Sister Zhang, we will wait for you over there."

Zhang Yuanqi lifted her head. "Alright, see you in a biit."

Sounds of footsteps walking out came out in droves.

Only then did Zhang Yuanqi supported herself on the sofa. She was wearing only a bra and a thong, as well as half a nude-colored stocking, before she slowly stood up.

Zhang Ye said with a pounding heart, "Are you alright?"

Zhang Yuanqi waved her hand while Zhang Ye looked at her. She then looked back at Zhang Ye and coldly said, "Why don't you keep looking at me?"

"No, no, no." Zhang Ye suddenly realized and quickly turned his head away. "I was afraid you were injured. Put on your clothes. I definitely won't look. I'm not that sort of person!" This fellow probably didn't even believe the words he said himself! He covered his eyes again and then suddenly smelled the fragrance intensify. He then recalled that his hands had caught Zhang Yuanqi. His hands were naturally filled with Old Zhang's feminine scent!

It was so fragrant!

The temperature of her legs seemed to still linger on!

This was the first time Zhang Ye had come into such close contact with Zhang Yuanqi. Actually that's not right, he had come into contact with her at the motel while escaping last time. Well, anyways, it felt good!

This time, he really did not look. Zhang Ye only heard the sounds from his ears.

She seemed to be done wearing her stockings.

Her black dress was probably also done.

Then he heard Zhang Yuanqi say, "I'm done."

Zhang Ye opened his eyes and lifted his head. He finally saw Zhang Yuanqi stepping into two brand new stilettos with her beautiful feet. With some adjustment, she put them on.

This outfits was not as bright as the colorful evening gown from before, but it was very eye-catching too. Old Zhang actually looked good in anything with her beauty and bearing!

# Chapter 399: New Year's Goal!

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Inside the changing room.

It was past 11 PM.

The two of them were still speaking in whispers. As no one knew if everyone outside had completely gone, or if someone else had come in.

"Hold on." Old Zhang said nonchalantly.

"OK." Zhang Ye responded.

Zhang Yuanqi pulled the curtain and went out to take a look. A few seconds later, she walked back in. "Alright, you can come out."

Being able to see the light of day again, Zhang Ye heaved a sigh of relief. "It's all thanks to you today. If not for you rescuing me, I would not been able to come out and would have been scratched to death."

Zhang Yuanqi said, "About the single, I'll get someone to talk to you about it tomorrow."

Zhang Ye happily said, "There's no need to talk about it. Give me any price you think is right. Then send me the contract. I'll sign it and send it back to you. You can mail it to me once you sign it too."

He still wanted to spend the rest of the new year's with his parents, so he did not want to go out to discuss matters as it was troublesome.

"Alright." After saying that, Zhang Yuanqi opened the door and looked out. "There's no one, so I'm leaving to you to your own devices."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Alright. Go for your celebration supper. Oh right, here's me wishing you a happy new year."

"Happy new year to you too." Zhang Yuanqi did not speak further as she walked away in her heels.

Zhang Ye watched her leave. Upon hearing some footsteps, Zhang Ye hurriedly pretended he was walking past and walked over.

"Ha, Zhang Ye?"

"It's really Teacher Zhang!"

Three Central TV staff came. One of them did not know Zhang Ye, but the other two recognized him at a glance!

Zhang Ye laughed, "Well-wishes for the new year."

"Have a good year too." A male employee said, "'Woman Flower'



was too good!"

Another female employee also said excitedly. "That's right. This is the most touching song I heard this year! Teacher Zhang, I wish you good health. I hope you would continue bringing us even more excellent works in the coming year. I'm already looking forward to it. You might not know, but many of our female colleagues cried backstage when listening to your song!"

Zhang Ye said humbly, "It was Sister Zhang and Grandma Zhang who sang it well."

A few people exchanged a few words with Zhang Ye before they left to busy themselves with their own matters.

Suddenly, his cellphone rang.

The number was from his maternal grandma's house.

Zhang Ye hurriedly picked it up. "Hello?"

"Son!" It was Mom's voice. "Are you still busy?"

Zhang Ye said, "I'm done, but I won't be able to make it in time, so I probably won't be able to pass the new year with the family. Tell my grandma and granddad."

"It's fine. Mom just wants to ask you something." Mom asked

urgently. "The 'Woman Flower' you wrote, who is it for?"

Zhang Ye said oddly, "It's for Sister Zhang and Zhang Xia?"

Mom did not like hearing that. "I'm not asking who you gave it to sing."

Dad's voice came from the phone. "You Mom is asking you if the creative inspiration of this song was because of her. Did you write it for her."

Ah?

What?

Zhang Ye was at a loss whether to laugh or cry when he heard this, but he immediately said, "Yes, yes. Of course it's for Mom. All the creative inspiration came from Mom."

Mom laughed joyfully. "Haha, alright son. That's all."

Before the phone hung up, Zhang Ye heard his Mom say to his family on the other side, "Heard that!? What did I say? What did I say?"

Zhang Ye: "..."

Mom was such a person. She loved to brag and act awesome!

Hai, let her brag then. Anyway it did not matter who it was written for. Zhang Ye would not lose a piece of flesh as a result. It was the new year, so he had to make Mom happy.

.....

Outside.

In the lobby.

Many celebrities, who had finished their performances, were gathered here. They were watching a large screen which showed the live broadcast. It was very clear and was even better than watching television at home. There were not many big stars here. They probably had gone to the celebratory supper together with Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia. The ones left behind were mostly extras for the Spring Festival Gala or less famous people.

Zhang Ye naturally could not go for the celebratory supper. He had snuck into Central TV's Broadcasting Studio 1 after all. Hence, he found a spot to sit down to watch the Spring Festival Gala.

There was someone sitting beside him.

"Hello?" It was a middle-aged woman.

Zhang Ye looked over and found her familiar. "Hello."

The woman was in her forties or fifties and was a bit plump. She was not very good looking, but had quite an interesting look. She had very kindly looks. "If I'm not mistaken, you are Zhang Ye, right?"

Zhang Ye said, "That's me, you are...Oh I know! You are Teacher Ci Xiufang!"

Ci Xiufang.

A skit actress.

She was considered a "old play veteran" in the world of skits. She was not a regular on the Spring Festival Gala, but often appeared on large scale galas like the Mid Autumn Festival or Lantern Festival. She was mostly the sidekick in skits and played the main character from time to time. She was the type that was similar to Yao Jiancai. She had a familiar face that many people would recognize if they saw her, however their popularity was average, never too hot or cold.

This knowledge and information instantly appeared in Zhang Ye's head. Ever since he knew his weaknesses, he had already forcefully tried to become more familiar with this Earth's celebrities and culture. From the looks of it, he had done his homework pretty well. He had really managed to recognize her.

Ci Xiufang smiled and said, "It's so nice for you to be able to say my name."

Zhang Ye said, "It's not something hard to do. I've watched your skits often. They are played so well. Some details like expressions and actions might not be noticed by others, and look normal, but the skill included in that can't be something mastered in a year or two. It's at least skills that takes a decade or two!"

Ci Xiufang waved her hands, saying, "I'm not as good as you, to be so talented at such a young age. The 'Woman Flower' from just now, I was listening to it and was truly touched to the heart. Later on, I heard from a young person beside me that you had written the lyrics and composed the melody. What a coincidence for me that, just as I was hoping to meet you, you came sitting beside me. I've seen your talk show programs too. As it's more geared towards the young, there are certain things that I can't accept, but there are many things that are admirable. I was quite amused watching it too, and there was quite a lot worthy of learning. Talking about this, you do talk shows, while I do skits. We are both comedians, so we are in the same line. This is our first time meeting, and you can say we have gotten to know each other."

She reached out her hand.

Zhang Ye also shook her hand. "To be honest, my talk show pretty much has entertainment as its core and are incomparable to your skits. Your acting is what's called true art." That was the truth.

After some mutual compliments, the two also had a good chat.

Ignore the fact that Ci Xiufang was fat and did not look pretty. She had relied on herself from her thirties to create a path of comedy for herself through her struggles. She did not rely on her looks or other things. All she relied on was her own resilience and pursuit towards the arts. Zhang Ye was always very respectful towards this kind of "silent and unknown" artists. Besides, he knew very well the feeling of bringing laughter to the audience every year without them knowing her face or her name. This sort of feeling was something celebrities like Lee Anson would never understand or experience. Artists like them, who did not have good looks, usually had to walk a path much harder than others by tens or hundreds of times in the entertainment industry!

With this, slightly more than half an hour passed.

They were both comedians, so there was a lot in common.

Looking up, it was almost midnight.

Ci Xiufang pointed to the screen. "It's almost time to do the countdown."

Zhang Ye stood up. "I've benefited greatly from the chat I had with you. Some day, if I visit you and consult you, don't you not welcome me."

Ci Xiufang squeezed out a smile. "You are too polite. You also have your own routines and system. The entertainment of talk shows is something never seen before in the entire world. You were the founder. In this area, you are already a system's founding

master. There's no need for you to consult me, nor do I have anything I could possibly teach you. Though our styles are different, who knows if there might be an opportunity for us to work together."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "That would be nice. If I have the honor to work with a veteran artist like you, it will definitely help me out a lot." Of course, that was just perfunctory as they were not in the same field, so there wasn't a lot of chances for them to work together.

Ci Xiufang suddenly said, "In a few days, there is a National Crosstalk and Skit Competition. They have invited me to be a judge. I don't know if I have the time and have not agreed to it. Did they invite you?"

Zhang Ye waved his hands, "Crosstalk and Skit Competition? Hur Hur, I didn't hear of it. Inviting you as a judge is very normal. I'm just a host and lack the qualifications."

Ci Xiufang said, "The Crosstalk and Skit Competition these past few years have been quite successful. I watch it every year and also learned a lot of things from rookies or established crosstalk and skit actors. If you have the time, I suggest you to take a look. It's never a bad thing."

Zhang Ye said humbly, "Alright, I'll definitely watch it this year then." Zhang Ye's world also had similar crosstalk and skit competitions, however they were not as successful. Every year, it was met with a lukewarm response. From what Ci Xiufang said, this world's national competition was a few levels higher, and the

scale was completely different.

Suddenly, everyone began shouting.

"Six!"

"Five!"

"Four!"

"Three!"

"Two!"

"One!"

"Oh! It's the new year!"

"Happy new year!"

It was midnight, and fireworks could be heard outside. They exploded all at once!

The new year had just begun and Zhang Ye was infected by the mood and felt excited. He was lucky this year. Many positive things had happened. He had also become famous. Ignoring the vicissitudes in his career, it had developed quite smoothly. Besides



a few hours before the new year, he had ended the year nicely and perfectly with "Woman Flower". He was very satisfied with his own results and how he was increasingly nearing his dreams.

The year had passed, let's wish that next year would be even better!

Goal? Let's set one up! This year, I'll try to increase my popularity and visibility to the level of a B-list! This world's B-list celebrity was practically a figure everyone knew!

# Chapter 400: Something Has Happened Again!

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Midnight passed.

Everyone was jubilant over the arrival of a new year!

On the screen, the Spring Festival Gala had also reached its climax. The programs after that were no longer something worth watching. Many people would leave and were preparing to disperse. Even a portion the audience in front of the televisions were likely go to sleep. There would be a portion of people eating dumplings and having idle chatter with family, so even though there were still programs later in the night for the Spring Festival Gala, the true Spring Festival Gala was only the first four hours before midnight!

Mission accomplished!

This bro could also leave now that everything was settled!

In the crowd, Zhang Ye found Ci Xiufang.

"Auntie Ci, I'll be leaving." Zhang Ye bade her farewell.

Ci Xiufang revealed a smile with her plump face. "Go ahead. Please send my new year regards to your parents too. I'm waiting for a friend and will be going home soon."

Zhang Ye said, "Alright then. Thank you."

Ci Xiufang said, "If there's a chance, let's have an exchange."

"Sure, I have your number anyway." Zhang Ye walked out the lobby.

.....

Outside.

The Broadcasting Studio's special tunnel.

When Zhang Ye reached the exit, there were many celebrities and staff members walking out from there. There were women he had seen previously seen in the dressing room. The person with red underwear was also in the crowd. All of them were walking very slowly. There was no other reason than because this was the exit. There were many fans gathered outside the door "blocking stars". Zhang Ye felt quite helpless over these people who did not spend time with their families at home and instead came here to join in on the buzz. In his case, no matter how much of a star-chaser he was, he would never have done that. Furthermore, there were many company cars and managers waiting to receive these celebrities. It caused this special green colored tunnel to be especially congested.

"Wow!"

"Mengmeng!"

"Sister Qi! Sister Qi!"

"Lord Twelfth has come out too! Ah! He's so handsome!"

The fans were shouting the names of their favorite celebrities. Zhang Ye had never heard of people like Lord Twelfth. It was probably some palatial-related character role's name in some movie or television drama.

The fans were squeezing inwards!

More than twenty security personnel pulled out a cordoning tape to block the crowd from advancing.

"Don't push!"

"Step back a bit!"

"This is a restricted area!"

The security personnel were turning hoarse from shouting.

Zhang Ye noticed he would not be able to exit any time soon, so he decided to light a cigarette on the side. He wanted to wait for

the people to clear out first. After all, his family had already already celebrated the arrival of the new year, so he was no longer in a rush to go home.

As the celebrities walked out the passage that was beside a wall, they were met with fans shouting their names one after another. It was like walking down the red carpet.

These celebrities, who had finished their performances just a while ago, were also very responsive. They would wave to everyone and say some words in response. One female celebrity even threw a flying kiss to the crowd. A few men who were big fans became so excited that forgot who they were. To be able to go on the Spring Festival Gala gave them a boost in popularity. Furthermore, since it was the new year, one of the most traditional and bustling festivals in China, the celebrities present were all feeling very good. Some of the celebrities, who usually did not take interviews, would stop putting on airs and interact with their fans.

Heavenly King Sun was the first to get into his company's car under the shouts of his fans before leaving.

Then a very popular crosstalk actor also boarded his manager's car under everyone's laughter and jokes before slowly driving out of Central TV.

Suddenly, a cacophony of ear-piercing screams sounded without warning!

"Ah!"

"Wow!"

"Heavens!"

The sound was extremely loud, and were basically only women. The voices of women were so much sharper. It was not like the low pitches of men. This "cacophony" was simply astounding!

Many celebrities and staff looked backwards!

Zhang Ye was also given a shock. He did not hold the cigarette firmly and dropped it on his arm. He hurriedly flicked his hand and thankfully did not burn his clothes. It only left a trace of ash on it, which could be removed with a pat. Zhang Ye grumbled while stamping out the cigarette butt on the floor. He was very angry! What was all that commotion for!? All of you nearly scared this bro out of his wits! Can you at least give some warning before screaming so loudly? He also looked backwards curiously. He did not know who had so much charisma and popularity. Could it be Old Zhang coming out? If he did some calculations, Zhang Yuanqi's celebratory supper had probably ended.

But this glance of his made Zhang Ye's anger come from only one single source!

Lee Anson!

Lee Anson had actually come out!

And he was putting on quite a bit of airs. He had two bodyguards beside him who looked like Koreans. Bodyguards were not allowed into Broadcasting Studio 1. Didn't you see Zhang Yuanqi and company not even have her manager with her? Maybe Lee Anson's bodyguards, who were two large, black suit-dressed Koreans, were waiting outside, and received news in advance and came to receive him. The moment Lee Anson walked out the exit, they came to both his sides. They looked at everyone else with vigilant eyes. Hence, Lee Anson was escorted out!

Zhang Ye despised him, and it was greatly at that!

What sort of pretense was this!? You even brought bodyguards? I don't even have bodyguards. Without even needing to mention bodyguards, I don't even have a f\*\*king manager! What type of act are you trying to pull off!?

Actually by now, Zhang Ye had a good understanding of Lee Anson. He knew he was recently very popular in China. He was the kind of person that became popular overnight. In terms of foundation, he was probably worse than Zhang Ye. And according to what he knew, Lee Anson was only popular in China. In Korea, Lee Anson was not even somebody in his country's entertainment circles. He wasn't even considered a B-list celebrity. The only reason was that he had a song and a Korean drama he acted in, which was received with lukewarm response in Korea, suited the girls in China better!

Lee Anson's shoulder brushed past Zhang Ye. And for some reason, he gave Zhang Ye a glance.

Zhang Ye noticed it, but ignored him and did not look at him again. He lit another cigarette stick. He knew why this person looked at him. One, it was just an accidental glance without any intent. Second, Lee Anson might know that he had composed a song for Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia at the last moment, allowing "Woman Flower" to go on the Spring Festival Gala, and shortening the time allocated for his song from three minutes to two minutes. It was just a minute and did not seem like much, but don't forget that this was a miraculous stage. This was the annual Spring Festival Gala's stage. One minute? One minute was as precious as gold! How many celebrities would fight it out just to get on that stage, yet they didn't even get the opportunity to appear on it for half a second. One minute was too precious! As such, it was unlikely Lee Anson did not have any feelings about this. However, how could Zhang Ye care about him?

He might not care, but the fans cared!

"Anson-oppa!"

"You sang too perfectly today!"

"The Spring Festival Gala directing teams are too idiotic! You should have had so much more time for your program today! Yet they cut off one minute for that bad song, 'Woman Flower'? What bullies!"

"Right, Lee Anson, ignore them. There's us supporting you!"



"In our hearts, you are better than any of the celebrities at this year's Spring Festival Gala!"

"I love you! Marry me! Give me a signature Anson-oppa!"

"I want one too, I want it too! I've already waited two hours for you!"

"I also sneaked out of my home to come see you! I've finally seen Lee Anson! He's so handsome!"

Mania!

Only this word could be used to describe the situation!

Zhang Ye was wondering how lip-syncing could be considered perfect? Have you seen the world before, or is the Spring Festival Gala's directing team idiots? Or was "Woman Flower" a bad song? All of you sure are funny! Forget it, everyone has their own standards. It was impossible for a person or a piece of work to be liked by everybody. Zhang Ye did not say a word. It was their freedom to chase after stars. Everyone had the right to choose who they liked.

However, what made Zhang Ye and many people surprised was that Lee Anson seemed to transform into another person. He was so warm and approachable on stage, and the way he smiled at the audience was so kindly. Now that the program was over and he was leaving, Lee Anson's face was completely cold. That cold was

not like the coldness from Zhang Yuanqi. Old Zhang was cold in private, but that was mostly a result of her personality. She was such a person and had such a temper. However, even though Zhang Yuanqi was cold, she never put on airs. As long as friends looked for her, or even those juniors from the entertainment circles, she did not even know, she would still not put on any airs. Zhang Yuanqi would still help them and was particularly loyal. Hence, Old Zhang's coldness was just a personality trait, and not her nature. However, Lee Anson's gaze was completely different. The way he looked at fans were as if he did not take them seriously.

"ㄸ ㅁ ." Lee Anson said something in Korean.

The fans actually did not know what he said, but cried out in excitement.

"Lee Anson said something to me!"

"Go and die! He was speaking to me!"

Immediately, two girls around the age of seventeen rushed past the cordon tape towards Lee Anson. When the people behind saw someone take the lead, they also rushed forward!

Lee Anson frowned.

His two bodyguards immediately protected him from the front and rebuked the fans. They spoke Korean, but it was likely to get

them to make way!

"Please give me an autograph!"

"We really waited very long!"

"Anson-oppa! Please!"

There was a fifteen-year-old girl whose lips had turned white because of the winter weather. Clearly, she had stood outside in the cold for more than two hours. Her body was clamped together with her head lowered. Yet, she stretched out her trembling hand, with a small beloved book over. She looked excitedly at Lee Anson.

"Make way!"

"Go away!"

"Do not cause disorder!"

The security personnel hired by Central TV rushed out to maintain order!

However the group of people that crowded around were all young girls. They could not be too rough either, so the situation reached a stalemate.

At this moment, everyone thought Lee Anson would give the fans some autographs for a photo op. It was impossible to sign fifty, but five would definitely not be a problem. That was also a way to account to his fans. However, no one expected that there was no response for a long time. Pushing carried on for quite a while!

Suddenly, a scream came from the crowd!

"Someone's pushing!"

"Someone has fallen!"

"The guards are beating people! Beating people!"

With a rush, the crowd moved back. A fifteen year old girl, who had nearly frozen, had fallen to the ground!

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Translator's Note:

Some of the Korean characters that appeared in this chapter and subsequent chapters are just Hangul consonants, and are not supposed to mean anything. They were originally “#%&@(\$&@)” in the raws. If you know what those Korean consonants might represent, just treat it as an inside joke amongst us ;)

# Chapter 401: Zhang Ye's One Kick!

---

It happened too suddenly!

No one had expected this scene!

Lee Anson was stunned. Lee Anson's bodyguards were also stunned. The panicking and dispersing fans were also stunned. Even Zhang Ye, the surrounding celebrities, and staff, who had just come out of Central TV Broadcasting Studio 1, as well as people from artiste management companies waiting outside were stunned. It happened too quickly and no one had clearly seen what had happened!

A weak little girl was already down on the ground. Even though it was the new year, she was still wearing her school uniform. She seemed to have been knocked down and was injured. The little girl lay on the ground, holding onto her arm. She endured the pain and seemed to be desperately enduring it. Tears even seemed to be welling up in her eyes before they started to drip down involuntarily. The ground was also very cold and she was not wear much. She had also been waiting outside for Lee Anson for hours. Now with her trembling, it became very obvious to the naked eye that she was shivering.

"What's the matter?"

"What happened?"

"Why did she fall?"

"Young lady, are you okay?"

"Aiyah, someone help her up first!"

The surrounding people began discussing without understanding the situation.

However, when Lee Anson looked at the girl, he remained unperturbed. He stood at his original spot without moving.

The two bodyguards were initially stunned for a few seconds, but then stopped looking at the girl. Their hands were still around Lee Anson and their eyes were only for their employer.

A woman in her thirties, who had performed in an acrobatic show during the Spring Festival Gala, was nearest to her. She rushed over and held the girl's hands. "Child, are you alright?"

The young girl shook her head with all her might, but her tears carried on dripping.

The woman felt her heart ache and hugged the child's head. "Poor child, this child is freezing. It's alright. Auntie is here."

Behind, Ci Xiufang and her friend also came out. She had also probably seen the situation and rushed over with another middle-aged woman who was around her age. They squatted down and

looked around to see where the girl was injured.

"Where does it hurt?" Ci Xiufang asked quickly.

The girl said, "It's not pain. Thank you Auntie."

The woman, who did acrobatics, was not very happy. She did not understand the situation, but knew who had caused this. She immediately stared at Lee Anson and her two bodyguards. "What's wrong with you!?"

The trio ignored her and did not say a word.

The acrobatics performer was further infuriated. "Let's not talk about the reason why. She's just a student and a young girl. She fell in front of you, yet the three of you didn't even help her up?"

Lee Anson leered at her, "&% ¥ ##@@#."

The two bodyguards remained expressionless and were unperturbed from the beginning to end.

No one understood the Korean words Lee Anson said.

Ci Xiufang could not stand for it. "Just because you don't know Chinese, can you just ignore someone when you see them fall?"

A B-list male singer behind also said, "That young lady is your fan! And you can really just stand there?"

At this moment, one of the girls, who had surged forward, pointed to the fat bodyguard, "It's him! He was the one who pushed us! "I saw him!"

"I saw it too!"

"That's right!"

"It's them!"

"How can they do that!?"

"We just wanted an autograph! Yet you pushed someone?"

"What's the big deal!? Why are you putting on such airs!? I won't care about you in the future! I will not listen to your music or watch your dramas anymore!"

"No matter how famous you are, can you compare to Zhang Yuanqi? Back then when Sister Zhang finished her concert, she was stopped by thousands of people at the backdoor. Everyone wanted her autograph, but Sister Zhang did not say a word and took out a pen to sign for us. She spent a full two hours just to give us autographs! She finished signing at one in the morning! Later on when everyone saw how tough it was on Sister Zhang that she could no longer hold her pens did people choose to leave on their



own. What did Sister Zhang do? What did you do!? I must have been blind back then! Why did I like you?! You are too disappointing! How can you do that!?"

"That's right, this girl was here when I came. She was shivering in the cold wind. I wanted to lend her a coat, but she was embarrassed to accept it. She waited for three hours! All for one autograph. Can't you even satisfy her tiny wish? Is this request too much? Is it insurmountable?"

Many people outside began to criticize!

There were a few of Lee Anson's fans who had rushed forward at the beginning. They were also completely disappointed. They felt their hearts turn cold upon seeing this scene. They began to openly denounce Lee Anson and his bodyguards! Although from those people's accounts, it was the bodyguards of Lee Anson who did not handle things properly and had knocked someone down, but who was their boss? It is you, your bodyguards. Your men made a mistake, causing such a situation, yet you remained motionless. You did not even help her up, nor did you say a few words of comfort. Even if you had your reasons, or had something urgent, maybe a schedule you had to rush to after this, or you were in a rush to go home to take a rest, there was no reason that could be used as an excuse for your actions. This matter was all your, Lee Anson's, responsibility!

"Apologize!"

"Right! You have to apologize!"

"Lee Anson! Hurry up and apologize!"

Many of Lee Anson's fans felt very embarrassed. They did not know on which side of the fence to stand on. It was obvious that they still liked Lee Anson and still possessed some fantasies.

However the fans, who were outside waiting for celebrities, and those who didn't like Lee Anson to begin with were not friendly. They all began shouting!

"Apologize!"

"Apologize!"

"Apologize!"

Without knowing when it happened, everyone began shouting in unison!

Many people were feeling impulsive and infuriated. Not everyone liked Lee Anson, and not everyone had good feelings for Korea. There were already seven or eight people who had crossed the cordon tape!

When the security personnel hired by Central TV saw this, they were afraid the situation would spiral out of control, so they rushed forward to stop them. Each of them grabbed one, hoping to

hold down those commoners who had barged in!

"Get out!"

"Don't do that!"

"This is a restricted area!"

The security personnel only had those three lines. They had to ensure the safety of the celebrities!

However, the more this happened, the more the crowd could not hide their emotions!

"You want us out?"

"He already beat our people!"

"Is this Korea or China?"

"Let go of me! Let me in! Which country are you from!?"

Many people were shouting at the security personnel, but they remained steadfast in their responsibility. They forcefully pushed them out without saying a word!

Ci Xiufang shouted, "Stop!"

An old man, who had drawn sand art at the Spring Festival Gala also said, "What are you doing!?"

The security personnel of Central TV ignored him and did what was within the scope of their job, and so no matter who was at fault, they did not need to care. They were people who had been trained and were very professional. To them, this was all a job. Being sentimental? They did not consider it!

Lee Anson was still standing motionless.

He did not move while his two bodyguards did not say a word!

On the other side, Ci Xiufang and the acrobatic woman helped the girl stand up.

Ci Xiufang's friend took off her coat and put it on the girl. "Wear Auntie's clothes. Say something. Where does it hurt? Did you get injured from being knocked down?"

The girl shook her head with all her might. "It's okay, it's okay. Thank you Auntie."

Ci Xiufang was exasperated with her reaction and said, "If you are okay, why do you keep clutching your arm? Let me take a look!" Saying that, she pulled up the girl's sleeves and ignored her resistance and rolled up her sleeve. The girl's arm was completely bruised and had suffered from abrasions!

She did not have a bad fall, but that was according to the standards of an adult. This girl was clearly underage. How could a young child like her still endure the pain as if it was nothing when she had suffered such injuries? This made everyone's heart twitch. They knew she was a sensible person and did not want to bother others. Similarly, this made everyone even more infuriated with Lee Anson and his two bodyguards. What was he doing!?

Was there such a celebrity like you?

How can you treat fans like that?

"Apologize!"

"Apologize!"

"Apologize!"

The commoners outside shouted even louder!

Lee Anson's bodyguards might know Chinese, so when the thin bodyguard saw the crowd, he whispered a few words into Lee Anson's ear. Lee Anson's expression turned ugly and said something to the thin bodyguard.

Finally, Lee Anson actually turned around and walked towards the end of the passage. The car here to pick him up was there!

"I said stop!"

"Apologize!"

"What sort of person are you!"

The crowd pointed at Lee Anson and rebuked him!

However, Lee Anson acted as if no one else was present and continued walking.

His two bodyguards stood on his left and right as they left.

As this happened, all the domestic celebrities saw this. They did not know how to handle it. No one went to stop him. None of the Central TV's security personnel cared about Lee Anson. Not only that, they even stopped those commoners who were trying to barge in! The scene was a complete mess. Many people were shouting and cursing. There were also voices from the security personnel trying to stop them and even people who helped speak for Lee Anson!

"It was all an accident just now!"

"Anson-oppa would not treat fans like that!"

"It must be the language barrier for Anson-oppa. I know Korean,

let me say something."

Then that person shouted in Korean, hoping that Lee Anson would apologize to the thin and frail girl to settle the matter!

Despite Lee Anson and his bodyguards clearly hearing it, they did not even turn their heads back!

The woman, who spoke Korean, turned pale. "How can this be!? Anson-oppa! Anson-oppa!"

The final outcome was Lee Anson had knocked down a fan, and swaggered away with his bodyguards. No one could stop them!

The commoners slowly ceased in their shouting and angrily held up their fists. They were also just very normal commoners. They could curse a bit, but they would not dare to barge in to stop him. Lee Anson was a very popular star in this country. As for celebrities, who came out of the Spring Festival Gala, none of them went to stop him. They could only stand there rebuking him because they too did not know how to stop him!

Lee Anson walked away!

The security personnel ignored the matter!

To them, this matter was nothing!

The injured girl, who had been pushed to the ground, bit her dehydrated lips while looking unblinkingly at the distancing Lee Anson. After a moment of enduring, she suddenly burst out crying. Previously when she was injured and had a bad fall, the girl had endured it without whimpering despite her falling tears. She even kept insisting that she was fine, but now, at this moment, first cries of the frail girl nearly tore apart many people's hearts!

However, something no one expected happened!

Lee Anson did not leave. To be precise, he did not succeed in leaving!

There was a security booth in front that only allowed one person to pass. Just as the bodyguards were waiting behind and Lee Anson quickly walked through the security booth, there was already a person waiting there. This person looked ordinary and had very average looks. He did not dress very formally and seemed to have thrown his clothes on before leaving the house. He was such an unremarkable person, but under everyone's shocking daze, he stretched out his leg and kicked Lee Anson in the stomach forcefully with his shoe's sole!

Peng!

Just one simple kick!

A kick as fast as lightning!



He had sent Lee Anson flying!

Lee Anson's body was flying through the air and flew a distance of two full meters away!

It was Zhang Ye!

The person, who blocked Lee Anson's path, was Zhang Ye!

There was silence throughout the scene for everyone was dumbfounded!

Zhang Ye faced Lee Anson, who was still flying through the air, and those two bodyguards, who looked extremely furious, and said, "If there's no apology, none of you are going to f\*\*king leave!"

# Chapter 402: Another Person Is Sent Flying!

---

"Holy fuck!"

"Beating people!"

"Ah!"

"Lee Anson got sent flying!"

"Who is this person? Who is this person?"

"He's so fierce! There's absolutely no way of looking at him straight!"

"He really flew up! Holy sh\*t! How much strength was in that f\*\*king kick!?"

It was a scene no one could react to. This scene, that was engraved in everyone's minds, was not something that could have happened. However, everyone watched in shock as this scene happened for real. It had happened before their very eyes!

Lee Anson flew out of the security booth!

Lee Anson slammed into the ground and cried out!

It's true! Everything was f\*\*king true!

It was no longer sufficient to describe their expressions as jaw-dropping. The celebrities were all stunned. Lee Anson's fans also became silent. Everyone stared wide-eyed in amazement at the person in the security booth. They did not understand where such a daring person came from!

He really dared to beat him up!?

You really dared to make a move?

Who is this person? That is Lee Anson! A famous bigshot star!

How could this be possible!? How did such a foolish, rash person appear in the Central TV's compound? Furthermore, he was in the special passage in the security zone meant only for celebrities?

It was already past midnight and the sky was very dark. The lighting wasn't good, so many people could not see his face clearly. Only when that person took a few steps out of the security booth did everyone see the man's face!

Someone screamed!

"This is....."

"F\*\*k! Isn't that Zhang Ye!?"

"It's really Teacher Zhang Ye!"

Many people did not know him, but some managed to recognize him. Zhang Ye was especially well-known in Beijing. Even if quite a number of people could not call out his name, they would make the connection with a particular work and "legendary story" of his after seeing his face!

"Did you see wrongly?"

"Not at all! It's him!"

"Yes, yes! My parents watch his programs daily! It can't be wrong!"

With the flurry of discussion, the crowd seemed to explode as voices roared in unceasing fashion!

Those who truly understood Zhang Ye or knew what he had done were immediately enlightened, as well as being at a loss whether to laugh or cry. It was no wonder. It was Zhang Ye. Teacher Zhang was a well-known hooligan in the entertainment circles. His name had been place on the watch list by the SARFT, and was placed number one of this year's SARFT blacklist! He had beaten his leaders, scolded his unit, conflicted with the SARFT, turned nasty with a professor, and had gone to war with the literary world! Teacher Zhang's experiences and legends were not something that could let them look at him straight. He was a hooligan from top to bottom. It was rumored that some people would hide from him

when they saw him!

Beating up someone?

Beating up a celebrity?

Others might not do it, but when it came to Teacher Zhang, he would really do it. Just on this matter, only Teacher Zhang Ye was capable of such hooligan acts!

A messy situation happened!

This would be interesting!

Many people exclaimed in disbelief. Many people were stunned on the spot, unsure of what to say. There were many who were extremely excited, as if they were on stimulants!

Those who were excited were not just excited because of seeing the bustle, but it was an excitement that came out of their nursed grievances and fury. Many of them were suppressing their pangs of fire, but had to watch helplessly as Lee Anson and his two bodyguards walked away. They could not do a thing, but now, someone had stood up for them. And he was not some ordinary commoner, but a celebrity who had fame and prestige!

It allowed them to vent their anger!

That kick had relieved them of their anger!

"Nice kick!" Someone shouted loudly!

Eventually, numerous people looked towards the person who spoke. That person gulped and shrunk his neck back. He produced a loud cough and just as he was about to say something, others responded immediately!

"Yes, nicely done!"

"This kind of person is better off being beaten to death!"

"To think he's a star!? How can he have such an attitude towards his fans? What sort of character is this!?"

"Teacher Zhang! You did it too beautifully!"

Shouts of support and cheers resounded in the Central TV's compound!

Of course, there were also discordant voices. It was the hardcore fans of Lee Anson, or it was better to call them brainless fans.

A fat girl angrily said, "Who allowed you to beat him!?"

"Anson-oppa! Are you alright? Are you alright?" Someone said.

A middle-aged man standing beside him could not bear to see this anymore. "Young ladies, he treats you fans so badly, how can you keep supporting him? What's the point!?"

The fat girl glared angrily. "I like Lee Anson, what has that got to do with you!?"

A boy said to her, "One of your own was pushed to the ground. You neither helped, nor cared. Yet when the person that caused all this fell, you are more worried for him than worrying for your own parents? What state of mind do you have!? How dare you shout at us!? How can you shout!? Didn't your parents educate you? You can't even tell right from wrong!"

The hardcore fans that resolutely stood on Lee Anson's side decreased. However, there were still a few. Both sides began to curse each other!

Ci Xiufang shouted loudly, "Little Zhang!"

An acrobatic star Zhang Ye did not know signaled to him with his eyes!

Zhang Ye's kick had frightened all these domestic celebrities. They were all amazed at how brave Zhang Ye was. It was not that they had not seen people being beaten, but for a celebrity to beat up another celebrity, and at the Spring Festival Gala in the Central TV's compound, and furthermore in front of so many commoners and celebrities, this shocking scene was enough to stun them

completely despite them having seen all sorts of things and traveled the world!

There was all sorts of voices!

Everyone reacted differently!

However, Zhang Ye ignored all of that. He turned a deaf ear to his surroundings and took step after step as he walked towards Lee Anson, saying, "I shall repeat myself once more! Listen to me carefully! If you do not apologize! No one is going to leave here today!" Then he used his body to block the security booth's entrance, sealing it. "If you don't believe me, you can try! Where do you think you are? Others don't care? Fine, they might not care, but I care!"

This was obviously aimed at the Central TV's security personnel!

Another security guard saw that a fight had occurred here and was also dumbfounded. He subconsciously charged at Zhang Ye and blocked in front of Lee Anson. It was unknown if he was being professional or for any other reason. He shouted at Zhang Ye, "What are you doing!? Don't do it!"

Following that, people saw another kick and another flying figure!

Zhang Ye had kicked the hip of the security guard and he too flew up like Lee Anson. As the spot he was kicked in had a different



center of gravity, he even flipped in the air!

"Ah!" That security guard got thrown out!

Instantly, the scene turned silent!

He pointed at the security guard's nose and said, "You ignored it when a commoner was beaten! When the commoners want to seek justice, you stopped them! Now that a so-called star from Korea is in trouble, you are more worried than his Dad or Mom! Are you f\*\*king sick!? Was your brain kissed by a donkey!?"

# Chapter 403: Beating Up Three People Consecutively!

---

Two kicks!

Two people consecutively beaten!

The scene turned chaotic. There were more and more people gathering around. Many of them were celebrities who came out of Broadcasting Studio 1, after hearing the news, to watch. When they saw the scene, they screamed "holy shit" in their minds. What's going on? Isn't this too much!? The live broadcast of the Spring Festival Gala was not over yet. The clock had just struck midnight for the new year, and there's a fight outside? This... The celebrities had their reputations to maintain. It was unknown if there were reporters, so they were very particular with what they said. They did not express any thoughts nor spoke a word!

However, the commoners outside did not have to be concerned about this!

"Alright!"

"Kick him!"

"This bunch of security guards are too wicked!"

"Well kicked!"

"Lee Anson can push others, but we can't go in? They can beat people, but we can't beat them? Your logic is so flawed! "F\*\*k! Could it be that all you Central TV's security personnel are here to service Lee Anson alone? Is he your Dad!?"

"Scum!"

Towards the security personnel's unfair attitude, many people began to swear!

Lee Anson was still on the ground clutching his stomach. The two bodyguards were staring deadly at Zhang Ye. One of them helped Lee Anson up and checked his condition.

Lee Anson: "ㅅㅂ..ㅁㅈㅅ!"

The thin bodyguard: "ㄱㅅㄱ!"

It was unknown what they said. It was all Korean.

However, it was probably easy to guess. Lee Anson was cursing!

"Who are you scolding!?" A commoner angrily shouted.

"Say it once more for me!" Another commoner pointed at Lee Anson.

With Zhang Ye taking the lead and standing forward, the surrounding crowd were emboldened!

The Central TV bodyguard, who had been sent flying, felt better after a while. He also barely stood up after feeling a moment of pain. He looked at Zhang Ye with rage and said, "You are beating people?"

Zhang Ye said confidently, "So what if I do!?"

A young security guard behind saw that his colleague had been kicked. He turned nasty and was about to rush over to help.

However, his arm was caught by an old security guard, preventing him from going forward. "Are you dumb? Don't you see who that is!?"

"Who is he?" A young security guard was in a daze.

The old security guard whispered. "He's Zhang Ye. Didn't we see his news two months ago? That time was his first time on a plane, and under the situation of the aircraft cockpit being destroyed by hijackers without any autopilot, he manually flew the plane back and safely landed it!"

The young security guard: "..."

Another security guard beside him said, "It's him?"

The old security guard looked at the young security guard that was beaten and said, "That Xiaochen deserves it. Our job is to maintain order and not let unauthorized people cause trouble inside. The troubles between stars is their matter and not something we should care about, but that Xiaochen went to poke his nose into the matter. He really has water flooding his brains!"

"But..." Someone who had good relations with Xiaochen said.

A security guard explained, "Xiaochen likes Korean stars."

"Ignore him. Pretend we didn't see it." The old security guard said.

In a few seconds, the security personnel were held back by Zhang Ye's forceful stance. After a round of discussion, they changed tunes. They closed one eye, pretending to not see anything. That security guard, Xiaochen, who had been beaten turned back. No one stood in solidarity with him, so he could only run back dejectedly and did not poke his nose in the matter anymore. There were many reasons why these security personnel changed their attitudes. However, anyone wise could tell that it was mainly because Teacher Zhang Ye was too fierce. He did not care who it was. He beat up anyone he saw and was completely unreasonable! To get them to go forward to deal with the matter? How were they to deal with it!? What happens if they got beaten by Teacher Zhang Ye? They might as well not seek trouble for themselves!

The scene was back at its beginning.

Only Zhang Ye was facing Lee Anson and his two bodyguards!

The frail girl, who was trembling till her lips turned blue, was still crying. The acrobatic woman and Ci Xiufang were coaxing her and blocking her from the cold wind by the side. The child's situation made many people's hearts ache. With some time, Ci Xiufang took a glance at Zhang Ye, who was standing by the security booth. It was unknown if she should cry or laugh. She had chatted with Zhang Ye for quite a long while in the lobby and they got along well. What seemed like a gentle young man to her was very polite in his speech. He was also very respectful. He was also a person of the arts and literature, and a teacher at Peking University. Ci Xiufang's impression of Zhang Ye was very good, but no matter how much she imagined, she never expected that she would see such a tough Zhang Ye outside a few minutes later. A teacher of the people? This did not match the image of a teacher of the people at all!

Lee Anson's bodyguards were humiliated and furious. They had come to China only for a few days. They had been alongside Lee Anson all this time. Be it galas, concerts, commercial performances, endorsements, they were always met with courtesy no matter where they went. Everyone was so polite, but where did such a person appear from? In such a situation, in front of so many people, he actually dared to kick Lee Anson?

They were furious!

But they found it more unbelievable!

Suddenly, Lee Anson who stood up bellowed, "ㄅㄣㄣ!"

When the fat bodyguard heard this, he nodded and rushed over and kicked at Zhang Ye! He was very big in size and was quite fat. His body weight was also obvious!

Ci Xiufang exclaimed loudly, "Little Zhang!"

A commoner shouted, "Teacher Zhang, be careful!"

"Aiyo! He's gone over!" Many of the commoners were standing on Zhang Ye's side!

There were a group of people who were shouting at Central TV's security personnel, "You ignored it when those foreigners were beating people! Yet you care when Teacher Zhang stands up for us! Now when they are going to beat Teacher Zhang, you ignore? Hurry up and stop him! Which country are you from? Do you have any humanity in you?"

The security guard, Xiaochen, who had been beaten up, yearned for Zhang Ye to be beaten up. Why would he provide assistance!?

The other security guards looked at each other. Without their leader here, they decided not to move. They decided to wait for their leader to come back before they did anything. The task assigned to them back then was to prevent unauthorized people from entering and to maintain order. Other things were not within

the scope of their job description!

The Central TV's security personnel's actions ignited the flames of anger within the commoners. Although they knew they had their reasons and duties, their attitudes were completely unacceptable. Zhang Ye had beaten someone up to force him to be accountable. Not only did you not verbally stop him, you even came to stop him physically. You even jumped in front of Lee Anson, protecting him. Now that it came to Zhang Ye, none of you moved? No matter how the security personnel explained, such as Zhang Ye was the first to make the move, and how it had nothing to do with them, their duties, or things like if they were to pull away the cordon tape, the barging of people would cause the scene to become more chaotic, none of them mattered. They made the commoners feel that what Lee Anson and his bodyguards did was alright, but other than Lee Anson, no one could do a thing!

"Stop!"

"Be careful!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

Many people had their hearts in their mouth!

However, there were even some of Lee Anson's hardcore fans who added fuel to the fire!

"Punch him!"



"Go for it!"

"Let Zhang Ye have a taste of his medicine!"

"Serves him right! Who let him beat Anson-oppa!"

These fans actually began cheering on Lee Anson's bodyguard!

Everyone thought Zhang Ye would be beaten. After all their figures were so disparate. Their heights were also different. One was a professional bodyguard, so the situation was obvious!

Then when they looked at Zhang Ye, they realized that he was without reaction. He calmly looked at the flying kick of the fat bodyguard. He did not even put much thought into it, and even at this point, Zhang Ye was still not looking straight at him. He leisurely took one step to the side and raised his arm nonchalantly, blocking the flying kick. His wrist made a very elegant angle!

The fat bodyguard felt all the strength he sent out dissipate and he nearly lost his balance. He landed in alarm and tried to maintain his balance before punching forward with a roar!

Zhang Ye easily stretched out his hand and received the punch. With a twist of his wrist, he dispersed all his strength once again!

It was Taiji Fist!

Today, Zhang Ye was furious, and because of this, the Taiji Fist that worked at times could be used today the moment he made his move!

The fat bodyguard stared. He had used all his strength twice, but none of his strength was usable. Just a twist of that man's wrist, and all his energy seemed to dissipate into the ocean. Not a single wave was stirred. The fat bodyguard gulped in his heart. Oh shit! No matter how dumb he was, he knew he had met an expert today. Although he did not know how good his opponent was, he was sure that he could not beat him!

The fat bodyguard did not dare to move!

The onlookers could not understand.

Lee Anson also did not understand. "他怎!"

The fat bodyguard knew Lee Anson was pressing him to make his move faster, but...

The thin bodyguard behind had also been trained and could tell the disparity in strength. He rushed up to help!

But at this moment, a pair of hands appeared behind him to hold him down!

The thin bodyguard was stunned and looked back. It was a stout man a head taller than him who spoke Chinese, "What are you doing?" He tried twisting his shoulders, but could not move one bit. The stout man's strength was much greater than his!

The stout man smiled and said, "I'm here to mediate."

Everyone saw that not far behind the stout man stood Zhang Yuanqi. The Heavenly Queen had arrived. This person was...Zhang Yuanqi's bodyguard!

"The Heavenly Queen is here!"

"It's the Heavenly Queen's bodyguard!"

"Hahaha! Sister Zhang is mighty!"

The thin bodyguard struggled to get rid of him to help, but could not escape from Zhang Yuanqi's bodyguard's hold. He was held on the spot!

He was here to mediate?

He was clearly here to help Zhang Ye!

Lee Anson's face turned black!

When the fat bodyguard saw that the thin bodyguard could not come over to help, his heart turned cold!

At this moment, Zhang Ye's third kick of the day came. Without being alert, a solid thud made him the third person to be sent flying by Zhang Ye!

The two people before him were not considered fat, so it wasn't a big deal if they flew. However, this fat bodyguard was at least 160 kg, yet he had also been sent flying!

"Ah!"

"Heavens!"

"He really flew up!"

The audience finally understood. They originally thought that Zhang Ye's small and weak body would ensure he would be badly beaten by the fat bodyguard, but no one expected that Zhang Ye was more powerful than him!

"Awesome!"

"Beat them!"

"You are acting wildly here?"

"Teacher Zhang has good kicking skills!"

With an uproar, the crowd repeatedly cheered!

Actually the reason why Zhang Ye could so easily deal with the fat bodyguard was mainly because Lee Anson only had average popularity in Korea. He did not have the ability or foundation. So the bodyguards he hired were not too professional. It was all just for show. It was not like S-list celebrities who selected their bodyguards very carefully. Furthermore, the bodyguards hired by Lee Anson were mainly for their language ability. Since his main development was in Korea, communication was very important. His bodyguards also took on the responsibility of translation, hence, they were much weaker in their main jobs as bodyguards. When something unexpected happened, this fat and thin duo could not handle it!

Furthermore, when Zhang Ye was in Shanghai, he had obtained a lot of Reputation points from the hijacking. He had spent all of it to buy Taiji Fist Skill Experience Books and ate ten books. His level in Chinese martial arts was increased by quite a bit. Although he definitely was no match for "freaks" like Rao Aimin, beating a bodyguard was extremely easy. There was no pressure at all!

Zhang Ye walked over. "You were the one who pushed that girl over, right?"

The fat bodyguard wanted to get up from the ground and was about to speak...

However, Zhang Ye kicked him right in the face. With a dull thud, the fat bodyguard was kicked unconscious. He lay there motionless!

It was not a question!

It was Zhang Ye muttering to himself!

The frail fifteen-year-old girl was no longer crying. She was staring unblinkingly at Zhang Ye and the fat bodyguard on the ground. Zhang Ye was seeking revenge for her!

Zhang Yuanqi's bodyguard saw a few moves of Zhang Ye. His eyes lit up and had a general idea. He knew he was being superfluous. Only then did he release Lee Anson's thin bodyguard's shoulders and walked back to Zhang Yuanqi's side. He was no longer involving himself.

Zhang Yuanqi asked, "Why?"

The stout man explained, "Sister Zhang, don't worry. Teacher Zhang Ye is well trained. No matter how many of those half-past-six bodyguards there are, they will not be his match."

Zhang Yuanqi smiled and said, "Is he that powerful?"

The stout man said without a thought, "Yes."

Zhang Yuanqi said, "Then compared to you?"

"Me?" The stout man pondered for a second and shook his head. "I don't know. We've never sparred, so I won't be able to tell. Anyway, I would definitely not dare to fight him."

"Why?" Zhang Yuanqi asked.

The stout man said helplessly. "I practice in strength boxing styles, while he likely practices in authentic inner strength boxing styles. It's not the same, so it would be difficult to fight him."

The thin bodyguard did not dare go forward.

Lee Anson was also dumbfounded. He gasped seeing the bodyguard who had been knocked unconscious!

Zhang Ye held up a finger and said to Lee Anson, "I'll repeat myself once more. Apologize!"

The thin bodyguard translated it to Lee Anson.

This time the commoners cheering supported echoed!

"Apologize!"

"Apologize!"

"Apologize!"

Lee Anson's face turned ashen. He looked at Zhang Ye and the frenzied crowd. He was so angry that he nearly crushed through his molars!

Translator's Note: As previously mentioned, some of the Korean characters that appeared in this chapter and subsequent chapters are just Hangul consonants, and are not supposed to mean anything. They were originally “#%&@(\$&@)” in the raws. If you know what those Korean consonants might represent, just treat it as an inside joke amongst us ;)



# Chapter 404: Today, It Will Be Useless No Matter Who Comes!

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Outside, the cold wind was howling.

The situation was at a standstill.

"What's the matter?"

"What happened?"

"What's going on?"

"Stop, all of you stop!"

Suddenly, a group of people came out the exit.

They all wore suits and some of them even had badges. It looked like they were Central TV's staff, possibly some were also from management.

A middle-aged man walking in front of them wore a dark expression as he looked at the people lying on the ground. He called out for a colleague who had been standing outside witnessing the whole fracas. The youth who hurried over relayed the incident to them, occasionally pointing in either Lee Anson or Zhang Ye's direction, talking and waving vividly.

After they had an idea of the incident, the staff from Central TV was also in a fix.

A minor person-in-charge went to Lee Anson and asked, "Are you alright?"

One of his fellow colleagues went to check out the fat bodyguard who stirred after being pinched in the philtrum. He touched his face and realized Zhang Ye's shoe print was still imprinted on his face.

The Central TV staff let out a sigh, relieved that the bodyguard was not hurt too badly.

When Lee Anson saw the Central TV staff arriving, he flew into a rage. He pointed at them and said, "옳은 뭐냐! 왜 이유없이 폭행을! 여기 도 법이 있냐!"

The thin bodyguard translated, "Lee Anson is asking what's with this guy! Why did he hit others without reason! Is this still a place with laws?"

Zhang Ye was amused. "I did it with no reason?"

The commoners by the side were all accusing angrily!

"Bullshit!"

"It was you who made the first move!"

"If not for you knocking that young girl down, why would Teacher Zhang have a reason to beat you!?"

"You didn't apologize or help her up even after pushing her down! Is there any reason? F\*\*k!"

"Apologize! Don't even think of leaving without apologizing!"

"A Korean wants to behave atrociously in our territory?"

"Pui! What f\*\*king bullshit is this!?"

The Central TV supervisor was also troubled. He went over to try to smooth things out between Lee Anson and Zhang Ye by saying, "Both of you are public figures and it's the new year now. Why don't we just drop the matter and forget that it ever happened. We'll all go back home and not hold things up here anymore."

Zhang Ye said carefreely, "It's fine. I have lots of time and have nothing better to do at home."

You're fine?

We aren't fine!

The person-in-charge said, "Teacher Zhang, you have already done what you did and even hit one of our guys too. No matter what, you shouldn't have hit anyone. What if this gets out, then no one would look good. Give me some face today and forget about it. Even if Lee Anson was in the wrong, you aren't that innocent either, right?"

Zhang Ye gave a wave of his hands and said, "I won't be giving anyone any face today!"

An old man with the Central TV stepped up from behind and said, "Teacher Little Zhang, you are a teacher after all. How can you be like this? Take a step back and everyone can get on with it."

Whether it was the other celebrities or commoners, many of them still did not understand Zhang Ye well. Maybe they knew him a little, but that was not enough. Hearing the old man speak, many of them were surprised!

Teacher?

This fellow was a teacher of the people?

Everyone felt a little light headed upon hearing this. They had never seen this sort of teacher who went around hitting people, but they were full of admiration for Zhang Ye's actions as they were also infuriated by Lee Anson's actions! Because of their status and various reasons, they were unable to go forward and help. Only Zhang Ye had stepped up to take action. He did not care for

the consequences of his actions, nor had any regards for his status as a teacher, literary person, host, etc. All he wanted to do was to seek justice for the little girl who had been hurt. Just based on this, many people felt they were inferior to Zhang Ye. They knew that they couldn't possibly have done what Zhang Ye did!

Ci Xiufang said from the distance, "Little Zhang, forget it!"

An old folk music performer said, "Yes, if it goes on like this, you'd get in trouble. I think I saw someone making a police report just now."

Clearly, it must have been a brainless fan of Lee Anson.

But Zhang Ye appeared unmoved, standing still at the security checkpoint!

"Teacher Zhang!" The person-in-charge looked unhappy, "What is it that you want? This is enough. The gala will be dispersing soon and the leaders will be coming out as well! There are also reporters! You..."

Zhang Ye said without acknowledging anyone. "It's useless no matter who comes today!"

"You..." The person-in-charge took a step over.

However, he was held back by another man from Central TV. He pulled him back a meter or two and whispered to him, "Supervisor

Liu, don't. He doesn't care who you are and will beat up whoever tries to stop him. Our security team did the same as you and.....was sent flying."

The person-in-charge: "..."

Faced with such a person who didn't care for the consequences, anyone would be frustrated!

He couldn't be reasoned with and wouldn't give in to statuses nor could they match him in a fight!

A woman from Central TV suggested, "Why don't we get a dozen security team members to 'send' Zhang Ye off? We need to get Lee Anson out of here before the matter gets bigger. Otherwise, we won't be able to wrap things up here and judging from the commoners' anger, it might even start a riot!"

But the person-in-charge rejected this, whispering in a low voice, "Then that would become a topic of discussion in the media. Lee Anson was in the wrong and if we were to help him to subdue Zhang Ye and aid him to leave this place, do you know how the commoners would react to that? They would definitely think that Central TV worships foreigners since we helped a Korean celebrity bully the commoners of China!"

"Then what should we do?"

"The Spring Festival Gala is almost over!"

"This is too nerve-wracking. Why did this mess have to happen during the festive season? It has always been fine in the past!"

"This Zhang Ye is really as his reputation makes him out to be. He's such a bast\*\*rd. Why didn't he consider the consequences beforehand? Isn't he afraid? Does our Central TV not even have the face to curb all this?"

"Ha, don't even mention us. Don't you know? This man even dared to scold the SARFT, so what else does he not dare to do?"

"Actually, he did well to beat that guy up. Lee Anson's too snobbish!"

"I'm also frustrated with Lee Anson. He puts on an act in front of the cameras."

"That's enough. Don't say such idle nonsense. Keep it down."

The Central TV staff whispered amongst themselves.

At this moment, more people had gathered around. There were hundreds of people surrounding them. Some were standing up on stone benches and staircase railings trying to catch a glimpse of the action!

Five minutes!

Ten minutes!

During this period of time, a lot of people had come forward to try to hush down the incident.

Ci Xiufang was also afraid that Zhang Ye would be made responsible for the whole incident. Whatever reasons it might be, beating anyone up was against the law.

But after a long confrontation, Zhang Ye still did not leave. He stood at the security checkpoint and even lit a cigarette. He stood there like he was one against many, not listening to what anyone had to say!

Lee Anson's eyes were full of rage. He didn't wear much except for his suit. The winter in Beijing was many degrees celsius below 0 at night. Lee Anson was frozen inside out when he suddenly said something in a low voice, "오늘은 왜 이렇게 후지냐!"

The thin bodyguard looked over, but did not translate.

Zhang Ye asked, "What did he say!?"

The thin bodyguard did not respond.

Everyone knew it was not something good!



Suddenly, a girl shouted out from within the crowd. She had initially been a fan of Lee Anson and had snuck out together with the girl who had been pushed. They had just wanted to get autographs from Lee Anson and were your typical Hallyu fans, but after the incident, this girl had already been "converted" by Zhang Ye. She suddenly felt that she was so stupid to have spent an entire day in the cold waiting for Lee Anson. Was she sick? What was that all for!? She suddenly found Zhang Ye very handsome. It wasn't his looks, but him sending someone flying with his kick. That braveness and toughness made her heart melt!

That young girl then shouted loudly, "Brother Zhang Ye! I know Korean! Lee Anson is calling us pigs! A backward nation! Trash!"

The thin bodyguard was stunned. F\*\*k, when did Lee Anson say those words? What Lee Anson grumbled just now when translated was "what sort of crappy day is it today". When did he curse you as pigs or trash? Backward nation? Lee Anson only said a few words. How could there be so much information in them! What are you doing!? You f\*\*king call that knowing Korean? You don't know sh\*t!

Lee Anson also saw how the crowd turned into a frenzy almost instantly. The anger in everyone's eyes was more intense than before. He still did not know what had happened.

What happened?

What had happened?

The thin bodyguard hurriedly translated what the young girl said to Lee Anson!

When Lee Anson heard this, he nearly coughed blood. It's not like this young lady! Was your Korean taught to you by the Japanese!?

F\*\*k!

You're f\*\*king scamming me!

The thin bodyguard was just about to explain. "It's not like that! He said..."

The surrounding people no longer wanted to listen to his crap!

"What the heck!"

"I can't endure it any further!"

"He's pushing it too far!"

"Let's barge in!"

"I must beat him up today!"

By the time the Central TV security team could react, more than

a dozen youths, who were agitated by those words, had come rushing into the cordoned off area. A few responsible security guards had caught one of them. but when they saw an old guard giving them a wink, they understood and pretended to trip while letting the person escape from them. In the end, they didn't manage to hold back anyone and just shouted out "this is a restricted area"! Of course, it was just shouting. Then, they symbolically made a few grabbing actions, but took no substantial actions! They were also Chinese nationals and had a sense of national pride. Hearing the alleged words of Lee Anson, they too were suppressing anger in their hearts!

But the Central TV person-in-charge anxiously called out, "What is this?! Stop them! Stop these people!" If anything were to happen, they would have to shoulder the blame!

Only then did a few more security guards try a half-hearted attempt at controlling and pulling the intruders back!

But as too many people had entered the area, about 20-30 of them had already gathered around Lee Anson, the thin bodyguard, as well as the fat bodyguard, who had lost his combat strength and had just managed to stand up. They were immediately being beaten up. They hit their faces, kicked them, and a big sis, whose actions made people speechless, even scratched at them!

"Bast\*\*d, I will beat you to death!"

"Beat them up!"

"Stop! All of you, stop!"

"Beat him!"

"Everyone stay calm!"

The scene turned chaotic as it was filled with all sorts of voices!

Zhang Ye was actually the first person who wanted to beat him up, but when he saw so many commoners surrounding Lee Anson and company, he decided not to join in. After all, he couldn't even squeeze in!

The thin bodyguard was clutching his head, almost about to cry. "Stop beating us! Stop beating us! We didn't say those words! The translation was wrong! She translated it wrongly!"

Lee Anson's face was all blue and back!

Outside.

The little girl who did the translation was also dumbfounded.

A boy, who accompanied her, stared at her stunned. "Xiaowen, you know Korean? Why didn't I know?"

The girl wiped the sweat from her forehead and forcefully

snorted. "There are many things about me that you do not know. Why do I need to tell you!?"

"But when did you learn it?" The boy was curious.

The girl said, "I learned it from Korean dramas, can't I?"

The boy pursued the matter. "I never realized. Then say something to me."

The girl scrunched up her neck and said, "Like oppa, like seumida. Korean is very easy!"

The boy asked, "Is there anymore?"

"No." The girl lost all her confidence.

The boy shouted, "Go to hell! You just know the word 'oppa' and you dare say you know Korean? How dare you translate for all of them? You sure are bold!"

The girl faltered and said, "Anyway, anyway, he definitely didn't say anything good. He must have been cursing. I could tell from his expression!"

However, this side episode was not noticed by anyone. They were already busy beating up Lee Anson!

# Chapter 405: Because "I Love This Land"!

---

It was a mess!

A fight had broken out at the scene!

More than twenty youths and a few older guys and girls had surrounded Lee Anson and his two bodyguards to beat them up. The Central TV staff and security team were desperately trying to break it up while other celebrities and artistes were also persuading the attackers not to do it. Some hardcore fans of Lee Anson had rushed forward to try to protect Lee Anson as well. As they were all young girls, the others did not dare to lay a finger on them and only avoided hitting them. Someone was hindered by one of Lee Anson's brain-dead fans and couldn't do anything, so after a while, he could only give up.

"He's trying to escape!"

"Beat up Lee Anson!"

"Stop right there!"

"Anson-oppa!"

"Ah! Who's scratching at me!"

"They've insulted us as a backward nation! Why are you still on

his side?"

"We like Anson-oppa, so!? He can insult us as much he likes and we'll still like him!"

That scene was indescribably messy. A hundred people had set themselves on them and no one wanted out!

At this moment, some noise could be heard coming from two directions. It was the sound of chatting and laughter. A crowd came out from the special tunnel exit and at the other side, a number of audiences and reporters had also begun exiting the gala venue. The incident over here had gone on for too long as the Spring Festival Gala had also come to an end!

A slightly more well known male host was walking out and laughing with a few friends. He was attending as a guest tonight and was enjoying the company of his friends, "I still preferred Sister Zhang and Auntie Zhang's 'Woman Flower'. That song is simply too....." Suddenly, he turned his head and saw the fight, causing him to stand and stare with his mouth opened!

"What's the matter?"

"What is this?"

"Aiyo, there's a fight going on!"

"It's the new year, what is this!"

All of those who had exited the gala venue were stunned by this, with no exception. No one could possibly have expected it since they were still in a celebratory mood inside while all of this violence was happening outside!

"Quickly go and take a look at what's happening!"

"Call for help! Call for someone to help first!"

The Central TV supervisor, who was trying to control the incident earlier, turned pale. He had wanted to resolve it before it became a big issue, but who would have known that the gala had already ended. Everyone began streaming out of the venue. The people who came out were no ordinary people either. They included the organization's leaders, some influential public figures, and their families, all people of importance. He couldn't keep it under wraps anymore even if he wanted to! It was impossible!

Sure enough, quite a number of Central TV's leaders had stepped out at this time. They had been busy with the gala's broadcast earlier and no one dared to disturb them. As their phones were switched off, they only learned of the news now. All of them rushed over anxiously only to be angered by what they saw!

"Stop!"

"What's going on!"



"Quickly, pull them apart!"

"Stop fighting! I am the Deputy Station Head of Central TV! Come to me if there's an issue!"

However, no one was listening to him. No matter how much they shouted for them to stop from the outside, or if they were the Deputy Station Head or the security guards, none of them were able to get those who had surrounded Lee Anson to listen or do as they were told!

When Zhang Ye saw this, he too was worried that they would hurt Lee Anson badly. It was fine if they just gave him a punch or two. In the event that they injured him heavily, that would be bad. He squeezed himself over into the crowd and said, "Everyone, stop fighting. That's enough!" It seemed like there was no need for Lee Anson to apologize anymore. His face was bruised all over, so he probably couldn't say sorry even if he wanted to. The two bodyguards were the same and had their faces all messed up, but their injuries did not seem too bad and just looked mostly to be superficial wounds. At most, they would have suffered a dislocation. The commoners did not go for heavy blows, nor did they use any weapons. They used nothing more than just their fists and legs to vent their frustrations.

No one's words made a difference.

Only when Zhang Ye said something did everyone stop fighting.

"Stop!"

"No more fighting!"

"Listen to Teacher Zhang Ye!"

"Yea, listen to Teacher Zhang!"

The commoners dispersed backwards. A big sister, who still looked angry even spat at them as she accompanied the rest to finally move back 10 meters.

The Central TV leader stood there stunned. He shouted for so long and no one bothered about him, but when this person shouted?

The other celebrities and audiences who had just made their way out and saw this could neither make heads or tails of what just happened either. Why did this young man's words seem so effective? He was simply being obeyed by everyone! Teacher Zhang Ye? Who was that? Damn! Could it be that rumored Zhang Ye? The numero uno of the SARFT's blacklist?

Heh!

It's really him!

Someone recognized him!

Actually, the reason why the commoners had listened to Zhang Ye and no one else, was simply because Zhang Ye was the leader of this commotion. The weak little girl, who had been bullied earlier, had no one to stand up for her until Zhang Ye stood up to demand for an apology on her behalf. He even did so without caring for his loss of reputation by blocking the exit. Just based on this action, everyone was convinced to follow him!

Over on the side, the person-in-charge, who was first at the scene, went over to explain to the Central TV leaders. he spoke objectively and relayed the incident to them from the beginning. Around them, many people heard his explanation and finally understood what was going on!

There were huge crowds of people, forming layer after layer.

Many of those who had exited the venue joined in to see what was going on, but a portion of those also had to rush off to other schedules.

Suddenly, the sound of police sirens rang out!

Two police vehicles had arrived and came in directly to the grounds of Central TV!

Yang Jie got out of the car and brought a few policemen along with him. When he had received the call regarding the fight, he was at home preparing to pass the new year with his family. The person reporting the incident did not make it clear over the phone,

but mentioned that someone was about to be beaten to death at the Broadcasting Studio 1 of Central TV. Yang Jie was confused by the mention of the Central TV Broadcasting Studio 1! Wasn't that the Spring Festival Gala's venue? How would something like that happen over there, but after receiving several more calls, he understood that something must have happened and so activated several policemen to rush over here with him. When he saw the situation before them, 3 men were lying on the ground all bruised up. It was really a fight!

Two big sized men wore stifled expressions.

While Lee Anson was covering his face with his hands, with a rage-filled expression!

Eh, wait!

Isn't this person Lee Anson?

Didn't he just perform on the live broadcast of the Spring Festival Gala?

Yang Jie was dumbfounded. He had watched the Spring Festival Gala too and his daughter really liked this singer. She had been talking about him over and over while watching the gala!

"Superintendent Yang!"

"Yo, Director Sun, what's the matter?"

"Let me tell you....."

The two of them had known each other for a long time.

After a few minutes, when Yang Jie and the other policemen were aware of the situation, all of them looked in unison towards Zhang Ye. The name of Zhang Ye was already notorious within the police system in Beijing. Previously, when he had beaten the son of the Beijing Television Station's leader, he was detained at the police station. He had created a big mess while he was there and in the end, they had bow to public pressure and released him. This was how Yang Jie and the other policemen knew about Zhang Ye. Their first reaction was that this would be a headache to handle!

When Lee Anson saw the police, he shouted loudly at them, ".....  
¥###@@!"

The thin bodyguard helped him up and translate his words. It was nothing more than words of protest and complaints. The bodyguard was also enraged, as they had been to China many times in the past, but they had never encountered something like this before. Getting beaten up? To others, it might be nothing, but to a trending celebrity who was enjoy his moment of fame? This was a big issue! It might even affect the career development of Lee Anson in China!

Kaka!

Kacha!

Many people had begun taking photographs!

Lee Anson roared, "가!"

The bodyguard stood in front of him to block the photographing crowd!

Right now, the situation was clear to Yang Jie and he had his own judgment of what happened. He walked over to Zhang Ye and asked, "Did you beat them up?"

Zhang Ye graciously acknowledged this fact, "Yes."

Yang Jie said helplessly, "Then I need you to come with us."

Ci Xiufang rushed forward at this moment, "It's the new year, can't you do anything about it?"

Yang Jie saw her and realized that he knew her, but only from television. In those skits, he would always see her, but he couldn't remember her name. He said, "We are just doing our job. It's the new year and I'm sure nobody wanted this to happen, but we still need to address and solve the issue at hand here."

Nearby, some commoners tried to put in a word for Zhang Ye.

"Why are you arresting him?"

"It's that Lee Anson and his bodyguards who started it!"

"Yea, if you want to arrest anyone, then arrest the three of them!"

"Teacher Zhang was just being a good Samaritan and was seeking justice! What reason do you have to take him away?!"

A policeman standing at the back said, "He still shouldn't have kicked others like this."

Yang Jie stopped that policemen from saying anymore. He told everyone, "We are not arresting anyone. We are just asking him to come with us to assist in the investigation. Zhang Ye has to come with us, and so does Lee Anson. Please everyone, let us through!"

Central TV's leaders discussed for a while, also deciding not to step forward. They did not say anything else, but just allowed the police to handle the matters.

Zhang Ye was feeling great. He did not resist and even sauntered along with the policemen to the police vehicle.

Meanwhile, Lee Anson looked very unhappy and kept nagging at the police and pointing at Zhang Ye. He clearly did not want to waste his time by going to the police station.

The thin bodyguard translated everything that he said.

Yang Jie also kept explaining to Lee Anson.

By now, everything seemed to have ended, but the fallout of the incident was definitely going to be explosive. There was no need to ask as such a big incident had happened, the newspapers and internet would definitely have it as a headline!

The onlookers did not disperse. Even the celebrities, Central TV staff, and audiences all stayed to discuss about this matter.

"Eh, what was the point?"

"That Zhang Ye is really amazing."

"No wonder he was ranked top of the SARFT's blacklist. He's really different!"

"I find him to have a rather true disposition. I previously heard that he went broke just to save the life of a fan to the point that he needed to sell his car to save them. His character is rather good."

"Even so, he doesn't have a sense of propriety. What kind of occasion is today? Where are we at now? This is the Spring Festival Gala's venue. He shouldn't have caused such a mess!"

"The way he handles issues is indeed problematic. No matter



what, he shouldn't have fought. The other party is even a celebrity, a Korean celebrity! If it gets serious, it will affect foreign relations too."

They began commenting all about Zhang Ye!

Lee Anson's hardcore fans were also wiping their tears as they cursed Zhang Ye. They were all heartbroken that Lee Anson had been beaten so badly!

"Zhang Ye! I'm at odds with you!"

"How dare you hit our Anson-oppa! Who do you think you are!"

"You still dare to say that you are seeking justice for us? That girl, who was knocked down by Anson-oppa, that's her blessing! We also wish we could be knocked down by him! What has it got to do with you? Why should you bother about it!"

"A dog trying to catch rats, what a nosy parker!"

"Anson-oppa! Wuwuwu, are you alright?"

"You won't get disfigured, will you?"

"Anson-oppa! We have to sue him! We can't let the matter rest just like this!"

"Zhang Ye! You're a jerk!"

Even at this time, there were still so many of Lee Anson's hardcore fans standing up for him. A bunch of girls kept making noises and the venue was filled with their scoldings or crying voices. One fat girl even squeezed her way towards Lee Anson to hand a band aid to him, offering it to him politely with both hands outstretched.

Lee Anson took the band aid and said, "#@# ¥."

The fat girl nearly fainted from the excitement. She exclaimed happily, "Anson-oppa spoke to me! He spoke to me!" In actual fact, she did not understand a word that he said at all.

When Zhang Ye saw this, he felt hurt.

Suddenly, more than 20 reporters squeezed their way through, some were even carrying video cameras. Some were from other broadcasting stations and were also reporters from Central TV. Since it happened so close to where they worked, they had rushed over to take a look. It was the day of the Spring Festival Gala broadcast and there was no lack of television station staff or reporters on site. They were initially not here to cover the societal news or entertainment news, but were here just for the Spring Festival Gala, but who'd have expected that there would be such an incident. As news workers, they couldn't miss out on reporting on something like that!

About eight reporters had gone over to Lee Anson.

About five reporters were interviewing some celebrities or audiences who had witnessed the incident.

Around ten reporters had surrounded the police vehicle to ask Zhang Ye questions!

"Teacher Zhang, what are you doing here?"

"Did you hit Lee Anson?"

"Why did you kick him?"

"A girl was pushed and Lee Anson just walked away, but no one stopped him. Why did you stop him?"

"Do you think that your actions are justifiable?"

"I can see that a lot of people are cursing you right now. What do you think of that?"

"Teacher Zhang, don't stay quiet. Please answer us, why did you hit others? What is your purpose and motive for hitting them? Do you not understand that this does not look good on you? Your reputation will be at stake and you could get implicated. You might even be detained at the police station. I don't understand. Why did you do it?"

The reporters asked without a pause!

But this was exactly what was on everyone's minds too. Yes, why!? What were you thinking?

Zhang Ye looked at Lee Anson who was about to get into the car with the policemen. He looked at those other celebrities and people who were pointing fingers at him. Then he listened to the cursing of those young girls.....

Why?

Why?

Zhang Ye had a calm expression. He turned his head towards those cameras pointed at him and reporters and suddenly said, "If I were a bird."

Everyone paused! If? He was a bird? What did that even mean? What are you talking about? They managed to react after a momentary pause. It was a modern poem. Zhang Ye did not just use plain words to answer them. He was using a poem to speak! What did he want to say? What was he trying to express? At this time, everyone became silent. This was because everyone knew that Zhang Ye was most famous, not for his TV programs and not for his songwriting talents, but for his poems! Even those hardcore fans of Lee Anson had stopped scolding to listen to what he had to say!

Zhang Yuanqi looked over!

Ci Xiufang was slightly stunned, but also looked over to Zhang Ye!

Central TV's Deputy Station Head and many other celebrities, as well as Yang Jie and his police team, were the same. They all subconsciously gave Zhang Ye a look!

Zhang Ye's expression was calm. It was plain like water, but his voice was full of emotion. It was as if his voice was suppressing an unlimited amount of anger, about to explode, but had no power to do so!

"If I were a bird."

"I should sing with my hoarse voice."

"Of this land buffeted by storms."

"Of this river turbulent with our grief."

"Of these angry winds ceaselessly blowing."

"And of the dawn, infinitely gentle over the woods."

Closing his eyes, Zhang Ye held up his fists but his eyes still so

calm:

"—Then I died!"

"And even my feathers would rot in the soil."

"Why are my eyes always brimming with tears?"

"Because I love this land so.....deeply!"

This was from Zhang Ye's previous world. It was Ai Qing's famous "I love this land" that was featured in language textbooks. Today, on this occasion, during this new year's night, Zhang Ye presented it to everyone who was here!

After that, Zhang Ye looked at those who were Chinese nationals, but spent their efforts so crazily adoring a Korean celebrity who did not care for them, to the point of feeling disdain towards them. Zhang Ye opened the door and did not look back at them anymore as he got into the vehicle. He did not know what he was feeling at this moment. Was it disappointment? Sadness? Anger? Or peace? Perhaps, only "I love this land" could portray what he was truly feeling now!

Ci Xiufang took a deep breath. She was in disbelief. She could not imagine a poem like that could come from the mouth of a young person who had never been through war torn times!

The Central TV Deputy Station Head was also frozen on the spot!

Many older people, who were at the venue, were all moved!

The reporters did not say anything and no one continued to chase after Zhang Ye with questions!

Those surrounding celebrities and audiences also stopped criticizing and commenting about Zhang Ye!

After this poem, it felt like the thousands of people had all become silent. It had left all of them speechless, not knowing how to continue on from there. All they could do was stand there as they saw Yang Jie and the policemen drive Zhang Ye and Lee Anson away. The poem still reverberated in their heads as they were overcome with a slew of emotions . All that they wanted to say could not be said as the words were stuck in their throats!

Why did Zhang Ye hit others?

Why did Zhang Ye step forward and resort to violence to stop Lee Anson even if he knew that it would bring him a great deal of trouble?

Was he stupid? He wasn't stupid!

Was he dumb? He wasn't dumb!

Even when he knew of the consequences, he still did it! Without

the slightest hesitation!

Before this, many were wondering why, but perhaps there was no reason at all! Because deep down to the bone....Zhang Ye loved this land!



# Chapter 406: Shouldering All Responsibility!

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Late at night.

A nationwide outcry!

Each year at this time, whether it was on TV or in other forms of media, the topic of discussion would usually revolve around the Spring Festival Gala. They would either be discussing a certain celebrity or program, but this year was different. On the first day of the new year, the topic of discussion was not about the Spring Festival Gala, but about the fight after the gala. It had shocked the entire nation!

.....

At Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

"What the hell! Something bad has happened!"

"What's the matter, Mengmeng? Why are you shouting?"

"Our brother....he beat someone again!"

"Don't fool around. Why are you spouting nonsense on the first day of the new year."

"I'm not spouting nonsense. Come and watch the news! Hurry!"

Upon hearing this, Zhang Ye's parents rushed over to see. His maternal grandparents and other relatives also put down whatever they were doing and came over. They were stunned by what they saw!

His mother immediately cursed, "That damned child! Why can't he sit still!"

His father remained silent as worry showed all over his face.

.....

Jiaomen

Rao Aimin's house.

"Aunt." Chencheng called out to Rao Aimin, who was cooking dumplings in the kitchen, with a deadpan face. She pointed to the TV and said, "Zhang Ye is on the news again."

Rao Aimin took a look, "Heh, this kid's zodiac sign must be a gunpowder keg. He explodes so easily!"

.....

At a house somewhere.

Inside a certain bedroom.

Dong dong dong. The sound of the door being knocked on furiously came from outside.

Wu Zeqing was already tucked in bed, getting ready to sleep. She called out, "Who is it?"

"Aunt, it's me!" Wu Mo replied from outside the bedroom, "Are you asleep yet? Watch the news, quickly! Zhang Ye's in trouble!" He had actually fallen asleep as well. His parents and family were all watching TV downstairs when they saw the celebrity spokesman for Wu Mo's commercial appear on the news, so they

immediately woke him up.

.....

Somewhere

An old man said, "Shanshan, isn't that your old classmate? That guy who does the talk show?"

Dong Shanshan came out of the room in her pajamas and said, "Zhang Ye? What's up about him?"

"He's on TV. It seems like he's beaten someone up!" The old man said.

.....

The news spread like wildfire!

Lee Anson had been beaten up! Zhang Ye's on the headlines!

As it was a period that was rather special, there wasn't much news to begin with. When this piece of news broke, it only took 30 minutes for it to take the top spot on Weibo. The number of people who were discussing and forwarding the post was difficult to measure, as it kept increasing every second!

"I'm shocked!"

"Zhang Ye's creating trouble again!"

"Teacher Zhang, you're really f\*\*king can't stay idle for one day!"

"Hahaha, this is making me excited! Teacher Zhang was indeed worthy of being the leader of Professional Korean Insulters! Only he'd dare to do something like this!"

"Deserved beating, good beating, such a beating to make Lee Anson wail in agony!"

"What's so good about that? This will lead to adverse effects, what is Zhang Ye even thinking? Eh, but it's also because that Lee Anson was so stuck up. He's really deserving of hate! If only he had treated our Chinese fans with more respect, giving them a few autographs and helping the girl up after she fell, then things wouldn't have turned out this way. Even if Zhang Ye's temperament was bad, those who know him would vouch for him to be reasonable. Lee Anson was mainly to blame for this incident with only some responsibility to Zhang Ye."

"Zhang Ye doesn't need to be responsible! That Lee Anson is earning our Chinese people's money and enjoying the adoration of our Chinese fans, yet he doesn't even treat them as people? F\*\*k! That's so maddening! I'm just angry that I wasn't at the venue! Otherwise, I would have given him the ultimate beating!"

"Zhang Ye's impressive!"

"That's a good one! I'm starting to like Zhang Ye more and more!"

"Me too. Teacher Zhang Ye is so different from other celebrities!"

"That poem was so well written! 'I love this land'? We love this land too!"

"That's right, Zhang Ye's really the type of person I like, but this time, the trouble he has caused is not small. If the other party were to take legal action, he'd definitely be detained?"

"Is it that serious? It was Lee Anson who was at fault in the first place!"

"If it's really in accordance with the law, then Teacher Zhang Ye would be the one at fault. It could even be argued that Zhang Ye was responsible for the whole incident, as he was the one who made the first move!"

"Support Zhang Ye!"

"Support Zhang Ye+1!"

"Get out of our country, Lee Anson!"

As each media outlet reported the incident in detail. Every citizen who knew about it also expressed their own views on it. Most of them fully supported Zhang Ye and thought that his actions were appropriate. A small minority of them felt that it was uncalled for and also expressed their feelings about it. Yet another minority group, the group of Lee Anson's hardcore fans, who were made

aware of the incident, strongly denounced Zhang Ye on the internet. They called for action to be taken against Zhang Ye, so as to be fair to Lee Anson. They threatened the police department to punish Zhang Ye heavily, otherwise they would take the matter up with them!

.....

Police station.

It was just around the area at Bayi Lake. Driving there only took a few minutes.

This police station was much larger than the one that Zhang Ye had been in last time. After entering the building and making seven or eight rounds while walking, he was led to a room.

The young policeman asked, "Teacher Zhang, water for you?"

Zhang Ye asked, "Do you have warm water?"

"Yes, let me get some for you." The young policeman said politely.

After a while, he brought the water to Zhang Ye who took it from him, "Thank you."

Seeing no one around, the young policeman secretly gave him a



thumbs up and said, "What I'm going to say does not represent any official stance, but personally, I find you to be really great. I've been unable to stand those Koreans for a long time now. On your "Zhang Ye's Talk Show", as long as it's a segment insulting Koreans, I'd watch it!"

Suddenly, someone arrived outside.

The young policeman quickly stopped saying what he was about to tell Zhang Ye and said, "Superintendent Yang."

Yang Jie nodded. He came in with two old policemen and sat down in the interrogator's seat. He faced Zhang Ye and said "Teacher Zhang, we invited you back here today as we had no choice. We're all Chinese citizens, so I won't hide what I want to tell you. We are angered by this incident as well, and we know that Lee Anson's attitude was very bad, but since you beat him up, we can only deal with this officially. Please understand our situation."

Zhang Ye smiled, "I understand that."

Yang Jie said, "Let's record your statement, please cooperate with us."

"No problem." Zhang Ye said nicely and cooperated.

This surprised Yang Jie and the policemen. Rumors had it that Zhang Ye was a hooligan and wouldn't take both soft and hard approaches. His temper was bad and he liked to create trouble. He

wouldn't give face to anyone. What they had heard from their colleagues at the other police station was already bad enough, but it seemed like the situation was not the same. This person wasn't as bad as the legends told. Even if he did hit a person first, to them policemen at this station, it was the rage of a nationalistic youth. It wasn't the same as hooliganism.

"Full name."

"Zhang Ye."

"Age?"

"24."

The proceedings began.

Yang Jie had not really wanted to handle this case. If it were any other person, he would have closed one eye on the matter and let it slide since such incidents did not cause a big deal in society, but this case involved a Korean, and he was even a celebrity. Even the accused was also a celebrity and while they were heading back to the police station, the news had already been reported online and on TV. It had caused a sensation! As such, it was a prickly case to handle for Yang Jie, since this fight involved two public figures. Everyone from their police station knew this would be a headache to handle!

At this moment, an old policeman walked in from outside. He

looked around the room, then lowered his head and whispered into Yang Jie's ear, "Zhang.....leader at work.....made a call.....Peking University Vice-Pre.....Wu Ze....."

Zhang Ye's ears were sharp, so he overheard a little of it.

Wu Zeqing called the station?

Yang Jie did not dare to delay, so he went outside immediately.

After five minutes, Yang Jie returned to the room. He looked like he had a headache and was in a dilemma. Wu Zeqing probably had given him some pressure.

At this moment, Yang Jie's cellphone rang.

Yang Jie became serious as he answered the call, "Director Zhou....yes....yes, he's with us here.... I understand....I will handle it carefully.....yes..." He spoke as he walked out of the room, "...I've seen the news.....yea.....I know it would affect this case....don't worry...." In the next 30 minutes, Yang Jie received a lot of calls, either from his leaders who wanted to know the situation, or from those who wanted to plead for Zhang Ye.

After a while, the calls finally came to a stop.

Yang Jie sat down once again. He was more prepared now, "Teacher Zhang, although this incident was started by you, we understand that Lee Anson's bodyguard was in the wrong first. He

had pushed someone down and you were unhappy about that so you stepped forward to help. That is understandable. Our people have taken Lee Anson and his people to the hospital for a checkup. Their injuries seem to be mainly on other parts of their bodies instead of their stomachs, so that would mean that your kick to him did not cause them any damage. Now, we need to understand from you during the time he was beaten up, how many people were there?"

Zhang Ye looked at him, "What do you mean?"

Yang Jie euphemistically said, "I can tell you very assuredly that Lee Anson's injuries are not heavy, but they are not light either. He has no thoughts of settling the matter privately, so now we need to find the people who inflicted these injuries on him. Because Central TV's venue is where the beating took place, there was no CCTV. We can only rely on eyewitnesses and investigations to find the people who took part in the beating. When we can get them, your charge will be reduced as well."

The few policemen looked at Superintendent Yang. They understood that he was trying to help Zhang Ye by finding the people involved and taking responsibility.

"Teacher Zhang?" Yang Jie blinked.

Zhang Ye suddenly smiled, "Superintendent Yang, I appreciate your kindness, but you don't need to look any further. Lee Anson was beaten up by me alone. It has nothing to do with anyone else."

Yang Jie said, "But the people who joined in on the beati...."

"No one else took part." Zhang Ye answered, "Just me!"

Yang Jie and the policemen were stunned when they heard that, "Just you? What do you mean, Teacher Zhang?"

Zhang Ye was very accepting of the situation. What happened had already happened. He was the one who led the beating, he was the one who started the conflict, so he might as well shoulder it all on himself. A heavy debt did not burden one any further. They could handle it however it should be handled. It was the new year and since he was already being detained by the police, why would he implicate others as well? There was no need for that. It wasn't something that Zhang Ye could do either, so he replied, "I was the one who injured Lee Anson. His shoulder was dislocated by me, the bodyguard's faces were bruised by me. Their legs were broken by me too. No one else was involved!"

Yang Jie stared with his mouth wide open, "But there were so many people who surrounded and beat them. A lot of witnesses saw that!"

Zhang Ye said, "They merely surrounded them, but they did not move a finger. I was the one who did all the beating. Do what you need to do. I'm already here anyway. I have no plans to go back either, so whether it's detaining me in a dark room or whatever, I will do as you say."

Their injuries weren't heavy, at most it would be a detainment!

10 days? 15 days? Zhang Ye was already mentally prepared for it. He was rather easy-going with it all!

The last time he was detained, he had been maligned. It was Wang Shuixin's son who had beaten someone first, Zhang Ye had only hit back due to self-defense, yet he was arrested. Of course he wasn't happy about that and thus caused the mess he did, but this time, Zhang Ye understood that his behavior was wrong and so he did not argue. In any case, he had already beaten Lee Anson and his two bodyguards. He had already helped the little girl and everything else wasn't important to him. This was Zhang Ye's logic, a sense of logic different from others!

The young policeman was astonished, "You can't speak nonsense like that , Teacher Zhang!"

The old policeman was also visibly touched. He said, "We all know that you did not beat him up after that kick!"

Zhang Ye kept silent.

Yang Jie took a deep breath and asked, "Are you sure?"

Zhang Ye said, "I'm very sure. I will take full responsibility. This has nothing to do with any others. It's the new year, let's not create trouble for them. It's not easy for anyone here either, so after you are done handling my case, you should all go back home for the new year too." Then he reached his hand out, "Has the statement has been written according to what I've said? If it's done, allow me

to sign it."

But Yang Jie did not give it to him. He looked at him and said, "Teacher Zhang, what you are doing is completely unnecessary. Shouldering all the responsibility is very disadvantageous to you!" He tried to persuade him patiently, "Actually, even if we found the other commoners involved in the beating, it wouldn't be too big of an issue. They would just need to compensate him or at worst, be detained for a few days. I can guarantee you that, so please don't be like that. Besides, the law requires evidence, even if you claim to be responsible, it won't work."

Zhang Ye asked, "Did you see it yourself?"

"....No." Yang Jie answered.

Zhang Ye asked again, "Was there any video footage of the incident?"

Yang Jie sighed, "No."

Zhang Ye threw up his hands, "Then it was all done by me. Superintendent Yang, let's not argue anymore. I understand your kind intentions, but I was the one who picked the fight this time. I will take responsibility for my actions, don't drag the commoners into this. We will all feel bad about it, don't you think?"

Yang Jie was silent.

The young policeman said, "Superintendent Yang!"

Yang Jie clenched his teeth, "Just write it according to Teacher Zhang's confession!"

"We can't write it that way!" The young policeman said, "We all know what really happened there! If Teacher Zhang were to bear all the responsibility on himself, that would amount to more than just a detainment!"

Zhang Ye calmly said, "I surrendered myself voluntarily, so you have to write it according to my words."

Finally, the statement was written according to Zhang Ye's confession!

Zhang Ye did not read it and just signed it.

The old policeman looked at Zhang Ye, suddenly feeling a great sense of respect for him! The few other policemen present felt the same. They finally understood why so many people liked Zhang Ye! Zhang Ye had a certain kind of charm which allowed people to respect him. This respect was very infectious as well!



# Chapter 407: We Can Do It Too!

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At night.

3AM.

In the police station, Zhang Ye had been brought into a small room. He was not handcuffed or restrained. The policemen only closed the door before they left. In the room, there were three chairs and a rather worn down wooden table. The surface of the table was peeling too. This was the legendary dark room. It was already Zhang Ye's second time in one, but it felt different from the first time. The police station staff had treated him rather well since it was only him in there. If he wasn't a public figure, it would be normal for there to be four or five people locked up in the room with him.

His cellphone was no longer with him.

Neither was his wallet.

Zhang Ye grabbed a chair and sat down and lay his head on the peeling table. He started nodding off as he thought about his parents, not knowing if they would be too worried. This was something that Zhang Ye felt very guilty about as he did not allow his family to pass the new year in peace. As a son, he was not filial in this sense. However, Zhang Ye did not regret his actions. He knew that for some matters, someone would need to step up to do something about it. Since he was up for it, Zhang Ye had not held back. He loved this land, he loved this ethnicity, and for all of

these, Zhang Ye was willing to do anything. Even if it meant sacrificing something, he would still be a nationalist through and through. He was one in the past, he was one now, and he would be one in the future!

He had fallen asleep.

Whatever was happening outside the dark room, he was clueless about it all!

.....

On the web.

A lot of people had starting to take notice the developments of this incident!

Zhang Ye's friends and relatives, his fans and the supporters of this incident, Lee Anson's brainless fans, all of them paid full attention to this news!

Suddenly, someone called 100010001 revealed some news. This was a newly registered nickname, created specially to leak news anonymously, "The latest news is that Teacher Zhang Ye has taken all responsibility for the incident. He admitted that he made the first move and was the one who did all the beating when the crowd surrounded the Koreans. He said that no one else was involved and signed off on that recorded statement. He might also have to face criminal charges for this. Don't ask me for more details, as that is

all that I know. I only made this statement on Weibo because I want to let those people who are still scolding Teacher Zhang Ye know what sort of man he is. He is an artist who has a strong sense of responsibility, emotions and patriotic spirit! Before you all curse at Teacher Zhang Ye, could all of you touch your hearts and think about it? Do you all really know what Lee Anson is like? Or do you all really know what Teacher Zhang Ye is like? Do you understand why he did what he did? If you read "I love this land" once more and tried to understand it, I'm sure that many of you would get it! Very few people are admirable to me, but now, Zhang Ye is one of them. Those who doubt him, those who curse at him, let me tell you right now that Teacher Zhang Ye is not who you think he is. He is a teacher worthy of everyone's respect!"

When this was posted onto Weibo, many of Lee Anson's fans did not think too much about it. Instead, many of them had a tone of schadenfreude!

"Serves him right!"

"Only a death sentence would suffice!"

"If he wishes to take all responsibility, let him!"

"Sentence him!"

But for a lot of other people, it caused their hearts to wince!

"What?"

"Is that true?"

"Teacher Zhang Ye wants to take all the blame himself?"

"He was not involved in the brawl at the end! I was there at that time! I saw it all! Zhang Ye was not in the crowd that surrounded those Koreans! He was standing far away!"

"I apologize, I would like to take back what I said about my doubts towards Zhang Ye's actions. This person, Zhang Ye, might do things that are maddening at times. He has a bad temper and doesn't have regard for consequences, but yet he is someone who is difficult to hate. He's a jerk, but somehow is a jerk that makes people respect him. A person who can still think for others on a day like the first day of the new year, who'd rather stay a few more days in incarceration than implicating others. Who could hate him? Who could resist supporting him? Who is qualified to doubt him?"

"How can we let Teacher Zhang take all the responsibility!"

"What the heck is Zhang Ye trying to do!"

"If you take all the responsibility, what would happen to you?"

"Teacher Zhang, why are you being like this! Are you mad!"

"F\*\*k! Teacher Zhang, you're looking down on us! We took part in the beating too! I will take responsibility for my own actions! It's just a matter of being detained! You didn't even bat an eyelid to that, so why would I! It's no big deal! I will go and turn myself in tomorrow! At most, I'd spend my new year in detainment!"

"We cannot allow Teacher Zhang to bear this alone! There were more than 20 people at that time, so who else hit Lee Anson? I am one, so let's come forward!"

"Yes, we aren't afraid of the consequences!"

"In the past, Teacher Zhang became bankrupt and even borrowed money from others to allow his fan to be treated. Now, he's trying to take all the blame for so many people who are unrelated to him. I don't know how you all feel about this, but I feel bad. Surrender? Count me in!"

"Me too!"

"F\*\*k! I'm going as well!"

"Who's afraid of who!"

"That's right! We can't let anyone look down on us!"

"Now that something has happened, no one wants to come forward to accept their responsibility? They even let Teacher Zhang Ye take the blame for everyone else? Isn't that so shameful!?"

We mustn't let foreigners think that we are like this and allow them to look down on us! If you did it, then you better step up to admit it! Help Teacher Zhang!"

"Count me in!"

"Don't let Teacher Zhang face this alone!"

"Well said! Let Zhang Ye know that we are still here!"

"Let everyone know that! Know that our country consists of more than just one person like Zhang Ye! There's still us!"

When this news was revealed, a lot of people's passionate blood boiled! if this was any other time, they would not have such courage, but as Zhang Ye's series of actions today were so infectious, his stopping of Lee Anson from leaving, his "I love this land" poem, to his refusal to rat out the others who had been involved, but instead took all responsibility for the incident. All of these had stirred the masses fighting spirit, which could no longer be held down!

"If I were a bird."

"I should sing with my hoarse voice."

"Of this land buffeted by storms."

"Of this river turbulent with our grief."

"Of these angry winds ceaselessly blowing."

"And of the dawn, infinitely gentle over the woods."

"—Then I died!"

"And even my feathers would rot in the soil."

"Why are my eyes always brimming with tears?"

"Because I love this land so deeply!"

Rereading this poem again, the masses had yet another different feeling. Just what sort of person and talent would be able to write a poem with such kind of national sentiments? Just what sort of a person could have such passion and beliefs who would rather die than let his homeland rot? At this moment, they finally understood Zhang Ye's thoughts and feelings! If one did not place the community higher than themselves, if one did not love his community and nation so deeply in his bones, such a person would never be able to compose a poem like this! The beauty of poetry lay in this kind of a moment. The moment when the string in everyone's heart was plucked with such vigor! When our community is in danger, or when our people are being bullied and insulted, why should we depend on others to fight for us? Are we going to complain that we have no one to look up to? Complain about each other's inactions and not self-reflect on our own

inactions instead?

If Zhang Ye can do it!

Why can't we do the same?

We can also step forward and take the blame!

We can also be like Teacher Zhang putting himself up so selflessly!



# Chapter 408: An Extremely Packed Police Station!

---

It was the first day of the new year.

The sound of firecrackers had awoken quite a lot of people this morning.

With his head moving, Zhang Ye got up from the table. While yawning and rubbing his stiff face, he looked outside, but could not see anything. The tiny window revealed a little of the morning sun, and the sound of firecrackers could be heard through it. He could hear the sounds of festivity outside, but he could not embrace the new year mood inside the detainment cell. The room was too silent. He got up and stretched his limbs. He was thirsty and also hungry.

"Where is everyone?"

"Anyone there?"

"Hey bros, give me something to eat?"

"If there's no breakfast, at least give me some warm water?"

Zhang Ye shouted outside, but no one bothered with him. He felt helpless, but did not complain. He sat down once again. Since he was under the roof of others, he had to make do.

It was a bit noisy outside.

It wasn't the sound of firecrackers, but voices. He did not know what was going on.

.....

Police station.

On the first floor of a large lobby.

The policeman on duty looked at the large crowds squeezing in from outside the door and were quite stunned. They even felt a shiver for they had really been frightened out of their wits. Holy sh\*t, why were so many people here? What are they all here for? There were times of trouble recently, don't tell me they were here to chop people to death? No, that's not right. This was Beijing. It was one of the most lawful and orderly places in the country. How could these people be so bold?

Eh?

There are even children?

Wait a moment, why are there old grannies and grandpas?

An old policeman from the side also turned frightened. He got a

policeman to watch over the situation as he rushed back to make a phone call. "Hello, Superintendent Yang, hurry over quickly!"

Yang Jie was still sleeping in the dormitories of the police station. "What's wrong? Isn't it early!? I was busy late into the night last night. I'll be going in later in the day."

The old policeman hurriedly said, "Many people are here at the station. The entrance is completely blocked. Little Wang and I can't handle it at all! I think it's best you come over quickly. If not, get Old Wu and Old Zhao too?" Under normal circumstances, the police station enjoyed peace and quiet during the new year. There were not many matters or cases, so only two or three people were left manning the station. The rest would be on break as they took shifts.

However, today's situation was a bit different!

Yang Jie was stunned, How many people came?"

The old policeman said, "There's about three hundred. And that's the number that squeezed in. It seems like there's more outside. As for how many in total, I can't even count, there's too many!"

Yang Jie turned nervous. "What's going on?"

"I don't know. I got Little Wang to watch the place outside!" The old policeman said.

Yang Jie hurriedly said, "I'll be there in three minutes! The both of you must hold on until then!"

"Alright, alright, alright." After hanging up the phone, the old policeman bolstered up his courage to walk back out.

The dormitory was probably quite close to the police station, so in about three minutes, Yang Jie had grabbed a few policemen and rushed to the police station. These people were on break, but due to extenuating circumstances, Yang Jie got all of them activated. A few Deputy Superintendents were also informed, so they would be here soon.

"What's the matter?" Yang Jie wanted to be fierce, so as to control the crowd that were here to cause a mess. However, when he saw about 500-600 people packed around the police station, he lacked the confidence. Holy sh\*t, what were they here for!? Yang Jie subconsciously placed his hand behind him and touched the gun by his waist and felt a bit more reassured. However, he and the other policemen also knew that if these people wanted to do something, then just their few guns would be meaningless. Hence, someone had already informed other branches and the special forces for backup support.

The police station was facing a monstrosity, so they had to be on full alert!

Yang Jie bit the bullet before walking forward and said, "I'm this police station's Superintendent Yang Jie. If you have anything, you can tell me? It's the new year, so everyone, please don't be rash. If there's anything, we will try to solve it. You must trust your

government, the police, and the law!" He said in an earnest manner.

No one spoke.

The old policeman said with a trembling voice, "All...All of you, is there something?"

A youth stepped forward, "I'm here to surrender!"

The policemen that numbered about eight were stunned, "Surrender? Surrender for what?"

The youth stretched his hands out in front of him, "Hurry up and cuff me! The matter with Lee Anson being beaten at midnight, it wasn't done by Teacher Zhang Ye, it was done by me!"

"And me too!"

"Me too!"

"I was involved!"

"I was also involved!"

"Cuff me!"

Immediately, more than a hundred voices cried out. It was tumultuous and thundering. Their voices echoed throughout the entire police station, even drowning out the sounds of the firecrackers outside!

Yang Jie was dumbfounded!

The policemen were also stunned with widened eyes!

"All...All of you are here to surrender?" Yang Jie felt faint. The thing that happened at night only involved about a dozen or two people in the brawl. How could there be so many people? Impossible! If there were really hundreds of people beating Lee Anson, would Lee Anson be slightly injured? He would have been beaten to a f\*\*king pulp!

A man fiercely slammed the police station's reception counter. "Hurry and take my statement! Lee Anson was beaten by me! Let Teacher Zhang out!"

"I'm here to surrender too. He was beaten by me!" A woman also stepped forward!

A young policeman wiped the sweat from his forehead, "Superintendent Yang! What should we do about this!"

Yang Jie also did not expect this to happen. Anyone with a clear mind knew it was impossible so many people were involved in the brawl. However, with so many of them surrendering themselves,

they could not do anything about it. They had to go in accordance with procedure and take statements. They had to do them one at a time!

The police station's policemen was immediately thrown into chaos. They were here to surrender, and the policemen could not chase them out. They could only get them to line up. It turned out that these people were very well-mannered and did not cause much trouble. They lined up to have their statements taken. It was rather orderly, causing the policemen to freeze!?

What should they do?

Hai, I guess let's take the statements!

.....

"Full name."

"Sun Jian."

"Gender?"

"Male."

"Age."

"Nine years old!"

The policeman looked at the primary school student still wearing a tiny yellow hat and with a face of being at a loss of whether to laugh or cry, he said, "Little friend, this is a police station. It's not somewhere you should be. Be obedient and quickly go home."

The primary school student refused to listen. "Lee Anson was beaten by me!"

The policeman exhorted, "Hurry up and go home. If not, I'll tell your Mommy and Daddy?"

The primary school student said, "He was still beaten by me! Let Uncle Zhang Ye out!"

The policeman immediately felt his head swell.

.....

"Full name."

"Qin Zhunwen!"

"Uh, age?"

"Ninety-one years old!"



On another side, a policeman was nearly in tears. He looked at the old man sitting across the table that needed two of his family members to support him in his crutches. He immediately poured some tea to serve him. Seeing how the elder did not sit very stably, he was a bit afraid. He gave up his seat to the elder, afraid that something would happen to him while here. He did not even dare raise his voice. "Old grandpa, you...you are already this old, can we not do this? Please don't. Hurry and leave."

The elder in his nineties stared at him with his flared beard while slamming his crutch onto the ground, causing the ground to reverberate. "Why should I leave!? That guy was beaten by me!"

Yang Jie came in and when he saw the scene, he nearly vomited blood. You beat him? Just those bones of yours at your age can't allow you to even stand firmly! How were you beating others? Forget beating him up, just someone touching you will cause your bones to fracture! What the hell do you mean you beat him!?

"Old grandpa." Yang Jie walked over respectfully. He could not be disrespectful after all. At that age, that person was even older than his grandfather. "We have the most basic level of judgment. With your body, how are you able to beat others?" Then he looked at the two family members who were holding him by the arm, "The both of you, please bring this elder home. It's messy here with so many people here. If anything happens, it will be troublesome."

The two family members also felt helpless. "Don't tell us. We couldn't do a thing either. The elder insisted on coming, and no one could stop him. He refused to listen."

The old man stood up unsteadily, "What's wrong with my body? You don't believe? Do you want me to show you some moves?"

Yang Jie hurriedly said, "No, no. I believe, I believe. Hey, hurry and take down the elder's statement!"

Only then did the elder feel appeased. He sat down with a snort, "Just write it this way. That little bastard Lee Anson was beaten by my crutch! Why did I beat him? Because I didn't like the way he looked!"

.....

"Name?"

"Li Dong!"

"How did you beat him?"

"Just like that!"

"Can you be more specific?"

"I first punched him in the face, then I kicked him in the stomach. Lee Anson wanted to dodge, so how could I give him the chance. With me being sharp-sighted, I punched in the direction of his retreat. Then guess what happened? Haha, he never managed

to escape from these hands! I sent him flying with a slap!"

The old policeman rubbed his temples and looked at the middle-aged man sitting across him with a cane and sunglasses. "Can you take off your sunglasses?"

The middle-aged man took off his sunglasses. "Why?"

His eyes were white and were closed at times, while opened at other times.

Old policeman: "...Are..are you blind?"

The middle-aged man raged. "Why? Do you look down on the blind?"

The old policeman was nearly about to cry. "I didn't mean that. How did you beat him when you can't see? And...how were you 'sharp-sighted'?"

The middle-aged man held his neck and said, "Can't I tell by using echolocation? Can't I!?"

Old policeman: "..."

.....

The entire morning!

Their police station was in complete chaos. There were only about 500-600 people in the beginning, and by the end, there were more than a thousand people, all here to surrender! Some of them were quite normal. Some of them looked like they had really participated in the midnight brawl. There were others, who came to surrender, which made the policemen faint! Such as the elder in his nineties, a nine-year old child, an old granny in her eighties. There were people who were blind or lame. The team structure was so complicated, that there was no room for complication. There were people of all ages and professions. There were those who were obviously not involved at a glance!

It was too chaotic!

There was no f\*\*king way to handle this case!

The police station's policemen suffered in silence and did not even want to mention it. At the same time, they were completely in awe with Zhang Ye. They were impressed at his charisma. The thousand people who came today were all here for Zhang Ye. In other words, they were people who were moved and encouraged by Zhang Ye. They were all a bunch of good and lovely commoners!

This Zhang Ye was very popular!

However, the policemen were not surprised. This was because many of the things he had done was indeed worthy for everyone to give him a big thumbs up. He had done things beautifully, so it was

no wonder that so many people were rushing here to take the blame for Zhang Ye!

Was this scene funny?

It was very funny!

But for some reason, these few policemen were touched!

# Chapter 409: How Did I, Zhang Ye, Deserve This?

---

Before noon.

In the dark room in the police station.

Creak. The door opened from the outside. Someone had finally brought food and water in.

Zhang Ye was surprised to see that it was the police station's Superintendent Yang Jie who brought in the tray. He crossed his legs and rubbed his belly, complaining, "Superintendent Yang, it's fine if it was 6 or 7 o' clock. I didn't even get breakfast. Maybe you don't have that prepared, but could you at least give me some water to drink? Listen, my throat is already hoarse. I shouted all day, and yet no one came. Why is there not a single person?"

Yang Jie placed the meal tray down and hurriedly sat down when he saw a chair. He took two breaths, as if he had just run a mile. He looked very tired. "Teacher Zhang, sorry about that. We really were too busy. Our entire police station, except for two people who went back to the countryside, came back to work overtime. None of us were upstairs and were downstairs in the reception center. We were not trying to snub you. None of us have eaten a single bite either."

Zhang Ye wondered out aloud. "It's the first day of the new year. Why are you so busy?"

"We shouldn't be." Yang Jie said, "But didn't we catch something busy?"

Zhang Ye was famished so he quickly picked up the chopsticks and began eating. As he ate, he asked, "What happened? When I woke up, it sounded quite messy outside. It seems like there's a lot of people?"

Yang Jie added on in a haunted manner, "A thousand people came."

"Eh?"

"And that's just a lower estimate. There's still a lot of people outside."

"What's the matter?"

"They are all here for you."

"For me?"

"Finish your meal first. Once you are done, I'll tell you the details."

"Don't. Tell me first, or I won't have the appetite."

Zhang Ye immediately placed his chopsticks down when he heard this. He really did not understand what had happened.

Yang Jie looked at him and could only say, "This morning, our police station nearly exploded from being so packed. There were a few hundred people in the beginning, but later on, there were more and more people. They were all here to surrender. They all said they were the ones who beat Lee Anson and his two bodyguards. They said it wasn't done by you. Hai, what can we do? We could only go according to procedure and take their statements. We thought we could just do it to appease them, but now, there's too many people. If this carries on, we won't be able to finish taking their statements till the eighth day of the new year. We also exhorted them to go back, but none of them listened. Our pleas were to no avail. There were even grandpas and grandmas in their eighties and nineties. We are completely out of options. Another branch has sent more men to support us, but everyone is here to surrender and not to cause trouble. They are all very orderly, so we have no means of chasing them away, so now, we are stuck."

Zhang Ye remained silent for a while, "How could this happen?"

Yang Jie was at a loss whether to laugh or cry and said, "Someone revealed the news that you were shouldering all the blame for the commoners on the internet. Many commoners were touched by you and rushed over to help."

Zhang Ye smacked his lips. What was this for? He had shouldered the responsibility. It was because he was the first one to make the



move, and he had led the movement. He was the principal criminal, and since there was no way to escape the charges, he might as well take on all of it. It did not matter if he had one more or less. He decided to forgo his new year to not trouble the commoners, but how could there be more people? More than a thousand people came to confess?

Yang Jie looked at him and said, "Teacher Zhang, our words are useless. The branch leaders have also exhorted them to no avail too. Now, the only option is for you to appear. You have to help us."

Zhang Ye stood up without a thought. "There's no need to speak further. I'll go out with you."

"Then thank you very much. By the way, you should eat first." Yang Jie said.

Zhang Ye waved his hand, "I've lost my appetite. Let's deal with proper matters first. Let's go."

Yang Jie was stunned for a moment before leading Zhang Ye out. This was the first time their police station was letting a detained person out to plead with people. It was not in line with the rules, but special circumstances required special treatment. The matter had blown up, so without Zhang Ye, this matter would not be settled.

.....

Outside.

On the first level of the reception hall.

"Eh!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye has come out!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"How are you?"

Upon seeing Zhang Ye appear on the staircase, everyone showed their concern!

Zhang Ye originally had a lot to say and had prepared his words on the way down. However, all of his words became stuck in his throat when he saw the hundreds of people in the lobby and the hundreds of people standing outside. Seeing the people of all ages and genders, with smiles hanging on their faces, Zhang Ye suddenly felt like he could not say a word. His heart seemed to be engulfed in flames. It was not burning, but because of the warmth he felt!

The ninety-one-year-old grandpa walked over under his grandson and granddaughter-in-law's support. As he wobbled, he

held on to his crutches and said to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, you are good, but neither are we bad!. Look at all these people here today..." He pointed to everyone. "No one organized it. Everyone came of their own accord spontaneously. Some are from Beijing, some are from Jinshi. Some of them even took the first flight out of Shanghai to rush here. It was you who united all of us together!"

Another youth said excitedly, "We aren't doing this for anything else, we just want to let everyone know we f\*\*king love this land too!"

A girl said, "Teacher Zhang, you are too much! How can you gobble up such matters that are full of 'glory'! We want to get some of that 'glow' too!"

A middle-aged man said, "Yes! Everyone will shoulder it together!"

A granny said, "Isn't it just beating a Korean!? What's the big deal!? I don't believe the detention facility is able to hold so many people! I don't believe there is no justice!" An old granny looked at an old policeman beside her and pointed to Zhang Ye. "Take a look! You see! Little Zhang is such a nice person! That little Lee bastard dared pushed a young lady from our country down and did not indicate a thing. There was no apology, there was no helping her up, and now that Lee guy is the victim? And even dares to say that he wants to sue this and that? His behavior itself is a crime! I want to ask you! If your child was pushed down by others, and that person turns around and walks off without an apology! Would you go forward and seek an explanation? Would you watch helplessly? Ah? So now, why have you arrested Teacher Little Zhang!? Can

you still tell what is right and wrong!?"

The old policeman could only smile wryly. "Old granny, calm down, calm down."

The old granny said angrily, "How can I be calm!? Let me tell you! If you want to arrest him, then arrest me as well! I beat that Lee guy too!"

"And me too!"

"Right! Me too!"

"If you want to arrest, then arrest us all!"

"We came here today, not planning to leave!"

"Teacher Zhang, you aren't the only person who loves this land! Let's shoulder it together!"

The inside of the police station rang with the shouts of the masses. It was so loud that people across the street could hear it. Some people came to watch the bustle and finally understood what was going on. A few youths had drunk a bit too much in the afternoon, so when they heard this, they could not help but enter with their necks high up!

"I'm surrendering!"

"I'm surrendering too!"

"F\*\*k! This is too infuriating! Count me in too!"

"Hurry up and arrest me! Who knows if I'll be able to share a cell with Teacher Zhang and hear a live version of his talk show! I don't want to listen to anything else but joke segments that scold foreigners!"

There was no decrease in numbers, but rather an increase instead. The police station was already packed to the brim, with no one able to enter from the outside. The crowd from the entrance and beyond were all excited!

Yang Jie and the police station's policemen suffered an even greater headache. What were they to do now!?

Actually, there were many reporters who were mixed into the crowd. They also never expected to see this scene. They looked at each other in shock, and felt their blood rise up. They were used to being reporters, and were in contact with all sort of negative societal news on a daily basis. Either it was how relatives fought amongst themselves for inheritances, or how old people were not helped up after falling. There was also sorts of scams, cheating, and extortion. Today, for them to see such a beautiful side of humans, these reporters experienced mixed emotions!

Zhang Ye quickly stepped forward. He was already extremely touched as he hurriedly helped the old man in his nineties. "Old

grandpa, quickly go back. Go back please. What did I, Zhang Ye, do to deserve this. How can I make someone with such an old age like you run around for me..."

The old grandpa held onto his crutches and said, "You are virtuous and capable. People like you are getting fewer in number these days!"

Zhang Ye exhorted him all day to no avail. He then turned towards the old granny, "Granny, it's cold here. Please go home quickly. You are making me feel bad!"

The old granny patted him on the shoulder, "I'm fine. I'm still healthy." As she said, she pointed towards a bag in the corner. "I even brought my blankets and bedding here. I'm planning to spend the night here at the police station!"

Zhang Ye said, "Don't do that. I will be punished for that."

The old granny said, "It has nothing to do with you. I just can't stand it!"

"Teacher Zhang." A youth said, "Don't speak further. We will not leave. Let's have our statements recorded first. It's up to them to lock us up or not!"

"Yes, Teacher Zhang!"

"Don't worry."

"Right, we are fine!"

Zhang Ye constantly said, "Thank you, thank you everyone. Please go back. Please leave!"

Suddenly, two people appeared at the door!

One of them was Yang Lian, who was also ZhangYeNumber1Fan. She had just finished her operation, and was a lot better. However, she was still in her recovery period. She was pushed in by her mother on a wheelchair, but the moment she entered, her first words were "I'm here to surrender!"

Zhang Ye was stunned. "What are you doing here?"

Her mother said, "Little Lian knew you were in trouble and insisted on coming!"

Zhang Ye said, "Aiyah, then shouldn't you stop her? Why did you send her here!? The air outside is so bad and filled with germs. Hurry up and send her back to the hospital!"

Yang Lian said firmly, "I was struck with a terminal disease. It was you who became penniless and borrowed money to treat my sickness. You put in all your effort when I was in trouble. Now that you are in trouble, I cannot lie in my sickbed!"

The second person, who came in, was Wei Ying, the daughter of his former colleague at Beijing Television Station, "Father Wei". "I'm here to surrender too. Teacher Zhang, count me in on this too!"

Zhang Ye said angrily, "Wei Ying, what are you doing!?"

Wei Ying said nonchalantly, "My father's justice was upheld by you at the loss of your job and you being thrown into the police station. I'm not as skillful as you, nor do I have your powerful abilities, but sparing this bit of effort is something I can do too!"

Zhang Ye loudly said, "All of you are speaking nonsense! Hurry up and go home!"

Yang Lian did not move. Wei Ying also refused to leave. They were bent on staying here!

Zhang Ye's nose felt a bit sour. He shouted a few more times, but no one present left. Upon seeing these people, Zhang Ye was truly felt grateful!

In what way did he deserve this?

In what way did he really deserve this?



# Chapter 410: Out!

---

Afternoon.

The news was exposed on the internet!

A piece of news was released: This morning, numerous citizens went to Bayi Lake Police Station, where Zhang Ye was incarcerated, to surrender themselves. Everyone claimed to have been involved in the beating of Lee Anson and his two bodyguards. All of them expressed that they had been involved in assaulting Lee Anson. According to our reporter present, there were more than a thousand people who came. Amongst them, there was daughter of "Father Wei", who we all know well. She came to the police station to surrender herself. There was also Zhang Ye's fan, who had once been of great societal concern due to her terminal illness. She had just finished her operation and was still in rehabilitation. She got her mother to push her in a wheelchair over. The scene was extremely chaotic, but the scene also touched our reporter, who was present! We could not help but think and reflect. Who was at fault in this matter? Lee Anson caused a fan to be injured, but did not apologize or did any actions that indicated any apology. Is he completely not at fault? Zhang Ye had acted for righteousness, and blocked the way to seek an explanation for the fan. Even if he had fought, is he supposed to shoulder all the responsibility?

"A thousand people?"

"Indeed, there were a thousand people."

"I happened to walk past Bayi Lake and saw it. There were really tons of people. The police station was completely blocked and there was no way to walk through. They were all there to surrender themselves!"

"Zhang Ye sure is popular. So many people helped him take the rap?"

"It's not that he is popular, but because Teacher Zhang did this too beautifully!"

"Everyone's great! F\*\*k! I feel like going too! Who has some means to get me a train ticket to Beijing? I can't buy tickets during the Spring Festival travel season!"

"I'm going too!"

"I plan on driving to Beijing tomorrow!"

"Society is still filled with good people!"

"Zhang Ye was indeed in the wrong, but it was understandable why he did so, right? Everything needs to consider the circumstances. Lee Anson caused the matter to escalate so badly, yet they aren't allowed to beat him? If Teacher Zhang Ye was really detained, then isn't that too cold of an act? In the future, who would dare to be a good Samaritan? In the future, who would rush up to help if injustice happens? Humanity is drained off bit by bit in such a manner! Society will end up colder and colder!"

"Support Zhang Ye!"

"To the comrades who surrendered yourselves! I thank you on behalf of everyone!"

"Lee Anson has really lost his humanity! He handled this matter too f\*\*king badly! See how Teacher Zhang Ye handles matters? How can there be any comparison!?"

"Everyone says Zhang Ye is a hooligan, but I don't understand nor would I comment. However, on this matter, I have to give Zhang Ye a Like! Well done!"

"Hooligan? Don't listen to the media or people from the literary world speak nonsense! If Zhang Ye really was a hooligan, how could so many citizens step forward spontaneously to create a petition for him when he's in trouble? How can there be so many commoners willing to be detained just to help bear the brunt of the charges Zhang Ye has received? Lee Anson is the real hooligan! I don't want to see that grandson ever again on our People's Republic of China's screens! Get the f\*\*k out!"

Another round of heated debates broke out!

Many well-known public personnels also debated it on Weibo. They discussed this matter from multiple angles. Some supported Zhang Ye, while there were others who rejected his actions.

.....

It was past 12.

The scene at the police station was still going on!

Zhang Ye became worried that the elderly would no longer be able to hold on. Some were hungry, while others were tired. "Everyone, listen to me! If all of you think highly of me, Zhang Ye, then give me face and go back first today. I can handle such matters here myself. Besides, it's not a big deal. There are many grandpas and grandmas here. If any of you get ill from this, it will be a big deal! It wouldn't pass on my conscience! Everyone, please go back! Really, please go back!"

"I'm not leaving!"

"I'm not leaving either!"

"Teacher Zhang, don't speak another word!"

Everyone was insistent and did not move at all!

Zhang Ye looked at Yang Jie, "Superintendent Yang!"

Yang Jie was out of options too. The other policemen were the same. Actually, when they saw this, they were already leaning towards Zhang Ye's side. They also found Lee Anson extremely

abominating. To be worried by so many citizens, Zhang Ye was really popular amongst the common populace, and what was the thing Lee Anson did? You were wrong in the beginning, yet you did not remediate the situation. You deserved to get beaten up. Now, just by moving your mouth, you caused Zhang Ye and so many citizens, as well as all the policemen in their police station, to suffer? Based on what!? This matter was really f\*\*king vexing!

Suddenly, a voice came from outside.

"Make way!"

"Please make way!"

"Sorry, we need to go in."

Three people came in from outside. The person leading them was very young. Zhang Ye looked over and was surprised to see someone he knew. He remembered his name to be Lu Yuhu, Rao Aimin's junior brother. The last time, Lu Yuhu had been nosy and brought a friend to his landlady's place to matchmake them. Zhang Ye had even competed with the other guy over couplets.

Why was he here?

Oh, right. This person was a policeman, right?

Lu Yuhu was dressed in his police uniform. "Who's Yang Jie?"

Yang Jie and the other policemen looked suspiciously at his police uniform. "I am, who are you?"

Zhang Ye looked at Lu Yuhu.

Lu Yuhu also gave him a glance, but did not say a word. He took out identification for Yang Jie to see.

After taking a glance, Yang Jie was quite dumbfounded. "Someone from the Ministry of Public Security?"

A youth, who had followed behind Lu Yuhu, said, "We are here to escort someone. We wish your police station will cooperate with us."

A comrade from the Ministry of Public Security came to their small police station to escort someone? Was it that exaggerated? Yang Jie asked, "Of course. Who are you escorting?"

Lu Yuhu said nonchalantly, "Zhang Ye."

Yang Jie was stunned. "Zhang Ye?"

When the other citizens heard this, they all turned silent and paid attention.

Lu Yuhu did not speak further. He took out something and

handed it to him. "These are the procedural documents."

Yang Jie took it over and glanced at it with a few policemen. There was no problem and everything looked proper. Hence, without any questions, he immediately said, "Alright, we will cooperate fully!"

Lu Yuhu said, "Thanks. We'll be bringing him away."

"Oh, sure." Yang Jie was the police station's Superintendent, so he had the authority to make the exchange. After both sides signed their names, the procedure was completed. Yang Jie then got a policeman to take Zhang Ye's cell phone and wallet to hand to Lu Yuhu and company.

Zhang Ye was baffled. What was going on?

Lu Yuhu said in a businesslike manner, "Teacher Zhang Ye, please follow us."

The citizens were still unsure of the situation, but they all subconsciously opened up a path.

Zhang Ye followed them out and after exiting the police station's entrance, he entered Lu Yuhu's police car. Then Lu Yuhu looked sideways with a smile. "Teacher Zhang, we meet again. We'll be sending you home first." Then he handed the cellphone and wallet back to him.

Zhang Ye blinked. "I can go back just like this?"

Lu Yuhu said, "It's fine on this side. We have already gone through the proper procedures. We have engaged you to assist our Public Security Ministry. That's all written in the documents. However, there was a pretext, that we used a loophole to avoid punishment. From this moment onwards, you can go home if you wish and can go anywhere you want. My capacity is limited, so I can only help you this much. Hur Hur, don't you go bash whoever you see in the future. That would be against the law."

A policeman, sitting in the auxiliary seat, turned around and said, "But that bashing sure was relieving! I saw it on the news too! It felt great!"

Zhang Ye asked, "You didn't violate any laws, right? I hope I didn't trouble you?"

Lu Yuhu smiled and said, "I'm fine. It's no big deal. I still have some say in the ministry. They wouldn't care even if I did things through the back door. Furthermore, we did everything in accordance with the rules. There won't be any fault with it, so don't worry."

Zhang Ye said, "Thank you."

Lu Yuhu said helplessly, "Don't thank me. If you want to thank someone, thank my Senior Sis. The moment you got into trouble, Senior Sis called me, asking me to get you out. How could I dare not agree? It's not like you don't know that temper of hers. If I



don't do what she wants, she would really beat me. Let's not even mention how I am injured due to a previous mission, even at my prime, ten of me was no match for her, so there was no other way. I didn't get to sleep over the new year's and rushed back to the office to handle the procedural work. Oh, furthermore, this matter isn't considered serious and the general sentiment is leaning towards you, so it was easy for me too. If it were any more complicated, I wouldn't be able to help either."

"Thanks a lot." Zhang Ye said, "Let me treat you to a meal."

Lu Yuhu waved his hand. "There's no need. Let me send you back. We are still waiting to go home to spend the new year."

A policeman, who was driving, laughed and said, "A meal isn't necessary, but when you alight from the car, could you give me your autograph, Teacher Zhang? My partner heard that 'Woman Flower' from last night and was full of praises for you. She loves that song too much. She said how it sang the life of a woman perfectly. Hai, I don't know much about music, but she particularly liked it."

Zhang Ye said in an amused manner, "That's no problem. Help me thank your wife. When Zhang Yuanqi releases the 'Woman Flower' single, I'll send one to your wife."

The policeman said, "That'd be great!"

Zhang Ye clasped his hands and said, "Thank you for all the hard work today. To busy all of you over the new year's, next time. Next

time, I will definitely treat all of you as a thank you."

Lu Yuhu said, "You are welcome. It was simple."

Then in the car, Zhang Ye searched through his phone book and found Yang Lian's number. He called her. "Hello, Yang Lian, I'm Zhang Ye."

Yang Lian sounded very anxious. "Teacher Zhang? How are you? Where are you now?"

Zhang Ye said, "I'm fine. I'm already on my way home. Help me tell everyone to not let the citizens take the fall for me over there. It's all settled. Everyone should return home and have a good new year's. For those who had previously recorded their statements, tell them to withdraw them too."

"Are you really fine?"

"Yes, I'm almost home."

"That's great. Alright, I'll tell everyone."

.....

On the other side.

Yang Lian immediately told the news to everyone.

When the grandpas and grandmas heard this, they felt assured and left the police station.

The police station's Superintendent Yang Jie also understood. He pretended not to know a thing and secretly got rid of all the recorded confessions and surrender materials. They were not recorded on file, so what happened this morning was as if it had not happened. With that, the matter came to an end.

As for Lee Anson?

Who cared what he wanted to do!? If he wants to sue, go ahead!

This grandson must have been too accustomed with the "democratic Korea" and became arrogant?

Then have a taste of communistic manipulation!

# Chapter 411: A C-list Celebrity Ranking Obtained From Fighting!

---

Afternoon.

Caishikou.

"Teacher Zhang, we are here."

"There's no need to say thank you."

"There's no need to be so polite. Happy new year."

"All of you too. Here's me wishing you happy new year."

"Alright, then we will be dropping you off here. We'll be leaving."

Lu Yuhu and company drove off in their police car. Zhang Ye turned around and saw his bustling community, as well as debris of firecrackers on the ground. He walked over with mixed emotions!

Smash!

Smash!

They were still setting off firecrackers!

Big red lanterns were hanging from every unit's doors. Zhang Ye was in a better mood now and started humming "Woman Flower".

A middle-aged woman, who was with her child setting off some firecrackers, suddenly turned her head when she saw Zhang Ye. She immediately yelled, "Aiyo! Little Ye is back!"

Zhang Ye smiled and greeted, "Auntie Qu."

Another old man also shouted, "It really is Little Ye!"

Zhang Ye said, "Uncle Liu, I wish you a happy new year. Are you in good health?"

The old man said, "I'm in great health, but I have been worried about you, afraid that you would be in trouble. Quick, go back home! Your parents are still worrying!"

"Sure, thanks for your concern." Zhang Ye immediately went upstairs after he finished talking to his neighbors. He took his keys out and unlocked the door.

The door opened.

He immediately saw a woman in her fifties sitting in the living room.

Zhang Donghua was surprised, "Little Ye! Why are you are back?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "Aunt."

A woman aged 25-26 also came running out into the living room. Her looks were average, similar in stature to Zhang Donghua with a height of around 1.68 meters tall.

Zhang Shuang was also surprised, "Little Ye! Everyone was just talking about you! Aiyo, you really had us worried bad!"

Zhang Ye greeted, "Sis."

Zhang Shuang turned around and went back to the room shouting, "Uncle, Aunt! Come and see who's back!"

Before they could come out, Zhang Ye had already gone into the room. He was all smiles when he saw his parents, "Dad, Mom, I'm back. I'm sorry I made the both of you worry."

His father said, "They released you?"

"Yes, I just got back from the station." Zhang Ye said.

His father said worriedly, "Will you be OK?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Don't worry, it's all been settled. A friend helped to 'fish' me out. Hai, it wasn't a big deal to start with anyway!"

His father heaved a sigh of relief, "Then that's good! That's good!"

Zhang Donghua gently said, "Our Little Ye has lady luck shining down on him. I said that he would definitely be alright!"

"Mom." Zhang Ye looked towards his mother.

She ignored him, looking at the side as she discreetly wiped her tears away.

Zhang Ye quickly rushed over to kneel down beside her, "What's the matter Mom? I've settled it already. Look at you, look at you. What are you crying for?"

His mother slapped her son's head and said as she cried, "You damned child! Do you want to worry me to death!? What if you get put away for 3 or 5 years! Who can your Dad and I rely on!?"

Zhang Shuang laughed, "Quick, coax my aunt. Aunt has already cried a few times since morning. She kept talking about you, afraid that you would be sentenced to imprisonment."

Zhang Ye did not know whether to laugh or cry, "What sentencing would I get? I only beat a guy up and it wasn't even that bad. How big of an issue is this? Look at you!"

His mother hit him angrily once again, "You still dare to laugh! You still dare to laugh!! Your Dad and I could not even sleep all night long!"

Zhang Ye did not dodge and just endured her hits. It wasn't painful anyway. He said, "OK OK, I know I'm in the wrong, Mom. I'm really sorry, don't be so angry anymore. I won't do it again."

His mother wiped her tears and said, "You already said that when you were released from the police station last time too! In the end? You still did whatever you wanted to do! Only you can do it? Only you are so special? No one did a thing in that situation, but you still went over to kick him? Only you have a temper!?"

Zhang Ye did not argue back and said, "I'm wrong, I'm wrong."

"You just won't allow me to not worry!" His mother was still angry.

His father interrupted, "OK, OK, our child has just been released after a long night at the station."

His aunt asked, "Have you eaten?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "No, I'm really quite hungry right now."

"Hur Hur, I'll cook some noodles for you." His aunt went to the



kitchen.

But his mother stood up and stopped her. She dried her tears and said, "Sis, let me do it instead. He only likes Zhajiang noodles, so I'll fry some of the sauce."

Zhang Ye put on a face of flattery and said, "My Mom really loves me."

His mother rolled her eyes and said, "I will take care of you after your aunt leaves!"

Ring, ring, ring. The telephone rang.

His father checked the caller ID and said to Zhang Ye, "It's from your maternal grandma's house."

"Let me answer it." Zhang Ye quickly picked up the phone, "Hello."

His maternal grandma said in surprise over the phone, "Eh? It's Little Ye?"

Zhang Ye laughed heartily, "Maternal grandma, I just got home and was about to give you and my uncles a call....right, I'm fine now..... Don't you worry too much, watch your health...."

He made a few calls in a row to his relatives to inform them that

he had been released.

Suddenly, his cellphone rang too. A few of his friends were calling him as well.

.....

This was Wu Zeqing's call

"Hello, President Wu."

"You are back home?"

"Yes, thanks to you."

"I didn't help much."

"I heard from the police station and know you made some phone calls to give them pressure. Thank you. In a while, I'll definitely to visit you to give you my new year greetings."

"There's no need. Spend time with your family."

.....

It was Zhang Yuanqi.

"It's me."

"Sister Zhang, I know it's you."

"How was it?"

"I'm already out. A friend helped me do something. I'm alright now."

"Hanging up."

"Uh, alright. Oh yeah, happy new year."

"OK."

.....

It was Dong Shanshan.

"Old classmate, I heard you were released?"

"Yeah, I just got out. Shanshan, you went back home?"

"Yeah, I went back to spend the new year. You sure are awesome. There's news of you everyday over the new year. Even my small

town's small newspaper has a report of you brawling."

"Eh, why am I so famous?"

"You are overthinking it. I guess they must not have much material for the publication, so they added it. Hur Hur."

.....

Finally, there were also calls from Yao Jiancai, Zhao Guozhou, Wang Xiaomei, Ci Xiufang, Wang Xiong, Tian Bin, etc, etc, etc. They were all friends who had called out of concern and Zhang Ye explained the situation and chatted for a while before thanking each and every one of them.

"Old Tian, your work pass is still with me. Allow me return it to you in a while." Zhang Ye said.

Tian Bin said, "That's fine. It's just a temporary pass anyway. The gala is already over so it's useless now. You can keep it as a memento."

Zhang Ye said, "OK, sure. Thanks. So it's goodbye for now then?"

Tian Bin said, "Quickly go and have your lunch. Oh right, remember to take a look at the Celebrity Rankings index."

"Hmm? What do you mean?" Zhang Ye asked curiously.

"Just take a look and you'll know what I mean. I was looking at it a short while ago." Tian Bin laughed and hung up.

His mother had already finished cooking the Zhajiang noodles. She came out of the kitchen and said, "Don't answer the phone anymore. Eat first, otherwise the noodles will clump together!"

"Thanks mom." Zhang Ye immediately picked up his chopsticks and had a few mouthfuls. He ate without caring for his image as he was so hungry. At the same time, he browsed the internet on his cellphone, looking at the Celebrity Rankings index. When he found his name, he was overjoyed!

C-list!

How long had it been? He had finally broken into the C-list!

Although he was in last place, this still meant that he was now a real celebrity!

Zhang Ye immediately showed his cellphone screen to his family.

When Zhang Shuang saw it, she excitedly said, "You did it, Little Ye! You've done our family proud! You are now a real and famous celebrity! That Chen Qiqi that I idolized back then was still a C-lister now! And that really famous author, Tree Leaf, whose books have sold a few hundred thousand copies and had directed a blockbuster movie? He's still only a D-lister!"

Zhang Ye shrugged, "Well, I did it the unorthodox way. I took part in everything, tried out everything, so my reputation is a little more than theirs." He knew himself well.

Zhang Shuang was tickled by his 'unorthodox' remark, but thinking about it, she knew it was true.

Zhang Donghua also smiled, "Bro and sis, congratulations."

His mother turned quite snobbish, "Only a C-lister, still far from others."

Zhang Donghua said, "He's far off from those A and B-listers, but Little Ye has only debuted for how long now? It's only been six months and he has climbed from the bottom to become a C-lister. Who else is capable of something like this?"

Zhang Ye hurriedly finished his Zhajiang noodles. He was in such a good mood!

In his previous world, celebrities and artistes were also ranked in different rankings, but the rankings were less detailed and there wasn't a central authority on such rankings. For example, there could be B-list directors, C-list hosts, A-list singers, S-list actors, and even A or B-list authors, etc., but it was different in this world. This ranking index calculated up all the reputation and fame attributed data sets to rank these celebrities with proper assessments, which made it more credible. A C-list celebrity in this world could be said to be already known by most people, either

knowing this person's name or their works. In this world, where there was so much information available, being able to achieve a C-list ranking was already considerably difficult. Yet Zhang Ye had done it today and in only half a year's time!

C-list!

This was the great divide that was extremely difficult to cross!

If one couldn't get into the C-list, one would forever be considered as a wanderer in the entertainment circle. Only if they could get into the C-list rankings would they be considered a true celebrity!

Zhang Ye had originally calculated that he would have had a chance to get into the C-list after the full broadcasting of "Zhang Ye's Talk Show" had ended, but now his talk show had only been broadcasting for a few days and he had already achieved his target. He knew that this was because of the Spring Festival Gala's song, "Woman Flower". What was an even more contributing factor was his kick that sent Lee Anson flying. This incident had attracted all the attention from society. In just a night's time, Zhang Ye's fame had increased by leaps and bounds, propelling him from the D-list to the C-List. His ranking at that time was still very far behind the leaders in the D-list. Zhang Ye did not imagine that his kick would have brought him such great popularity!

He had literally beaten his way into the C-list!

Some people got famous by singing, some by acting in movies,

others by writing novels. They made their ways slowly up the popularity ladder, but no one had ever done it the way Zhang Ye did! By beating and scolding others to become popular! Zhang Ye's name seemed destined to enter the annals of entertainment!

The entertainment circle's wonder!

Such an evaluation was too appropriate for him!

This way of increasing his fame had f\*\*king no precedence to it!



# Chapter 412: Zhang Ye Is Injured!

---

Afternoon.

Home.

After having his meal, Zhang Ye said, "Dad, Mom, Aunt, Sis, I'll be leaving first. I have something important to do this afternoon, so I might not be back tonight."

Mom grumbled, "Where are you going?"

Aunt said, "It's the new year, spend time at home."

"You just came back, and you're leaving already?" Zhang Shuang also said.

Zhang Ye said, "For me to be able to come out of this fine, it was all due to a friend, who pulled quite a few strings. No matter what, I have to go thank that person. That person went through all the trouble, so if I don't thank that person face to face, that wouldn't be nice, right? It would be lacking in sincerity over the phone, so I'll just step out. I might be back in the afternoon or evening. I'm not very sure either."

Dad nodded and said, "That's true. Thank that person nicely. By the way, there's quite a lot of hampers at home, take some over. Don't buy them outside."

Upon hearing this, Mom did not say anything else. "Drive slowly."

"My car is still at Central TV. I'll get a friend to drive it back for me later. I'll take a taxi." Zhang Ye began choosing and took a few hampers downstairs.

.....

On the web.

There was leaked information everywhere.

"Haha, latest news, latest news. Teacher Zhang Ye has been released from the police station. It is said that he has returned home safely. He's fine!"

"Is that true?"

"It's true. The citizens who went to surrender themselves at the police station have dispersed too."

"Teacher Zhang has a strong network of people!"

"That's true. At Teacher Zhang's celebrity level, how can he not have connections? At least he has more social connections than Lee Anson. As the saying goes, a foreign monk might not be good at chanting!"

"It's great that he's been released. The entertainment industry definitely cannot lack a shit stick that's as hard and smelly as Teacher Zhang Ye! Or else, wouldn't everything be meaningless?"

"This matter was well done!"

"Zhang Ye should not have been arrested to begin with!"

"Lee Anson's face has probably turned green!"

"I also have new that half an hour ago, Teacher Zhang had broken through into the ranking of a C-list celebrity! He got his C-list ranking from scolding and fighting!"

"Haha! Awesome!"

"Zhang Ye the mighty!"

"The good will always be rewarded."

"Our whole family supports Zhang Ye! We like such celebrities with personality!"

"Well said. Some celebrities are too different off screen. They are too fake! Only Teacher Zhang Ye is so much fun! He suits my appetite too well!"

"Congratulations Teacher Zhang!"

"Patriots send their congratulations!"

"Zhang Ye really deserves to be promoted to C-list!"

"Who said only singers or movie actors can become stars? Other people can too. In my opinion, celebrities are a form of expression and also a form of communication. They are a medium to transmit one's beliefs. Look at Teacher Zhang Ye, he relied on feelings and beliefs to infect everyone. On this point, no one in the entertainment industry does it better than Zhang Ye!"

Suddenly, Lee Anson's Weibo posted a message. He did not know Chinese, so it was definitely translated or written by his manager. On Weibo, Lee Anson expressed his strong protest against Bayi Lake Police Station's release of Zhang Ye. He expressed that he would not let it go, and did not rule out the use of the law. He even ridiculed how there was something shady in this matter, appealing to his fans and supporters to denounce a deplorable artist!

Many people started cursing.

"You still have the face to say that?"

"It was you who didn't cherish your fans! You didn't help a girl up after you caused her to fall. You are so arrogant that even your mother can't recognize you. Now, you want your fans to denounce

others for you?"

"I've seen shameless people, but I've never seen such a shameless person before!"

"A f\*\*king retard! Verification completed!"

"Actually, I have never liked Zhang Ye. His character doesn't suit me, but after seeing this grandson's, Lee Anson's, Weibo post, I suddenly realized how great Zhang Ye is! Humans are most afraid of being served as a foil to something! They are most afraid of being compared! On this matter, I give my unconditional support to Zhang Ye!"

Lee Anson was immediately cursed to shit.

However, there were others who supported Lee Anson.

"Anson-oppa! Are your injuries okay?"

"We will not let Zhang Ye off!"

"A person like Zhang Ye must be hacked to death!"

"Anson-oppa, ignore what they say. We all stand by your side! We will be with you! We will endure all sorts of storms together!"

"I found an address! I think it's Zhang Ye's house!"

"Let's go! Let's seek justice for Anson-oppa! We can't just let this go!"

.....

Jiaomen

Outside the small district.

Zhang Ye sat in a taxi that slowly and leisurely drove into the district. He realized that there were many people in the district today. Many underaged youths were here, but he did not pay attention to them. He wore his face mask and sunglasses, and after paying for the taxi, he alighted, planning to head to his rental apartment.

Suddenly, someone shouted loudly!

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"It's him!"

"He's here!"

"It's really his house!"

Zhang Ye was startled. Only then did he realize these kids were not from his district. As he glanced, he saw many reporters stream out from a small park nearby, or from hidden corners in the buildings. Some were holding cameras, while others were holding voice recording devices. They all surrounded him!

What was this about?

Was his address revealed?

Actually, Zhang Ye was not surprised. Many neighbors and residents here knew that he rented an apartment here, so the news would eventually spread out.

A female reporter raised her microphone and said, "Zhang Ye, some people said you pulled strings from under the table, and used your connections to illegally leave the police station. On this point, do you have anything to say about it? As for your actions in beating someone, what..."

The other reporters were also about to begin their interviews.

Suddenly, an accident happened!

It was unknown which youth did it, as a rock suddenly flew over. It was clearly aimed at Zhang Ye, but as the distance was quite large, the throw was slanted a bit, and headed towards the female reporter questioning Zhang Ye. It was heading straight towards her head!

The female reporter was stunned!

The cameraman and many reporters did not have time to react!

"Careful!"



"There's a rock!"

"Dodge!"

Only Zhang Ye was fast enough. After all, he knew some kung fu. He immediately stood in front of the female reporter and stretched out his hand to block. However, he was still lacking, and had not achieved mastery like Rao Aimin. Before he raised his arms, the rock had already struck him in his head!

Smash!

Zhang Ye took a deep breath as his body wobbled. Blood immediately flowed out of the gash on his forehead!

The female reporter, who had been saved, turned pale. "Teacher Zhang! Teacher Zhang, are you alright!?"

Zhang Ye could not stand steadily. He felt dizzy and his legs felt like they were floating!

When a cameraman and two male reporters saw this, they rushed forward without a word to help Zhang Ye. They did not care about the interview or recording, and immediately shouted, "What are you all doing!? Are you trying to murder someone!?"

The boys and girls that numbered about twenty did not appear

apologetic. Instead, they appeared to feel discharged of their anger. They said without a care, "Who let him hit Anson-oppa! He deserves it!" These children's ages averaged about fifteen. The youngest was about 12 or 13, while the elder ones were about 17 or 18.

Drip. Drip.

Drip. Drip.

Half of Zhang Ye's face had turned red. Blood had drenched Zhang Ye's clothes red.

The female reporter immediately cried, "Teacher Zhang! Teacher Zhang!"

At the next moment, people threw things over again. Eggs, apples and all sorts of things came flying over!

Zhang Ye was surrounded by reporters. The job and mission of these reporters were to interview, so anything else had nothing to do with them. On the contrary, they wished for people to get in trouble, for only then would there be news. Only then would there be a topic of conversation, but at this very moment, many male reporters and cameraman looked at each other and rushed up to block Zhang Ye. The eggs, apples and tomatoes smashed into them!

They were reporters, but they were people too. They had feelings and a conscience. Zhang Ye had protected the female reporter at

the split second without any consideration, enduring that rock. The key of the moment was that female reporter was asking very biting questions, and did not say anything nice to Zhang Ye. Yet, Zhang Ye saved her without a second thought. This was a natural kindness that was embodied in his reflexive actions. This scene had moved the reporters too much!

So they also stood in front of Zhang Ye!

"Stop!"

"Stop throwing!"

"Little bastards!"

The few reporters were infuriated!

However, the people on the other side began throwing with more vigor. "Get lost! It's none of your business!"

The things thrown out did not lack in some more dangerous items. For example, an apple. It was quite heavy, so it would still hurt when someone got hit by it!

At this moment, Zhang Ye had got a hold of himself and regained a bit of consciousness. He forcefully endured the fainting spell and pulled the two reporters away and walked forward himself.

The female reporter exclaimed, "What are you doing!?"

"Teacher Zhang, get behind me. This bunch of kids are crazy!"  
The female reporter's male colleague said.

However, Zhang Ye refused to heed their advice. He stopped the approaching reporters and exposed himself to the children. He then took step after step forward.

"Smash him!"

"Kill him!"

"Seek revenge for Anson-oppa!"

The children threw things at him crazily. Some of them finished throwing their items and went to the flowers to grab muddy stones and threw those at Zhang Ye too!

Zhang Ye was hit by an apple, while a stone grazed past his neck. Eggs also smashed into him, dirtying his clothes immediately!

The reporters were extremely anxious, afraid his life was at risk!

However, Zhang Ye did not blink once and walked step after step in front of them.

A few of the younger children finally became afraid. "Be careful! He's going to beat us!"

A girl shivered and said, "He's very powerful. Even Anson-oppa's bodyguards were no match for him!"

However, to everyone's surprise, Zhang Ye did not do a thing. He stood in front of them, with face full of blood, just looking at them.

One second...

Two seconds...

Three seconds...

The children felt their hair standing seeing this and even felt scared.

"Let, let us go."

"Yea!"

"He's very scary."

"So much blood. I, I..."

"Stop talking, hurry up and run!"

This children all ran away in a moment.

The female reporter rushed over, "Let me call the police, and get them to send an ambulance."

"There's no need." Zhang Ye forced a smile. "I'm fine. There's no need to call the police."

Many reporters were stunned, "Don't call the police? Why?"

Zhang Ye said lightly, "They are just children."

# Chapter 413: Zhang Ye's "Personally Inscribed On A Small Picture"

---

Upstairs.

At his doorstep.

"Go slowly, Teacher Zhang." The female reporter helped him.

"I'm fine." Zhang Ye said as he wobbled with each step.

A male reporter said in horror, "What do you mean you're fine!? Look at your blood!"

A cameraman said loudly, "Why even go upstairs? I say he should go to the hospital immediately!"

"Teacher Zhang would rather die than go. He refuses to listen." The female reporter said anxiously. "I've really witnessed that legendary stubborn temper of yours!"

Zhang Ye forced a laugh. "I know myself. It's fine. Go back. Thanks, you even sent me up. Go back and busy yourselves."

The female reporter said with her heart aching, "Why do you even thank me? I should be the one thanking you. If not for you blocking it for me, the person quibbling would be me. You have really made me...The first sentence in my interview with you was

so unfriendly, and was a bit biting, yet you...Hai, I really do not know how to thank you!" This was her first time interviewing Zhang Ye. She had also seen the reveal of his address on the internet and rushed here. She did not know Zhang Ye, and was here just to get some information for her news article. Just thinking about what happened, she felt indescribably bad. If not for her, Zhang Ye would definitely not have been severely injured!

Zhang Ye did not mind and said, "They were here for me. That stone was also thrown at me, and so it has nothing to do with you, so there's no need to stand on ceremony."

The female reporter said worriedly, "Are you fine alone?"

Zhang Ye was already much better. "I'll be fine."

"Then, then..." The female reporter did not feel assured.

Zhang Ye urged, "Hurry up and go back. Hur Hur, don't let this news story be stolen by other reporting agencies or television stations. You'll not even have a place to cry if that happens." He even joked.

In the end, the few reporters and cameramen walked away as they turned back with every step.

Zhang Ye entered his house and saw a clean room. Clearly, the landlady had cleaned his place again. He took off his shoes and closed the door behind him. As he endured the pain, he took two



deep breaths while leaning on the door. It was painful. He barely made it to the bathroom to look at himself in the mirror. The gash on his head was quite large, but as he had been training his body recently in Beijing and had kung fu. The blood had already stopped flowing and had clotted. Hence, he took a deep breath and did not look for help. He took off all his dirty clothes, and he did not have gauze at home. Hence, he could only make do with plasters. He stuck about five on his head and stuck one on his neck. He did not dare take a bath, so he only dampened a towel in warm water to wipe away the remnants of the smelly eggs. There were a few leaves on his shoulder that he removed too.

Why didn't he beat them?

Why didn't he make a move?

Zhang Ye could kick Lee Anson without any fear, but against underaged youths from China, for children who had not fully developed their values and thoughts, he could in no way fight back. Zhang Ye himself could not do such a thing. He was not angry either, just feeling pain in his heart or a form of sorrow. He suddenly felt for the first time that he should be a teacher, and teach lessons and educate children. He did not wish such situations to occur again. He only wished the children of today would have basic respect and awe of their motherland and ties amongst common people.

After a long while.

Zhang Ye finally walked out of the bathroom. Slowly, he walked over and lay down on his bed. He took out his cellphone and saw

that the news was already on the web.

.....

"Zhang Ye Injured"!

"Lee Anson's Fans surrounds Zhang Ye's Residential District"!

"Zhang Ye protects female reporter, incurring head injuries, incessant blood flowing"!

A video clip was even published. It was a live video that lasted 1 minute 20 seconds. As the scene was messy, the video was not very clear and the camera kept shaking. They only filmed Zhang Ye's back and flying eggs and apples, as well as the children's cursing! From the video, it could be seen that Zhang Ye did not say a single word. He did not even lay a finger on them. Even when he stood in front of the children, he freely allowed them to attack him without blinking. No one knew what was on Zhang Ye's mind!

After seeing this video, many people turned silent!

"Why are children like this these days?"

"For a Korean star, is it worth it?"

"Is Zhang Ye alright? He looks pretty badly injured!"

"Why do I feel so much pain in my heart!? If I were Zhang Ye, I would definitely have beaten up that bunch of bastards! Zhang Ye can fight Lee Anson and two bodyguards alone! How can he not be able to finish these kids?"

"This is too infuriating!"

"That bunch of little assholes!"

"It was all instigated by that grandson Lee Anson!"

"That's right! It was Lee Anson who posted on Weibo to ask his fans to denounce Zhang Ye! This is too despicable! He's at home watching this bustle, and a simple Weibo post from him lets our Chinese people kill each other?"

"F\*\*k you Lee Anson!"

"My rage has hit the top! This is so f\*\*king infuriating!"

"That thing, Lee Anson! There are people who would fight for him? Are your brains stuffed with shit!? Open your eyes and see!"

"This bunch of braindead fans!"

"It's really chilling to the heart!"

"Why did Zhang Ye make a move against Lee Anson? Why did he block his path? Wasn't it all for you? Teacher Zhang was full of good intentions, but all of you? Was your conscience eaten up by dogs? You even hurt Teacher Zhang!? Aren't you afraid of being struck by lightning!?"

This video gave many people a great shock!

Not only did it result in societal rage, even the hardcore fans of Lee Anson felt a stir in their hearts!

On Weibo, a fan whose signature included "Lee Anson's Army" spoke.

Xiaoxiao: "Why did this happen? It's too frightening."

AnsonOppa'sLittleCottonPad: "Hai, no matter what, this should not have been done. Are these people from our 'Lee Anson Army'? Why do I suddenly find it...a bit terrifying."

LittleQQQBv: "Who told Zhang Ye to beat Anson-oppa! He deserves it!"

Xiaoxiao, "But we were a bit too much doing that."

IHaveALeatherBelt: "The Army has always refused to believe that Anson-oppa remained indifferent after pushing down a fan. Actually from a friend present at the scene, Anson-oppa was indeed like that. He didn't care about the fan who stood outside in

the cold winter for three or four hours. His bodyguard knocked someone down, but he did not express a thing. He just turned around and left. Only for that reason did Zhang Ye block his path, causing the brawl. Although I can't fully believe this to be fact, ...I already plan on leaving the fandom. A few of my friends have already quit. They all say that Anson-oppa doesn't even think anything of us!"

LittleQQQB: "Don't listen to their nonsense!"

LiZiLi: "Right, those must be rumors. It must be Zhang Ye trying to use this to get famous, and used Anson-oppa for hype! His means are too despicable! He deserves to be beaten to death!"

Xiaoxiao: "Our Army is really changing. I'm quitting too. Actually, after seeing all the societal discussion today, I am beginning to feel that Anson-oppa doesn't deserve us liking him so much. On the contrary, don't you think Zhang Ye is quite manly? To seek justice for us, he did not mind being locked up in a police station. When our Army's fans went to 'denounce' him, he did not fight back, scold, or say a word. I feel quite bad watching that video. I do not know what meaning to continue staying in this Army. I'll need to cool down for a period."

AnsonOppa'sLittleCottonPad: "Ha, a veteran like Xiaoxiao has quit, so I might as well quit. After watching the video, I suddenly feel like I have matured a lot. I now actually want to know if Zhang Ye is fine or if his injuries are severe. In the past, I scolded him too and cursed him, but if something really happens to him, I'll feel bad. I believe many people would find it difficult to bear it on their conscience."

In Lee Anson's internal fan club, there were finally differences and contradictions. Some were still firm supporters, but there were also many people who quit the fandom. The description of many people was actually a very large number. It was so large, that even Lee Anson's manager turned blue seeing this!

"That's right!"

"This sort of person is not worthy of being liked!"

"Our China has so many other stars, can't we like them?"

"Nothing is better than to correct one's mistakes!"

Many netizens who saw this scene felt gratified. They suddenly felt like they could understand these "braindead fans" they previously could not understand. These youths might have been mesmerized by things that matched their thoughts or fantasies from a certain period or stage in the lives, resulting in them unable to extricate themselves. It was not that they did not know right from wrong. They did not lack a conscience!

"So what's the situation with Zhang Ye?"

"Did he go to the hospital?"

"Teacher Zhang is really worrying me!"

"Who has the means of contacting Peking University or Weiwo WebTV station. Ask about Zhang Ye's injuries! I saw him being smashed quite badly!"

"Is Zhang Ye a real fool or not? Why did he walk forward at such a moment. Was he trying to be a live target?"

"If it were me, I would have bashed them no matter who they were!"

"Teacher Zhang, say something! Everyone is worried for you!"

"If I were Zhang Ye, I would have long run when I saw them throw things. Who would stand foolishly in front of them!? Isn't that dumb!?"

"They don't even know how nice you were being to them!"

"Why didn't you dodge, Teacher Zhang?"

Many people did not understand the reason!

But at this moment, Zhang Ye suddenly posted on Weibo!

It was a poem! After seeing the poem, it made them reflect deeply!

Zhang Ye endured a headache and typed word after word on his phone.

The poem was:

"My hallowed heart fails to escape the sacred arrow's aim."

"A rock-like storm is darkening my native land."

"A message via cool stars, the grass roots don't understand."

"I sacrifice my blood in the... Yellow Emperor's name."

This was a short poem from his world's [Lu Xun](#), "Personally Inscribed on a Small Picture"\*.

Zhang Ye's response, Zhang Ye's feelings were all in the poem!

My mind has no wish to avoid the arrows of my motherland. I love the still unawakened home, can no one understand it even if this commitment is handed to the stars in the sky? What should I do? What should I have done? I do not know! I can only devote my warm blood to my motherland!

Why did Zhang Ye not dodge?



Why did Zhang Ye not fight back?

Why did Zhang Ye not retreat despite his bleeding head?

A single line, "I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name", allowed everyone, who saw and understood this poem, to be shocked!

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Notes:

\*This poem can be translated in many ways, and an English treatment of analyzing this poem can be read [here](#) (from pg. 110).

# Chapter 414: I Sacrifice My Blood In The Yellow Emperor's Name!

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This poem originally did not have a title. This poem's title was added by an old friend of [Lu Xun](#), [Xu Shoushang](#), in his "Nostalgia". The first line spoke of the intensity of the love he had for his country. In the next line, it described the reason why he loved it so much. The third line summarized the first two lines and did a transition, expressing the worry over how his "own compatriots had not yet awakened". The concluding line was an outpouring of his commitments; it was a motto he would set out to live up to throughout his entire life, to the point of giving his life for his country.

Zhang Ye also wanted to express the same thing. His country was being "violated", yet his compatriots had not awoken. He did not know what to do, and could only dedicate his life to the motherland!

The moment this poem was released, it infected numerous people!

This was Zhang Ye. You could question his talk show program, saying it wasn't funny. You could refute his analysis of "Dream of the Red Chamber", saying that it lacked logic. You could criticize him for his bad temper that made him unlikable. You could scold that he did not know literature or art, but you could never question the love for Zhang Ye towards his people and country. This was something no one was qualified to question. An "I love this land" and the "I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name" were already enough to fully expressed what sort of person

Zhang Ye was!

He was a citizen of the People's Republic of China.

A Chinese national who loved his motherland, his family, and his fellow Chinese!

"I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name?"

"A man!"

"This is what a f\*\*king true man is!"

"Who said Zhang Ye lacks the image of a teacher by beating people? Who said a teacher must hold a book in hand to teach lessons? No matter how others evaluate Zhang Ye, in my heart, Zhang Ye is a good teacher!"

"Those brainless fans, take a look! Those so-called foreign stars, they all say they like you on their lips, thanking you, saying they love you, but what do they eventually want? To be frank, they are just bewitching you! They need the popularity and attention you give them, so as to rise up in their status. They don't think anything of you, and do not care if you are dead or alive! Look at Teacher Zhang Ye's poem. Who was the one who truly cares about you to the bone? I think there's no need to express it with words. As a teacher, Zhang Ye is really full of good intentions. Yet, you take weapons and stones to attack Teacher Zhang instead? I do not know what's wrong with you, but touch your own conscience and

think, 'What am I doing this for!'"

"Wake up! Don't let Teacher Zhang's efforts be in vain! Don't let Teacher Zhang and everyone turn cold in the heart!"

"Teacher Zhang, you have already done enough. You have done your best. Ignore them. Let them think through it. You must ensure you get well soon. Without you in the entertainment industry, it won't be as interesting. We are still waiting for you to contribute more excellent works!"

"Wishing Teacher Zhang a speedy recovery!"

"This poem is too great! I've learned something!"

"Teacher Zhang is a true man of steel and blood!"

On Weibo, many, who did not understand Zhang Ye's actions, immediately stood on Zhang Ye's side, helping wave his flag!

What was worth mentioning that with "Personally Inscribed on a Small Picture" posted, many verified teachers from various schools and or teacher organizations stepped forward. They began reposting Zhang Ye's Weibo post!

Peking University's Vice President Wu Zeqing reposted it.

Peking University's Professor Zeng, Su Na and other colleagues

all reposted it.

Other higher institutes of learning, primary, and secondary schools from various districts and provinces also reposted it!

Facing negative foreign cultural invasion, against adverse teaching from deplorable foreign artists, and against those under-aged children who were easily fascinated, China's teacher organizations reacted collectively under this poem with Zhang Ye leading the call!

Team Leader of Affiliated Senior High School of National Taiwan Normal University's Chinese Department: "I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name!"

Education Dean of No. 15 Middle School: I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name!"

Shanghai's No. 3 History teacher: "I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name!"

Adjunct Math Lecturer of Nankai University: "I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name!"

A certain substitute teacher in Beihe province: "I sacrifice my blood in the... Yellow Emperor's name!"

Zhang Ye's poem, Zhang Ye's words and Zhang Ye's actions might not seem much to people. Some citizens might have watched it out

of amusement, but numerous teachers were touched. On this matter, they knew what was on Zhang Ye's mind the most. They also understood the anger and frustration Zhang Ye was feeling the most! Hence, they also issued out their cries! Numerous people responded on Weibo! They wanted to tell everyone that it wasn't only Teacher Zhang Ye who was like that! All of us teachers, all of us educators, have also dedicated our lives for the motherland, for education, and for our children!

At this moment, a person spoke. He was a famous person in the world of education. Almost everyone in society knew who he was. He was a very ordinary teacher, and was a substitute teacher in a village town, but two years ago, during an earthquake, he risked his life, despite already being safe, to save 18 students from a classroom. He carried each and everyone of them out of the classroom. Finally, all the students were saved, but at the final moment when the classroom collapsed, he forever lost his legs. His name was Song Min.

Song Min said, "Some of you might not understand what Teacher Zhang Ye did, but I understand, and we can all understand. In other people's eyes, those children are just children, but in the eyes of a teacher, they are our future, and also our hope. Towards Teacher Zhang Ye, I have always liked him. However, I previously liked his poems and television programs. I did not understand him very well, but after seeing his poem today, I think I've finally understood him. Maybe people might say he likes scolding people and does not have the temperament of a teacher. Others might say he is always fighting, and lacks the bearing of a teacher, but no matter how everyone views him, I stubbornly insist that Zhang Ye is a good teacher. He is an excellent, outstanding, and perfect teacher of the people! I only have one thing to say here: Teacher Zhang Ye, you've worked hard."

Immediately, there was a lot of discussion replying to this post!

"Teacher Song has appeared too?"

"Teacher Song, how are you?"

"You are right. I also think Teacher Zhang Ye handled this matter with the perfect demeanor that a teacher should have. Teacher Zhang's blood will not flow in vain. There will be people who will wake up!"

"To foreign culture or foreign stars, it is not that we can't accept it. We also do not disagree with it. They have things we deserve to learn, which we will learn from them, but towards those foreign artists, who do not have the most basic morality or respect, I only have this to say to you: Get out of China!"

The crowd was in a frenzy!

When the teacher organization stood behind Zhang Ye, the sounds of the fans that continuously supported Lee Anson decreased!

# Chapter 415: Recuperating!

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Afternoon.

Past 2pm.

In the small 30 square meter studio, Zhang Ye had gone off the internet, but was immediately met with telephone calls. They came one after another. It was just like when he was released from the police station at noon. The friends he knew all called to ask about him with concern. Some sent text messages, while others gave him a call.

Su Na's short message: Are you severely injured?

Zhang Ye replied: I'm fine. Thanks.

Yao Jiancai's call. "Old bro, are you dead?"

"Still holding on. Hur Hur." Zhang Ye smiled and said.

Yao Jiancai praised him, "Nicely done. You are a true man of steel and blood. I am out of town filming a show and will be back in Beijing in a few days. I'll visit you then."

Zhang Ye said, "It's alright. Go ahead and busy yourself, Old Yao."

Yao Jiancai said, "Recover well. We must meet up when I'm



back."

Many phone calls came while Zhang Ye explained to his friends one after another. He tried to assuage them, but his head was actually quite dizzy. He had lost quite a bit of blood, and would need some time to recuperate. Who wasn't made of flesh? However, Zhang Ye was the kind of person who never wanted people to worry about him. If there was anything he could solve himself, he would solve it himself. He would not worry others, for he would feel bad too. Hence, no matter what he encountered, he would say he was fine. Besides, even if told others that he was doing badly and that he was dizzy and feeling numb in the legs, others would still not be able to help him. People were always busy during the new year. Zhang'er was afraid of pain too. Don't look at how he usually appeared very daring, with him daring to say or do anything? In fact, if this fellow saw a doctor in a hospital, his legs would go limp. He would not go to a hospital for a transfusion or jab unless necessary. Hence, he had to endure it.

Suddenly, a knock came from outside his door.

No, to be accurate it was tapped on by someone once.

Zhang Ye hung up and looked out, "Who is it? The door isn't locked."

With a creak, a beautiful petite figure pushed open the door with all her might and appeared through the crack in the door. She looked with a deadpan expression at Zhang Ye, "Zhang Ye, you are home."

Zhang Ye seemed to see a beloved relative. "Aiyah, it's Chenchen. Why are you here?"

Chenchen said nonchalantly, "My Aunt saw the news and told me to see if you were home."

Zhang Ye immediately covered his head, "You came just in time! Hurry, hurry up and call the Landlady Auntie! This bro can't take it anymore! I'm dying! Get the Landlady Auntie to save me!"

Chenchen acknowledged and gave a condition. "Then you need to do my Winter homework for me."

Zhang Ye stared at her, "You wicked child. Hurry up and call her for Uncle Zhang!"

"Then you agreed." Chenchen turned and walked away.

Zhang Ye did not know if he should be annoyed or laugh. Suddenly, a call came. This time, it was different. It was a phone call from his parents' place. After hesitating for quite a while, he decided to pick it up.

"Son!" Mom said in an anxious voice. "You were injured? Were you really injured?"

Zhang Ye, who had been wailing a moment ago, immediately felt

highly-spirited. "Hey, Mom. Who did you hear from that I was injured." Not far from him, the door opened. Rao Aimin's figure walked in, with Chenchen following behind her. She was carrying a first-aid kit. Zhang Ye did not speak to Rao Aimin and first tried to reassure his parents. He said, "I'm fine. I'm completely alright!"

Mom refused to believe. "But it's written on the news!"

Zhang Ye smacked his lips, "Aiyah, don't listen to those media or people on the internet speak nonsense. It's all fake!"

Maybe it was hands-free on that side, as his Aunt's voice also sounded. "This can be faked?"

Zhang Ye said, "Yes, it's all fake. At best, it's just exaggerated. It's the media. They all like to do that. If not, how do you attract everyone's attention and eyeballs? Hey, listen to me, do I sound injured? I'm now planning on going out for a run to train my body. Actually, it was just a few children throwing a few eggs and cabbage leaves. What harm can that cause. Your son isn't made of paper. Didn't you know my nickname is 'man of steel and blood'!? Don't worry, don't worry. I'm completely fine!"

After a while, Zhang Ye hung up while wiping his sweat. He had finally managed to hoodwink them.

Following that, Zhang Ye saw the landlady's figure and nearly had tears stream down his face, "My beloved relative! My beloved relative! You came! Quick save me! My head is aching! I'm dying!"

Chenchen: "....."

Rao Aimin looked at him with askance, "Aren't you a man of steel and blood?"

Zhang Ye cried out miserable, "What do you mean steel and blood!? This tiny body of mine will shatter at a touch! It's not like you don't know!"

Rao Aimin sat on the bed. "Then what did I just see on the internet? Weren't you righteously shouting that you would 'sacrifice your blood in the Yellow Emperor's name'?"

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "I was just acting awesome! What about seeing the Yellow Emperor? This bro nearly saw the King of Hell! Try letting a rock smash you in the head! I don't believe you will be fine!"

Chenchen interrupted, "My aunt's chin can crush bricks to smithereens, so what if she got smashed by a rock?"

Oh, right!

I forgot Rao Aimin was a "martial arts expert"!

F\*\*k! Then there's no f\*\*king way to converse!

Rao Aimin's nasty tongue never changed. "If you aren't that

tough, then don't fake it. Just that body constitution of yours, and you want to smash your face to act like you are a big guy? You even dare to stand there and let them hit you? Are you trying to touch all of China!? What I will sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name? It sounds pretty nice, but I just threw you down from the bed gently and you were already wailing like a slaughtered pig. What's the point of acting awesome?"

Zhang Ye whined without speaking, revealing a look as if he were dying soon. His face looked weak and if someone didn't know, they would think he was about to die that very second. Previously in the district, in front of the crowd, reporters, as well as on the internet and to his friends and family after returning home, Zhang Ye had been forcefully holding on. He looked pretty awesome. No matter who asked him, he said he was fine. Now, without any outsiders, and seeing that it was Rao Aimin, who knew traditional Chinese medicine, Zhang Ye immediately revealed his actual state. He could no longer act awesome anymore.

"Where does it hurt?"

"It hurts everywhere!"

"Hands off. Let me take a look."

"Lighter Landlady Auntie!"

"Cut your nonsense!"

"Ah! Lighter!"

"Don't move!"

"I can't take it, I can't take it! It's too painful!"

Rao Aimin had a nasty tongue but a soft heart. Her words were always very mean, but whenever Zhang Ye got into trouble, Rao Aimin never ignored him.

Checking his injuries, Rao Aimin had a general idea. "Let's go. To the hospital."

The moment Zhang Ye heard this, he immediately grabbed onto the bedpost, "No! I'll never go! Unless I'm dead!"

Rao Aimin stared at him, "Go to the hospital and get the doctors to sterilize it and give you a tetanus jab. Then it will recover quickly. I don't have the tools suitable for the job."

Zhang Ye flatly said, "I'd rather die than go!"

Despite spending all day to persuade him, Zhang Ye refused to listen.

Out of desperation, Rao Aimin could only say, "Chenchen, medical kit."

Little Chenchen slowly opened the medical kit.

Rao Aimin took out a cotton swab and began applying medicine to Zhang Ye's forehead. "This medicine of mine can only sterilize it and do some simple treatment. It cannot guarantee that it will be very effective."

Zhang Ye said, "It's fine, as long as it's effective."

Rao Aimin seethed, "You don't let me rest well on the first day of the Chinese New Year. Let me tell you that this is the last time. Next time, if you get injured, don't come looking for me. I don't have the time for you!" Turning towards Rao Chenchen. "Chenchen, go take your afternoon nap. You still have to do your Winter homework at night."

Chenchen said, "I'm not tired."

Rao Aimin looked at her, "Then don't tell me you are tired and want to sleep like the past few nights. If you don't finish the first ten pages of your mathematics homework, you are not going to sleep!"

Chenchen seethed and acknowledged. The two women had nearly the same expression, as if they came from the same mould. "Got it." Then she turned to return home.

Zhang Ye was still grunting. "Painful!"

Rao Aimin said in a lukewarm manner, "Endure it!"

After his forehead was done, Rao Aimin helped dab the wound on his neck.

As such, Zhang Ye grit his teeth. The spirit and stance he previously had on the internet was gone. People were, after all, sometimes strong, but there were also times when they were weak.

"Big Sis Rao."

"What!?"

"I want to eat your Red Braised Pork tonight."

Rao Aimin fumed so much that it became amusement. "I worked so hard to apply medicine for you, and you even put out conditions? Cut the crap!? There's only a bit of leftovers. It's up to you to eat them!"

"What are the leftovers?"

"Only dumplings."

"What's the filling inside?"

"Chive eggs!"



"Why is it vegetarian? Is there no meat? This bro is a patient now, and a great hero who was injured for national causes. Can't I get a bit of meat to eat?"

"Kid, you are trying to be forceful, aren't you?"

"Alright then, I'll make do."

"Open your mouth. Drink the medicine."

"What medicine?"

"Anti-inflammatory medicine."

"I can't drink it if it's too bitter."

"If you keep up your nonsense, you will be left on the bed with nobody caring about you. Open your mouth, drink the medicine and water!"

Rao Aimin was already holding the water and medicine. She helped him sit up.

"...Orh." Zhang Ye obediently drank the medicine.

After the initial pain, Zhang Ye felt he was getting better. With

someone taking care of him, he felt better. Towards the landlady's wicked mouth, Zhang Ye always kept it at arm's length. However, be it what Rao Aimin did or her taking care of him, Zhang Ye was especially assured with it. He knew she was a specially virtuous woman in everything. Now, he did not need to worry or consider about himself. He lay down and someone would wipe medicine on him, give him tea, as well as food. That feeling was indescribably good, and with that, weariness crept up to him.

# Chapter 416:

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Skin to skin contact.

The warmth from his ears.

His face was feeling the softness.

That was how Zhang Ye was lying on Rao Aimin's lap. Disregarding Rao Aimin's nagging, he shamelessly refused to move.

Ah!

Such elasticity!

Her thighs were so full of flesh!

Rao Aimin's long legs were really not your everyday kind of legs. They were classy legs, full of purity, legs with morals, a pair of legs that was absent of vileness. They were a pair of legs that were beneficial to the people!

As a man, Zhang Ye was somewhat ashamed. Rao Aimin, a woman in her thirties, was in much better physical shape than he was. If she had flexed her muscles, she would definitely have a much leaner appearance than Zhang Ye. Maybe it was because of her training since she was young, while Zhang Ye had used the

game ring to attain his martial arts. Furthermore, he had not eaten many skill books, so there was definitely no way for him to compare with her.

Humans were usually like this. When you had something, you don't treasure it as much. The things that you don't have, are especially desirable and wanted.

For example, the landlord auntie's pair of legs. He did not have those.

And his landlord auntie's breasts, he did not have those either.

Well, actually he did have breasts, but they were man breasts and weren't that large.

Zhang Ye laid down there and occasionally slightly opened his eyes to look up. He was greeted by the glorious view of two raised parts of the body at a close up. He took a deep breath and could even smell the fabric around her breasts. Rao Aimin was wearing a gray cotton sweater today coupled with a white pair of training pants. Her legs were exposed and she was wearing a pair of flats. It wasn't a very fashionable look, but matched well with the landlord auntie's traditional image. Zhang Ye had known her for so long, but had never seen her wear high heels before. It was always flats, possibly because that was a martial artist's stubbornness, but conversely, it could also be said that it was a presentation of confidence.

"Get lost."

"Let me lie down for a while."

"Do you really think I don't dare to finish you?"

"Then go ahead. I'm already so heavily injured that I'm already on death's door. It wouldn't matter if I get hurt more. This will not burden me further."

"..."

As he said so, Zhang Ye turned around sideways to face Rao Aimin's stomach. His nose was touching her belly and his forehead buried in it. There was really no hint of any excess fat, much flatter than Zhang Ye's own belly. Then he took a deep breath through his nose and mouth, taking in the smell of maturity, a smell of light fragrance. It was probably the smell of her clothes, but whether it was the smell of the outer clothes or the under clothes, Zhang Ye did not know. After all, Zhang Ye's nose and face were close to Rao Aimin's white training pants and the underwear inside.

How refreshing!

This kind of life, was too comfortable!

With this, Zhang Ye's hands became increasingly unbridled. He naturally reached over and wrapped his hand around Rao Aimin's hips.

Rao Aimin seemed like she was about to say something.

Zhang Ye's head was pulled away towards his back, but he did not care. He stuck his head forward again and pressed his nose into her belly once more. Rao Aimin really knew how to live. Although she had so many properties, like the dual-purpose houses in this building, she rarely bought anything too expensive. She would basically only buy things that were at market value or below for cheap. Like when it came to laundry detergent, the smell was not especially fragrant, but as it mixed with her own body fragrance, the smell had become much nicer. Zhang Ye had very sensitive olfactory senses. When he smelled something naturally good, his whole body would become very comfortable.

It was so fragrant!

Another deep breath!

Rao Aimin seemed like she was about to say something again.

Zhang Ye could no longer hear it as he fell soundly asleep.

.....

Evening.

Past 7PM.

Zhang Ye awoke and the first thing he saw was himself lying down on his own pillow. Rao Aimin was no longer around and he pouted with a sense of loss. Next, he felt the coldness, extreme coldness, running through his body deep inside his bones. He quickly pulled a blanket over himself, but did not feel much better. At this moment, he finally felt that there was a wet towel covering his forehead. He did not know where it came from.

What's going on?

Was he having a fever?

Zhang Ye felt helpless. He was feeling dizzy and knew that the injury he had suffered was not light. It was probably because of that which led to him getting a fever.

"Where is everyone?"

"Big Sis Rao?"

"Chenchen?"

"I'm hungry!"

"Someone! I'm dying over here!"

He shouted continuously for a few times and wanted to get out

his bed, but as he was feeling faint, he knew it would be better to stay in bed. He felt his body feeling shaky, as though the world was spinning around him, like in an earthquake. Zhang Ye had to grab onto his bed frame before he had could drop his worries!

The door opened.

Rao Aimin brought a bowl that was steaming hot into the room, "What are you hurrying me for, stop shouting."

Zhang Ye weakly said, "I'm hungry. What's that?"

"Gruel." Rao Aimin said.

Zhang Ye said unhappily, "There's still no meat? I want to eat braised pork."

Rao Aimin sat on the bed, "You should be glad you have something to eat! Stop being picky! You can only have gruel in your current condition. And you still want braised pork? We'll see how it goes after your fever subsides!" As she said so, she showed a face of displeasure, "Sit up, eat!"

Zhang Ye hummed, "I'm not doing that. I want meat!"

Rao Aimin threatened, "Then I will bring you to the hospital!"

When he heard that, Zhang Ye immediately sat up, "Actually,



something light would be better." He reached out to take the bowl of gruel, but felt his hands shaking. He could not possibly hold the bowl.

Rao Aimin's narrowed her eyebrows. "Fine! Open you mouth."

Zhang Ye eagerly opened his mouth.

Rao Aimin took a spoonful of gruel and blew on it for a while before putting it to the side of Zhang Ye's mouth. Her actions did not look too caring, but the gruel did not spill and the temperature was just right. Zhang Ye took a mouthful of the gruel that was given to him.

Zhang Ye swallowed it and sincerely expressed, "Big Sis Rao, thank you."

Rao Aimin ignored him and said stiffly, "Open your mouth."

"Ah." Zhang Ye opened his mouth and had another spoonful of gruel.

After he had finished eating, Rao Aimin said, "Do you still want some more?"

Zhang Ye still had a big appetite despite being sick, "Yes, another bowl please. Oh by the way, do you have spiced beef or something like that? Can you put some in there as well?"

Rao Aimin ignored him and went back to her house to get another bowl of gruel before feeding him again.

After 10 minute, Zhang Ye burped and then said, "Where's Chencheng? Has she eaten?"

"She's doing her homework. You should be concerned about yourself instead!" Rao Aimin put the bowl down and took a napkin to wipe Zhang Ye's mouth. She frowned as she threw the napkin away, "I've not done anything else the whole of today. After taking care of the young one, I have to take care of the not so young one. Do the both of you really take me for a nanny?"

Zhang Ye said weakly, "If you fall sick in the future, I will take care of you this way as well."

Rao Aimin smiled coldly, "I've not fallen sick in the past 10 years. Why would I need a rascal like you for? Quickly get better yourself. Once you are better, get lost."

Zhang Ye acknowledged her.

"Drink the medicine." Rao Aimin passed him some antipyretic and a glass of warm water.

Zhang Ye obediently sat up and took the medicine. It was something called Riling Granules, which Zhang Ye had never heard of before in his previous world. It should be the name of the

medicine in this word and had a sweet taste. The effects were probably similar to that of aspirin.

After taking the medicine, Zhang Ye was feeling sleepy again perhaps due to the medication, "Landlady Auntie, I want to sleep again, can I lie on your lap?"

Rao Aimin stared at him, "Are you done?"

Zhang Ye said, "Otherwise, I would not be able to fall asleep."

Rao Aimin stared at him but still stretched her legs out for him.

"Thanks." Zhang Ye lay down quickly without another word. His hands naturally wrapped around her and hugged her by the waist.

Comfortable!

This position was too enjoyable!

He was now wishing that he would be sick for another 3 or 5 days. When you were sick, you were the boss!

He had this thought running through his mind for the next few hours. When Zhang Ye fell asleep and woke up again, it was already night time. There was a glow from the dark clock on the table and it was showing 12:05AM!

It was late at night.

Only starlight illuminated the room.

Zhang Ye's face was still lying on that classy pair of legs, full of purity, legs with morals, a pair of legs that was absent of vileness. Zhang Ye had expected Rao Aimin to have gone back to her house to sleep, but who'd have known!

Rao Aimin was leaning against the bed frame with her eyes closed. She was motionless.

At this moment, Zhang Ye suddenly felt that he had to get up immediately. He did not want the landlady to suffer with him and cause her anymore trouble.

"Big Sis Rao." Zhang Ye said softly.

"Yes?" Rao Aimin woke up, "What?"

Zhang Ye apologetically said, "You should go back to your house. Chenchen still needs to be taken care of."

Rao Aimin said, "I just checked your temperature at 11:30PM. You are running a fever of 39 degrees. I will go once it subsides, otherwise we might really have to bring you to the hospital!"

Zhang Ye shivered and said, "Don't. I don't want to go there. No

two ways about it!"

Rao Aimin said impatiently, "Then you better cover up with the blanket and sweat it out. If your fever doesn't subside and I'm not here, who would take care of you?"

Zhang Ye said, "Big Sis Rao is still the best."

"Don't flatter me." Rao Aimin said, "When you get better, I still have lots of chores at home waiting for you. You can slowly pay me back."

Zhang Ye did not know whether to laugh or cry, "I feel that my temperature's rising again! I didn't hear anything that you just said. I feel so dizzy now, so then, I will continue sleeping."

# Chapter 417: This World's Missing Taiji Fist!

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Late at night.

Unknown time.

Zhang Ye woke up once more. This time he woke up from his sweating. Sweat was dripping down from his forehead to his nose and it made him feel itchy. He slowly opened his eyes as he wiped off the beads of sweat. After sweating so much, Zhang Ye was feeling much better now. He did not feel as dizzy anymore and the cold in his body was gone. From his experience, the fever had almost subsided. At least it would no longer be a 39 degree fever anymore.

"Awake again?" Rao Aimin, who was leaning on the bed frame, said.

Zhang Ye was still lying on her lap. As he was sweating so much as he slept, the landlady auntie's training pants were drenched, especially at the crotch and thigh areas. It was a little strange to see that. He said, "Yea. I'm awake and feel better already."

"Raise your arms." Rao Aimin said.

Zhang Ye asked, "What for?"

"I asked you to raise them, so just do it." Rao Aimin was holding a thermometer in her hands as she waited for Zhang Ye to raise his

arms. Then she stuck it into his armpits when he did, "Look at you. You look so weak and frail. Don't fight with others in the future. Do you really think you have learnt martial arts?"

Zhang Ye snorted, "I really did learn some."

Rao Aimin contemptibly said, "With just those few taekwondo moves, you might be able to beat those useless bodyguards of Lee Anson, but if you really meet a proper martial artist, then you would be beaten hands down!"

Zhang Ye boastfully said, "Who says that I only know Taekwondo? You're not the only person who has learned martial arts before. If I only had those few moves of Taekwondo, I wouldn't be able to beat Lee Anson's bodyguards. It's just some martial arts, this bro has learned it before too!"

Rao Aimin was tickled, "And what did you learn?"

Zhang Ye answered as though he was telling the truth, "Taiji Fist!"

Rao Aimin was stunned for a little, "Yo? You know about Taiji Fist?"

"What's there not to know?" Zhang Ye was intrigued by the way Rao Aimin replied to him.

Rao Aimin looked at him and said, "Everyone knows that Taiji is

an ancient school of thought. There are many ancient books that have records about it. In the system of Change, there is the Great Ultimate. It generates the Two Modes (Yin and Yang). The Two Modes generate the Four Forms (major and minor Yin and Yang). The Four Forms generate the Eight Trigrams. Its relationship runs deep with our Eight Trigrams learnings, but Taiji Fist is something that I have only heard of. This school of martial arts has very little relation to Taiji. The people who know about it could be said to be rarer than rare."

Zhang Ye said with a blank stare, "Landlady Auntie. I am not well learned, but don't try to fool a layman like me. Taiji Fist, what's there not to know about?"

Rao Aimin said, "Did your fever cause you to become befuddled?"

"What am I befuddled about?" Zhang Ye said as a matter of factly, "In this age and time, who doesn't know a few moves of Taiji Fist?"

Zhang Ye's mindset was still stuck in his previous world. In that world, what was Taiji Fist? Men and women, old and young, from a few years old to a hundred years old, it was known by all. Not only was it known, they could even practice a few moves of it. Look at all those gardens in the communities, which one of them did not have someone practicing Taiji? Even if you were to pick out anyone in the streets, whether they really knew it or not, they could still make a few movements of Taiji Fist. A common martial arts like this, yet Rao Aimin was telling him that not many people knew about it?

Rao Aimin was also feeling rather speechless, "You know some



moves?"

"Of course I do." Zhang Ye blurted.

Rao Aimin laughed, "Alright, you don't need to show it to me, but tell me what Taiji Fist is?"

Zhang Ye began saying, "Taiji Fist is a traditional school of thought in Taoism of the People's Republic of China with its core being Taiji. The theory of Yin and Yang can be used for health, longevity, mental freshness, and used to counter various skills as a whole. It combines the transformations of the five elements from Taiji philosophy, traditional Chinese medicine's meridian studies, and ancient circulatory and breathing techniques into one that is both gentle, slow, light both internally and externally. It's a traditional fist style that incorporates the concept of hard and soft."

After hearing that, Rao Aimin did not show any expressions and said, "Will you die if you don't bullshit? You make it sound as if it were real!"

Zhang Ye could not take that lying down and answered back, "What am I bullshitting about?"

Rao Aimin told him, "Taiji Fist has already been a lost art for a few hundred years ago. Where could you possibly have learned it from?"

With that, it was now Zhang Ye's turn to be stunned, "Ah? Lost? It can't be!"

Rao Aimin glanced at him, "I have been training with my elders since I was 6 years old. At 10, I officially began my training in the Eight Trigram Palms. When I was training, you weren't even born yet, so what do you know? Trying to fool me with your nonsense. If you want to listen, I will tell you instead. A few hundred years ago, there was a legend that Taiji Fist had created a stir in the martial arts world. This school of martial arts had appeared with no one knowing where it had originated from. A master in martial arts had used Taiji Fist to defeat the Eight Trigrams, XingYi and 18 other schools of martial arts, but after the wars, it disappeared without a trace. Taiji Fist was lost in such manner from the world. After those times, no disciple or master of Taiji Fist has appeared in our world since."

Zhang Ye finally understood the history of Taiji Fist in this world. It was totally different from what had happened in his world. The originator of this martial arts school might even be different.

Rao Aimin continued, "As for the reasons behind it, there are lots of diverse opinions. One says that the master behind it had followed the ancient teachings of Taiji to create the moves. After his death, he had no successor, and therefore Taiji Fist was lost. Another said that Taiji Fist was just a legend as there have been no records of it found in any writings. It only existed through word of mouth, therefore it was not proven to exist and could have been fabricated because of some historical reasons. Of course on the second opinion, I still have my reservations. I've only heard about it from my teacher and my teacher had heard it from his teacher,

but they claimed that Taiji Fist did exist before and was a very legendary form of martial arts. The only problem is that those who have seen it with their own eyes have already been dead for hundreds of years. As for how strong Taiji Fist was and what kind of moves it consisted of, no one has an answer. What's left behind is only fragments of a legend. That is all that I know, but there might be others who know more about it."

Zhang Ye had some thoughts.

Taiji Fist was a lost martial arts? Then how did the old people of this world keep their bodies healthy!?

Thinking about it more, Zhang Ye realized that he was the only person who knew Taiji Fist in this world! No wonder. No wonder the previous few times that Zhang Ye had used it had always left others wondering what kind of martial arts it was. At the monastery, Zhang Ye used Taiji Fist to fight with those monks. Logically speaking, those monks were also martial arts practitioners. Whether they used their own martial arts or another schools martial arts, they should have a lot of knowledge about most kinds. Yet they were shocked by Zhang Ye's kungfu. None of them could identify the martial arts Zhang Ye used by name. Also during the hijacking incident, Zhang Ye had used Taiji Fist against the terrorist who was a Muay Thai expert. Neither the terrorist nor the other passengers had identified the kungfu that he used then either. At that time, Zhang Ye did not notice this. Thinking back, he realized the reason for all of that!

It wasn't because they were ignorant!

It was because no one had ever seen Taiji Fist in action before!

Even Rao Aimin, who was the eldest disciple of the Eight Trigram Palms, had only heard of the legend of Taiji Fist!

Rao Aimin told him, "So that's why if you want to bullshit in the future, you should just say that you know Wing Chun and I might believe you, but telling me you know Taiji Fist? Hur, why don't you claim that you know the Eighteen Devils Subduing Palms!"

That mouth of her was so vile!

Zhang Ye, "..."

Five minutes had passed.

His temperature had dropped to 38.3 degrees.

It was still in the range of a fever, but it was getting much better.

Rao Aimin was very caring and thoughtful. Although she always had a look of reluctance, occasionally criticizing Zhang Ye, her actions made him feel very well taken care of. She took a glass of warm water for him to drink.

After he finished drinking,

Rao Aimin would pour another glass for him.

Zhang Ye shook his head, "I'm not having anymore."

".....Drink it!" Rao Aimin ordered him.

Zhang Ye could only reluctantly drink it all up before giving a burp. His mind had already wandered off, thinking about the issue of Taiji Fist.

Me, bullshit?

But I'm really not bullshitting!

I've really f\*\*king seen Taiji Fist and I even know how to use it!

Zhang Ye could even speak incessantly about the various styles like Chen, Yang, Wǔ, Wú, Sun, He, etc, etc, etc. Each style of Taiji Fist had some differences, but all of it originated from "Taiji Yin Yang". He could even tell Rao Aimin about how Taiji Fist consisted of the basics: parry, retraction, press, side push, pluck, divide, elbow, shoulder, forward, backward, left, right, and balance, but he could not say all of that. Even if he did, no one would believe it, as no one in this world had even seen it before. So why would he be the one to know about it?

"Still thinking? Go to sleep quickly!" Rao Aimin was never polite with Zhang Ye. She always sounded as though she was commanding him around. Alright, actually she did this to

everyone too. Zhang Ye was already used to it.

Zhang Ye tersely acknowledged.

Rao Aimin said, "If you really want to learn martial arts, tell me what you want to learn. Even though I do not have good relations with other martial arts practitioners, nor do I have many friends in there as most of them prefer not to see me, Hur Hur, but my reputation still carries some weight. If you wish to learn something, I can recommend you. There's no need to pay school fees. You can just follow them and practice together, but I still maintain my stance that at your age, you're past the age of learning martial arts. I started at just a few years old to learn the basics. Even if most people do not start as early as me, they also begin learning in their teens. You're already over 20 now. Even if you wanted to learn butchering, they might say that you're too old for it. You should just stick to physical strengthening, that's about all you can do. And you even wanted to learn it to fight with other people? Then you might as well just continue learning Taekwondo, Muay Thai, or Karate. Those are simpler and much easier to pick up."

Zhang Ye asked, "Then in martial arts, which school is the strongest?"

Rao Aimin looked at him a few times and said, "To even ask a question like that shows me how much of an amateur you are. How can martial arts be gauged as strong or weak? The only thing that can be gauged in this way are people. Even if a lot of people might look down on certain martial arts, if the person practicing it has a high standard and is well learnt, they can still be called masters."

Zhang Ye asked, "What about you? What's your level?"

Rao Aimin said dully, "Me? I don't have any level, what kind of times are we in now? In this age of modern weapons like missiles and machine guns, even if you are great in some martial art, if a bullet comes your way you'll be dead meat!" She didn't sound like she was willing to reveal anything further, "Stop talking rubbish and go to sleep!"

# Chapter 418: The Privileges Of Being Sick!

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Middle of the night.

Rao Aimin had just finished her conversation with Zhang Ye on the topic of martial arts. She covered him back up with a blanket, so that he could have a good rest. Suddenly, Chenchen entered the house through the unlocked door.

"Aunt."

"What?"

"I have to pee."

"Didn't I already teach you how to climb onto the toilet?"

"I couldn't reach it and I really have to pee."

Chenchen was in a half asleep state, and stood there in her pajamas.

Zhang Ye heard her and joined in saying, "I have to pee too."

With a look of unwillingness, Rao Aimin picked Chenchen up. She kicked open Zhang Ye's bathroom door and place Chenchen on the toilet. She nagged, "When the big one is done, the little one comes, when the little one is done, the big one comes back. Can't



you both just let me take a break?"

Chenchen was done.

Rao Aimin held Chenchen's chin and said, "Go back and sleep."

"Orh." said Chenchen, who was still half-asleep. She was still whining as she walked back.

Zhang Ye urged, "Landlord auntie, help me get my coat. I need to use the bathroom too."

Rao Aimin opened his clothes cabinet with an annoyed look before randomly picking out a coat and throwing it onto the the bed. She was probably tired too, as she took off her slippers after sitting on the bed. Her legs went on the bed as well as she snugged herself inside the warm blanket. She did not lie down, but just leaned against the bed's headboard. She basically sat there with her arms crossed and shut her eyes for a nap.

Zhang Ye, who was in his long johns, put on the coat and went to the toilet. Although he was still a little dizzy, he was already feeling much better than he had been before. When he came back to bed, he crawled into the blanket and leaned his back against the wall.

"I'll be sleeping for a while." Rao Aimin said.

Zhang Ye said, "Sure, you should rest a little."

"Call me if there's anything. Don't bother me if there's nothing." Rao Aimin said without opening her eyes.

Zhang Ye probably had already slept too much today and was not feeling too sleepy anymore. After tossing and turning for a while, he opened his eyes. Using the moonlight, he glanced at Rao Aimin beside him. Her resting face was very beautiful, both her side profile and her frontal profile. The side of her face looked very slim and cut. Her chin was also a bit sharp. Zhang Ye did not care if she was asleep or not. With a shift of his body, he moved over. He laid on Big Sis Rao's legs as if he was no outsider. Rao Aimin had tucked both her legs under the blanket, but she was still sitting in a leaning position, so there was an angle. It was also a perfect place for Zhang Ye to lay on. His head was just above the blanket, and the side of his head was on Rao Aimin's stomach.

In a weak state, people did not consider many things. Their thoughts also became simpler, as such, he also became bolder. Zhang Ye could not sit still after lying down honestly for five minutes. As he closed his eyes, his hands reached towards Rao Aimin's legs. With a tiny pinch, he immersed himself in the elastic fleshy thighs underneath her yoga pants. After adjusting his head's position, Zhang Ye freely touched Rao Aimin's stomach with his hands, pulling open her gray sweater, snuggling his hands in.

Oh, there were still long johns underneath.

As the lighting wasn't good, he could not tell what color it was.

Zhang Ye decided that he might as well pull the long johns away. With that, he stuck his palm on to Big Sis Rao's tummy. Her skin was thin, and as he stroked it, it was rather smooth.

Rao Aimin did not move.

Zhang Ye had not taken advantage of Big Sis Rao in a while. He could not see her after going to Shanghai, and when he was back in Beijing, he could only engage in short conversation. There was so much to talk about, yet he didn't have the opportunity. Now, with an opportunity in hand, Zhang Ye's principles of the "need to succeed at every crime he did", he naturally had to get something. Zhang Ye had done such things before too, but all he got in the end was a quite terrible state. If it wasn't a shoulder flip from the landlady, it was twisting his arm till it nearly dislocated. However, he was now a patient, and a patient had patient privileges.

His hand sneaked in.

Bit by bit, his hand moved higher.

Belly, navel. Zhang Ye used the sensory signals from his palm to find various locations.

Suddenly, his fingernails and fingers touched a piece of fabric. It was very soft, and clearly it was her bra. There couldn't be anything else at this spot. Without any hesitation, Zhang Ye moved his fingers and slowly slid them in. Finally, he inserted his whole hand in, as it was enveloped by the bra. His palm immediately felt flesh. His fingertips were filled with the elastic

fullness of flesh, so much so to the point of his fingers nearly being squeezed out. As for the back of his hand, it was tightly cupped by the bra. Thankfully Rao Aimin's bra today did not have a wire, or his hand would not have been able to squeeze in.

It felt great!

He had succeeded!

Zhang Ye was satisfied. With the advantage taken, he suddenly felt his entire being feel much better. His fever seemed to subside even more. It might not even be 38 degrees Celsius anymore. As his palm felt the warmth from Rao Aimin's flesh, which was cooler than him by just a bit, so it was not very obvious. It meant that their body temperatures were quite similar.

Fascinating.

Taking advantage of her could heal him?

"What are you doing?" A woman's voice came from above him.

Zhang Ye coughed and said, "Nothing, I'm just finding a position to sleep in."

In the darkness, the female voice said, "Kid, is this your sleeping position? Didn't I say not to bother me if there's nothing!? Are you not going to let me rest?"

Zhang Ye said with an embarrassed face, "Sure. Go ahead and sleep."

The female voice said, "Cut the crap. Take your hand out."

"No." Zhang Ye shamelessly said. "If I don't grab something, I can't sleep well."

The female voice sneered. "Do you want me to make a move?"

Zhang Ye lay there like a hooligan. "Make your move. I'm already at death's door anyways. I'm dizzy and everything in front of me is a blur. A touch would shatter me. If you aren't afraid I'll faint, then make your move." As he said, he cried out painfully, "Aiyah, my head is hurting again. I can't take it anymore, I'm dying!"

Pa.

Zhang Ye's head was struck by a person!

"Little bastard, you dare to play games with me!?" The female voice said.

Zhang Ye said speechlessly, "You really hit me?" Actually, it did not hurt one bit, but this fellow said with exaggeration, "I'm finished. My hand has lost its sense of touch. My consciousness is turning blur. My body..."

"Enough of that. Hurry up and go back to sleep." After the female voice said that, there was silence.

Zhang Ye peeped at Rao Aimin from the narrow slit in his eyes, and realized she had gone back to sleep with her eyes closed. She also did not fuss with the hand that was in her bra. Zhang Ye had a general idea and slowly took out his hand from her left bra cup, but did not fully remove it, but instead switched to the other side. He then squeezed it into the right bra cup. Immediately, his palm, fingers and even fingernails experienced softness!

It was as if he was lying on a cotton field.

It was as if he was in the ocean.

Zhang Ye felt extremely comfortable. With a move of his legs, he scissored Rao Aimin's legs in between his own. And at this moment, sleepiness crept up to him.

# Chapter 419: Lucky Draw, X-Ray Vision Eye Drops!

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Morning.

At the break of dawn.

The familiar scent of gruel entered Zhang Ye's nose. Zhang Ye subconsciously sniffed a little and woke up under the blanket. He rubbed his belly in hunger and turned his head. In front of him in the open kitchen, a hot steaming pot of gruel was cooking. He did not know when Rao Aimin had woken up, but he saw her standing there with her arms folded, looking at Chenchen. Meanwhile, Chenchen was forcefully made to sit at the table as she did her homework.

"Aunt, I'm hungry."

"You can eat after you've finished your homework."

"There's so much left to do, I'm hungry."

"You asked for it by not completing your homework last night. I already told you to finish it before sleeping, but you just didn't put my words to heart. Must you really need someone to supervise you?"

"But I'm really hungry."

"Will you still do this again in the future?"

"I won't dare to."

".....Eat then. After you have eaten, continue doing your homework!"

Rao Aimin glanced sharply at Chenchen before she went to get a bowl of gruel for her.

Zhang Ye also sat up and said, "I want a bowl too."

Rao Aimin looked at him in a bad mood, "Woke up already? There's a thermometer beside you, so check your own temperature." As she said that, she had already filled up three bowls of porridge.

Chenchen did not wait for Zhang Ye and picked up her spoon and began to eat.

Zhang Ye reluctantly checked his temperature and then announced, "37.3 degrees."

"Let me see." Rao Aimin said worriedly thinking that he was stupid enough to not know how to read a thermometer. She took a look at it and said, "Alright, your fever has subsided. Put on your clothes and come eat!"



When Zhang Ye had his feet on the ground, he felt his body was as light as a swallow and was no longer dizzy.

Rao Aimin went over, "Sit and don't move around." She slowly removed the bandage from his head and said, "Alright, the wound is not festering. Just rest for a few more days and you'll be fine." After saying that, she did not go over to eat, but instead applied another round of medicine to his forehead and neck. Only after cleaning the wounds and re-bandaging them did she join them to eat.

The steamed buns were probably hand made by Rao Aimin, since the stalls outside were not opened today. Everyone had gone home to celebrate the new year, and even if some of them were opened, their buns couldn't possibly be as good as Rao Aimin's. Although Old Rao's mouth was vicious, there really was nothing that could be picked on about her cooking!

Zhang Ye ate two big bowls of gruel and also eight steamed buns. He exclaimed, "Delicious!"

After saying that, he was about to take another, even though there was only one left on the plate.

Chenchen was ready to fight him for it, "It's mine."

Zhang Ye did not care that she was a child. He said, "Your uncle Zhang is a sick man. You ought to give in to me."

Chenchen said, "You've already had eight of them."

Zhang Ye said, "You had as much as me."

Chenchen said, "I helped my aunt steam those buns."

The two of them battled over it with their chopsticks for a long time while bickering.

Finally, Rao Aimin stepped in. She used her chopsticks to hit both of them on the head and said, "Be honest. Didn't you notice that I haven't even had one bun? What are you fighting over it for!" With that, she took it for herself in all fairness.

Zhang Ye tried to stop her.

Chenchen also extended her chopsticks to try to snatch it away, "Give it to me."

But Rao Aimin's chopsticks seemed like they were alive. With a push, a twist and a wave, those few beautiful strokes in the air, that was like a simple move from the Eight Trigrams, had caused Zhang Ye and Chenchen's chopsticks to be deflected away.

Rao Aimin picked up the bun and ate it herself.

Zhang Ye eyes darkened, "We're just eating buns, do you really

have to resort to kungfu?"

Chenchen pouted. That small look of hers had fully emulated her aunt's expressions.

After eating, Rao Aimin ordered, "Chenchen, go back to our house and finish your homework. Hurry up. If you don't finish at least ten pages, don't think of getting lunch. Little Zhang, go and take a bath. Look at you, smelling of rotten eggs. Go bathe and take your medicine. After that, do what you need to do. That kind of light injury shouldn't affect you so badly." When she finished saying that, she stretched her waist and yawned, "I will take a bath and then take a nap. This night has tired me out."

Zhang Ye said, "I will be coming over for lunch later then."

Rao Aimin glanced sideways at him, "You're in full spirits whenever there's talk about food!"

Chenchen smirked, "....Hur Hur, glutton."

"You as well." Rao Aimin scolded Chenchen, "I don't usually see you eat so much at home, but when someone wants to snatch your food, your appetite becomes so great?!"

Zhang Ye also 'Hur Hur'-ed.

Soon enough, Rao Aimin brought Chenchen back to their house. She was still worried as she was leaving. She said, "Don't let your

wounds get wet when you shower. You can use cling wrap if you can't keep them dry. Hear that?"

Zhang Ye said, "I got it."

Peng! The landlady slammed the door.

Zhang Ye also found himself smelly. Yesterday, he had only simply wiped himself clean and did not take a proper shower. After a night of sweating, he couldn't not take a shower anymore. He went into the bathroom, got naked and used the shower head to carefully wash himself clean without wetting his wounds.

Men shower very quickly, so he was done in a few minutes.

When he came out, Zhang Ye went back to his bed and sat down. He stretched himself and was in high spirits. He definitely felt much better than yesterday. He was feeling totally refreshed today. This was all thanks to the landlord auntie's overnight care for him. If he had been alone, who knew how long he would have been sick for?

He had recovered from his illness.

What should he do now?

Go home? That was out of question since his wounds had not heal. If his parents saw him like this, they would definitely be worried.

Work? That wasn't possible either. It was the first day of the new year, what work would there even be? The talk show had already finished recording. The school was on winter break. He was not needed in the marketing of Brain Platinum for the time being. Oh, right. There was still Zhang Yuanqi's "Woman Flower" single's copyright left to settle.

Ding Dong.

The doorbell rang.

Zhang Ye went to open the door and found a courier standing there.

"Hello. I'm from the courier company. Please acknowledge by signing here." Saying that, the youth was suddenly taken aback, "Aiyo, you....you're Teacher Zhang Ye?"

Zhang Ye signed off on the acknowledgment, "Please wait for a while, I'll take a look at it first."

The courier was very polite, "It's fine, please check it carefully. It's OK if you want to be thorough. I can wait."

Zhang Ye looked through the documents, which was the contract from Zhang Yuanqi's company. He browsed through it casually before signing on it. He fully trusted Zhang Yuanqi on such matters, knowing that she would not take advantage of him. He

said to the courier, "I'd have to trouble you to bring this back to the sender."

"Sure, please fill up another form then." The courier said.

After the paperwork was completed, the courier asked Zhang Ye for an autograph before leaving.

All his work matters had been settled now. It looked like he could only rest for the first few days of the new year.

Oh, it would be so boring.

Having been so used to being busy, he couldn't really get used to being idle.

Zhang Ye wanted to have a smoke, but he couldn't find his cigarettes in any of his pockets. He looked around the house, but there were no cigarettes to be found either. He remembered that he had some in his pockets, but now even his lighter was missing. He thought about it for a moment and decided that it must have been Rao Aimin who 'confiscated' his cigarettes. During this time of sickness, smoking would not be good for his body. Well, Old Rao was really not sparing any effort in caring for him.

What should he do?

Oh, there's the lottery!

Zhang Ye had pondered for a full day before finding something he could do.

His reputation points gained so far, together with those from "Woman Flower", the poem, and the incident with Lee Anson had all been recorded by the game ring and had reached a total of 55 million now. This was the result of his recent hard work and was considered to be his 'hard earned money'. This was a figure that dazzled Zhang Ye's eyes, as it was such a large figure. His game ring inventory was almost empty by now, unless you counted those shitty Difficulty Adjustment Die as items. His inventory had almost run completely dry, it was in dire need of restocking! His goals for this year had already been reached, and he still needed to continuously increase his reputation points. He needed to keep climbing in the entertainment circle to the very top, so these inventory items would be very important to him. It was his trump card. A new year and a new beginning. He would definitely need to stock up on ammo to prepare for times of necessity.

He had just finished his shower. It would be a lucky time for lottery!

Draw!

Do a test draw to see how the luck would be!

Zhang Ye clicked on the game menu. As he had a lot of reputation points now, he behaved very generously. He did not feel his heart ache at all. He tapped on the draw freely, and without seeing

where the needle would stop, he bought one Additional Stake.

Spin on!

Spin on!

The needle slowly came to a stop!

Treasure Chest (Small) was received. It was a Consumption Category item!

"X-Ray vision eye drops" x 2: Upon applying to the eyes, it will grant the user X-Ray vision. Lasts for 5 minutes.

This was a new item. Zhang Ye had never gotten this item in the past, but looking at it, he felt lucky that he did not buy too many additional stakes for that round, otherwise it would really have been a waste. This item did not seem to have too much of a practical use. What could X-Ray vision be used for? Could it grant him an increase in reputation? Could it help him to become more and more successful in the entertainment industry?

Eh? Wait a minute.

Didn't the Landlord auntie say she was going to take a shower!?

Was she done with her shower yet? She shouldn't be done yet, right?



Zhang Ye stopped his lottery draw to retrieve the X-Ray vision eye drops from the treasure chest. He put one of them into his inventory and, with the other, he opened and dripped it into his eyes.

The eye drops took effect!

Countdown of five minutes begins!

The next moment, all Zhang Ye saw was pitch black. He looked at the wall and seemingly saw some metal rods and concrete, but as the lighting wasn't good, it appeared rather blurry. He knew that the X-Ray vision had taken effect, but how did you adjust the zooming? When he had that thought, his eyes somehow obeyed and followed along by zooming in. His vision had now pierced past the wall at home and moved forward to quite a distance. Finally, it stopped at the landlord auntie's living room!

How high-tech!

This X-Ray vision was too amazing!

Zhang Ye was very excited. He walked over and and pressed himself against the wall at his house, but his vision was now focused on another house. He saw Chenchen sitting in the living room, not doing her homework at all. As Zhang Ye was very familiar with the layout of Rao Aimin's house, he easily navigated his vision into the bathroom!

He could see through into it now!

His vision was zooming in!

But there was no one inside. It was completely empty!

# Chapter 420: A Great Harvest Of Items!

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In the room.

An air of seduction seemingly floated around.

Zhang Ye poured himself a glass of water and drank a few mouthfuls. He went to the bathroom and splashed his face with cold water. Only in this way could he cool down a little. His mind was full of images of the landlord auntie's fair white skin. If he didn't do this, his mind would not have been able to settle down. Alright then, it's back to serious business, the lottery draw. Zhang Ye decided that he could no longer be distracted. If he used whatever he had drawn, it would affect his state too much.

Here it goes!

Time for the lottery!

This time, he was going to add 20 additional stakes!

Zhang Ye opened the lottery and started to spin again. He did not idle after that. With his two hands clasped together, his mouth continuously chanted some incomprehensible incantations. Then, in the middle of the spin, he ran to the toilet and quickly washed his hands with some soap. Those who did not know him, whether it be fans or colleagues, would think that Zhang Ye was a very upright and brave person, but in actual fact, those who were familiar with him would know that this was a person who did not even dare to go to the hospital if he was unwell. He was also a little

superstitious, even if he neither believed in gods nor ghosts, but he believed in life.

Sometimes lucky?

Sometimes unlucky?

This stubbornness in believing this had some form of regularity and continuity. He had his own set of theories regarding this and that would be — washing his hands!

The needle stopped spinning!

It had stopped on the consumption category of items!

Twenty Treasure Chests (Small) had been drawn. Zhang Ye took a deep breath and opened the first one. Then he was stunned. Stunned because it was empty, there was nothing in the chest at all.

The second one was empty too.

The tenth was the same!

Zhang Ye cursed, knowing that he had been scammed!

In past lottery draws, whether the outcome was good or bad,

there had at least have been items that could be used, but this time, it was empty. It was clear that empty chests were valid items as well and knowing that it was a lottery, it shouldn't be all that surprising. Zhang Ye was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. He hadn't experienced such a situation before in so many times of the lottery draw, that he felt that he was having wretched luck today. According to his experience and analysis, the chances of getting an empty chest was really small, yet today, he had met with such an unfavorable situation!

Twenty additional stakes all turned to dust!

That was 2 million worth of reputation points!

Zhang Ye could feel the pinch, but knowing that he had over 50 million made him feel better. After all, accidents did happen. The sun would continue to shine, producing rainbows after the rain! Well, let's analyze it a bit. Why did that happen? Didn't he already wash his hands? He even showered before that! Logically speaking, it should not have happened! Aiyo, that must be it! He only washed his hands after he opened the lottery draw system! F\*\*king washed a little too late!

Zhang Ye felt that it made sense, so he ran straight to the bathroom again to wash his hands. He even washed it six times as 'Double six breaks the Jinx'! He was doing it for good luck!

Again!

This time, it would definitely be good!

Zhang Ye bought another chance at the draw, and was ready to bet a big one this round. Even though he had drawn the X-Ray vision eye drop earlier, it wasn't powerful enough and wasn't of much use either. Later on, he drew 20 empty chests too. It felt like a bad patch, but as things go, the new draw should bring a surprise! How much should he bet? The largest ever bet he had ever tried was 100 additional stakes. This round, maybe he should go for 200 additional stakes!

Twenty million reputation points were spent just like that!

Zhang Ye bore the pinch from the big spending and looked straight ahead!

Alright, here we go!

Open! Open! Open!

Zhang Ye continuously shouted three times, and the needle came to a stop!

This time, it landed on the Skills Category region!

Although the Treasure Chest (Small) was not big, 200 boxes of treasure chests sparkling in his inventory was still a rather amazing sight to behold. This one was definitely a success! There was no way it could be a failure!

Zhang Ye's hands trembled as they touched one of those treasure chests. He knew that once he opened it, the contents inside would decide if he lived or died. 200 stakes, that was 20 million reputation points. No matter what kind of experience books appeared, after he ate them, he would definitely gain something great. He would probably not be at full level for the skill, but at least it would propel him to a rather high level. Previously, with those 100 Skills Experience Book for Calligraphy, this was already proven. The 100 books had largely increased his skill and its effects were obvious. Now, he had 200 books!

Please don't let it be empty again!

Abracadabra Homalihom!

The Treasure Chest (Small) opened with a golden glow, and a book could be clearly seen sitting within it. It looked rather familiar.

[ Computer Programming Skills Experience Book ].

Zhang Ye nearly fainted. He had previously drawn this Experience Skill Book before. Back then, he remembered it was about 11 books that gave him the skills to get into the computer system of Li Tao, an employee of the Shanghai SARFT. He had activated Li Tao's camera and gotten the video evidence that he needed. This skill might be called programming, but practically speaking it was a skill used by mainly hackers, web specialists, or internet security experts. Most of the skillset came from computer programming and web technology!

# 200 books!

Was this game trying to make this bro a computer hacker?

Zhang Ye didn't think that this skill experience was bad. In fact he knew it was quite good, but to him, he didn't feel that he needed so much experience in this area. It was worth 20 million reputation points, it was just such a waste!

It wasn't ideal!

Today's lottery draws were all too unideal!

Zhang Ye was nearly tearing. Washing his hands?

I'll wash your sister instead! Comrades! We still need to fall back on science!

As he grumbled, Zhang Ye opened up the 200 Treasure Chests, and then the Experience Books as he absorbed each of them into his brain. Although he was cursing, he still had to learn it. After all, he had spent so much Reputation on it. He couldn't just throw them away. Zhang Ye had accepted the reality of the situation. This was also quite a huge workload, for he spent half an hour before he finished consuming all of them.

200 books of experience books had all been 'eaten'!



And then? Continue the lottery draw! I won't believe this!

Zhang Ye was feeling rather fearless today. He did not believe that his luck would be so poor. He decided not to put any additional stakes this time, and would just get a feel for what was to come. His Reputation points was increasing at a much faster rate now. Compared to the past, he could only draw once with 100,000 Reputation points, which would make him so happy like a darned grandchild, but now, even if he sat at home unmoving, he would gather hundreds of thousands of Reputation points every minute. Hence, he did not mind it too much. After all, he was famous now, and there were more and more people who paid attention to him or liked him. The sources of Reputation points was constantly expanding, and was not as limited as it had been in the past. Hence, if he wanted to think about it, the 20 million Reputation points was nothing much. Since he had spent it, so be it. He could not be lucky for his entire his life. Although the Reputation points were spent, he could still earn more in the future. There was a steady stream of revenue, so it was alright.

It started spinning!

The needle became slower and slower!

Zhang Ye didn't take his eyes off it and also did not wash his hands or pray. It was just 100,000 reputation anyway, he would treat this as a test.

The needle stopped!

It was the largest region yet again — Consumption Category.

Zhang Ye did not have any expression as he opened up the treasure chest, but when he saw the item in the chest, he spat out yet another curse word!

Holy sh\*t!

It can't be such a scam, can it?

An item came out from the Treasure Chest (Small) — [Lucky Bread]!

Zhang Ye had gotten this item before too, so he definitely knew its uses and power. It was an amazing item, limited to five minutes of use. It could increase Zhang Ye's luck. For example, he could use it before drawing from the lottery to help him gain better items, and in normal day to day life, it would help him to smoothly sail through any difficult situation. Frankly speaking, after so many times of playing the lottery draw, Zhang Ye had come across quite a number of items, but if he had to pick one that had the most practical use with the best results, he had no doubt that it would be the "Lucky Bread". Previously, he had used it to help him get past difficult situations countless of times. It did not have any side effects either. Compared to the "Difficulty Adjustment Die", it did not last as long, but it didn't carry a chance of putting him in a difficult situation! Back then, when the "Difficulty Adjustment Die" was used, it created an extremely difficult situation for him in the form of an aircraft hijacking! He had to literally fight for his life in

that situation! That was playing with his life! Overall, the lucky bread was too good of an item!

This was the item that he wanted the most!

Now that he had drawn this item again, it was a good thing!

But because of the outcome of the earlier draws, Zhang Ye did not put any Additional Stakes on this bet. Thus, he only managed to draw one Lucky Bread. Wasn't this purposely blocking his path to success!?

Regrets!

This was too unsettling!

If he had used 100 additional stakes or even bet all of his reputation points on it, he would have a few hundred Lucky Breads. He would definitely be overjoyed if that had happened!

Zhang Ye was left wondering what went wrong today. Having just recovered from a sickness, everything else was also not smooth sailing?

F\*\*k!

I don't believe this shit!

Zhang Ye was provoked. He gave it some thought before gobbling the Lucky Bread and putting it into effect!

Lucky Bread in Effect!

Countdown begins, 5:00...

Zhang Ye had a dark expression. He was in a bad mood and did not say a word as he opened the lottery. This time, he did not put any additional stakes from the start. He decided that he would observe the situation before doing anything further.

The needle started moving.

It was spinning very quickly!

10 seconds...

30 seconds ....

One minute...

The needle started slowing down, passing the Consumption Category region to the Skills Category region before slowly edging past the Stats Category. Suddenly, Zhang Ye spotted something!

It was the Special Category that the needle was moving towards,

a very small region!

Almost there! Just a little more!

Zhang Ye had luck on his side his side this time. He firmly believed the needle would stop at the Special Category region!

Just 3 millimeters more!

Another millimeter!

It went into the region! The needle had stopped!

Zhang Ye was very excited, but also very nervous, because he had used up his last and most important Lucky Bread. He had bet it all on this draw. The Skills Category treasure chest had items that could be bought from the merchant shop, which meant that he could buy whatever he gotten this time without limit, as long as he had enough Reputation Points. It would allow him to use it continuously without a need for a lottery draw, but the right to be able to buy such items was based on luck. If it were the rights to buy lock picking skills, then that was as good as useless. Zhang Ye's goal was to become a famous person, not some professional thief, who could open any lock with a packet of instant noodles!

What could it be?

What item's buying rights did he win this time?

Zhang Ye stared at the game interface without blinking, afraid he would miss something important.

Ding!

The system notification appeared!

[Special Category awarded: Adding the right to purchase item, "Lucky Halo"]

What?

Lucky Halo?

What was that? He had never seen such a thing!

Zhang Ye immediately tapped open another game option — Merchant Shop. There were already three items unlocked inside. The first was the 'Memory Search Capsule'. It was the earliest unlocked item that Zhang Ye had ever drawn from the lottery. The second item was 'Taiji Fist Skill Experience Book', and the third item was marked as an angelic halo icon. Zhang Ye tapped on it with his hand and the item description appeared.

[Lucky Halo]: Increases the luck of the player, usable without limit. Takes effect or gets canceled after clicking. 10,000 reputation points is deducted for every second of use!

When he saw this description, Zhang Ye nearly broke down and cried. He really had not been forsaken by the gods! The gods did not forsake me!

Did you see!?

Washing my hands was very critical!

It did not show in the beginning, but it showed up later on!

At the moment he won the right to purchase this item, Zhang Ye felt that all the efforts before was not in vain. So what if he had wasted 20 million Reputation points, or regretted not buying Additional Stakes for one Lucky Bread. F\*\*k it, I now have this divine item known as "Lucky Halo". Why would I ever need Lucky Bread again? Lucky Bread could only be used for five minutes at most and have to be lucky to draw it in the lottery. It can't be used anytime and there are so many restrictions, but what about "Lucky Halo"? As long as he had enough Reputation points, there was no restriction and no time limit. There was no upper limit. He could use it as long as he wished. He could augment his luck anytime he wanted. He could stop it anytime he wanted. He could enter and exit, could be soft and hard, could be offensive and...Alright, enough of the nonsense. Anyway, it was definitely very awesome!

This solved a big problem for Zhang Ye!

This Merchant Shop purchase rights were perfect!

With his luck augmented, he could get anything he wanted. What sort of concept was this!? What sort of feeling was this!?

Well, the only disadvantage was that "Lucky Halo" was a bit "expensive" to use. A Lucky Bread drawn from the lottery was only 100,000 Reputation points, but "Lucky Halo" spend 10,000 Reputation points a second. A minute would be 600,000 Reputation points. Ten minutes would be 6,000,000 Reputation points!

The more powerful it was, the more it would cost him.

Furthermore, drawing at the lottery and purchasing had their differences. This was something he could only helplessly accept.

For example, the Taiji Fist Skillbooks were only 100,000 if he played the lottery, but if he bought it from the Merchant Shop, it would cost a million per book. It was ten times more expensive, and he could do nothing about it. The lottery was all about luck. If he really could not draw something useful, then it would be useless forever, but the Merchant Shop? As long as you had the rights to buy the item, you could buy it any time, but correspondingly, the cost would be much more expensive.

Anyway, Zhang Ye had a great harvest today!

He made note of his Reputation points and items.



Total Reputation points: 33,000,000+.

Items: Difficulty Adjustment Die x 2. X-ray vision eye drops x1.

Skills: Trivial.

Merchant Shop Items: Memory Search Capsule. Taiji Fist Skill Experience Book. Lucky Halo.

Zhang Ye's confidence grew. This lottery had given him a good start to reach the goal he had for the year!

# Chapter 421: Release Of The Single!

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On the same day.

The second night of the new year.

Zhang Ye had finally managed to taste Rao Aimin's Red Braised Pork at her house. It was really tasty and he couldn't stop eating. His mouth didn't even have a chance to stay closed as he devoured it all like a wolf, regardless of having just recovered from an illness, like he had not eaten for several days. Zhang Ye had always looked forward to the landlady's cooking. Ever since he went to Shanghai to work, he had not tasted her cooking. He would often salivate at the thought of her dishes. This, together with having drawn a really good item in the lottery this afternoon, led to him being in an extremely good mood, which, in turn, increased his appetite significantly.

"It's too delicious! This food is all for this bro! I'm reserving this dish and leaving the rest of the dishes for you two. No one is gonna touch my Red Braised Pork!" Zhang Ye pulled the plate over to his side of the table.

"That's mine." Chenchen snatched it back.

Zhang Ye held onto the plate, "Don't fight with me over this."

"It's you who is fighting with me for it." Chenchen said solemnly.

Zhang Ye stared at her, "Hey, how can you snatch this food from a sick man?!"

Chenchen contemptuously said, "And you aren't giving in to a child, you are nothing like the adult you should be."

Zhang Ye said, "You, a child? You are more of an adult than an actual adult!"

"....Hur Hur." Chenchen gave her trademark sneer again.

Rao Aimin was annoyed and rebuked, "I'm watching TV, can the both of you rascals keep it down!"

Zhang Ye continued to eat, Chenchen continued to fight to have the dishes she wanted, while Rao Aimin was busy scolding the two of them. The three of them merrily had their meal as they bickered around. It was the new year after all.

After eating, Zhang Ye took out his laptop to watch "Zhang Ye's Talk Show". A new episode had been released, as four other episodes were released together with it. His fame and popularity, as well as his game ring's reputation points had been steadily increasing with each passing day, but with this scheduled run of releases, the last episode would likely be in just a few more days. Hai, such a large stockpile of episodes were put online in such a short amount time, Zhang Ye wondered what kind of strict policy the SARFT was going to be announcing. He did not even know how he would go about his job from now on and could only take it one step at a time. He needed to get as many reputation points as

possible before deciding his next move. Otherwise, should the SARFT policies really be detrimental to his talk show and, forcing him to be unable to broadcast any of his shows, it would definitely be a huge loss.

"What?" Rao Aimin frowned.

Zhang Ye clapped his hands together to signal that he was about to announce something. He said, "Comrades, please be quiet. The renowned variety show that has gathered popularity throughout the nation, A new episode of 'Zhang Ye's Talk Show' is to be broadcasted now. Please enjoying viewing it in silence." Zhang Ye did not help to wash the bowls, and just lay down on the sofa like it was his own home.

Rao Aimin glanced at him, "The bowls?"

Zhang Ye said, "I'll do that in a while. Let's watch first."

Rao Aimin had spent an entire day and night taking care of him. Now that he had recovered, it was time for him to pay up. However, Zhang Ye would delay it if he could delay.

Chenchen said, "Zhang Ye, you're so lazy."

Zhang Ye stared at her, "The one who is least qualified to say that would be you!"

The new episode started playing. Zhang Ye appeared on screen as

he spoke confidently.

The joke segments came one after another as Zhang Ye watched and laughed out loud. He was even impressed by his own program. What a good show!

But when he looked to the young and old duo beside him.

Rao Aimin watched for a while and yawned.

Chenchen also followed her aunt's expression with a deadpan look and yawned.

From beginning till the end, the two of them had not laughed once. Zhang Ye was speechless. He admitted that the style of talk show was satirical and not simply making jokes just to get laughs. If it had to be funny, it couldn't be done in ways similar to crosstalks or skits. A talk show had its own unique charm that could combine a society's current affairs with humor with satire. In this world, only Zhang Ye could do it in this way. No one else had been able to recreate this style and soul. How could such an outstanding program make the two of you so sleepy! Do you even need to yawn!

He groaned a little, but did not take it up with them. Forget it, any form of art would never be able to force everyone to accept or like it. It wasn't his talk show that was not good, but that these two had such an elevated sense of humor. A high end talk show like this was not something that was suitable for a martial arts family like that, who'd spend all day training and fighting.

Chenchen banged on the table, "Change the channel. Change the channel. Change the channel."

Rao Aimin also said, "You, this rascal, go and wash the bowls. Don't try to escape!"

Zhang Ye could only succumb to them. He switched off the computer and turned the TV back to a random news channel before angrily going off to scrub the bowls.

They don't know what true art is!!

You both really don't understand art!

Halfway through the washing, his cellphone rang in his pocket.

Zhang Ye answered the unknown number saying, "Who is this?"

It was a girl's voice on the other end, "Is this Teacher Zhang Ye? I am a staff of Zhang Yuanqi's team. Sister Zhang wanted me to notify you that the single "Woman Flower" would be released tonight around 7:30 PM. She also hoped that you could help promote it a little by posting about it on Weibo."

"I will do that." Zhang Ye said.

The girl said, "Thank you then. I won't disturb you any longer."

Happy new year."

"Happy new year to you too." Zhang Ye hung up and finished washing the bowls before going back outside.

The two of them were still watching the news. Zhang Ye turned his computer on again and logged onto Weibo. He forwarded Zhang Yuanqi's new Weibo post about the release of her new single. He was also full of anticipation regarding this release of "Woman Flower". On the night of the Spring Festival Gala, as "Woman Flower" was performed with a time limit, it had cut to fit their stage time, not the original full length song. This time, it was also Zhang Yuanqi's solo take on the song, and the accompaniment was also redone. Therefore, he was not worried that people who had heard it during the Spring Festival Gala would not listen to it. Whether this single would shoot up the charts mattered to Zhang Ye too, as his reputation was closely related to the outcome of the single's release. The talk show was about to finish broadcasting, and the students at Peking University were on winter break. His sources of reputation were drying up. It wasn't easy breaking into the C-list, so he didn't want to fall back down. To Zhang Ye, every reputation point and chance to gain publicity mattered deeply.

"What are you doing making so much noise over there." Rao Aimin glanced over.

"There was something I needed to do. What's the matter?" Zhang Ye asked.

Chenchen pointed at the television, "Watch, it's Lee Anson."

"Eh?" Zhang Ye looked to the TV screen and was slightly stunned, "Lee Anson's concert has been moved to an earlier date? It will begin tonight?"

Rao Aimin looked at her watch, "It's already begun."

The news had reported that, due to the adverse effects of Lee Anson pushing down a fan during the new year's, it had caused his popularity to drastically decrease in China. Refunds for his concerts had reached an unprecedented 35%. The originally scheduled solo concert in Suzhou on the 6th had been bumped forward to the 2nd, and according to the observations of the reporters who were at the Suzhou concert venue, Lee Anson's solo concert was only about 45% filled. This meant that other than those who got refunds, there were many members of the audience who did not seek a refund nor turn up. Some organizations and companies who received complimentary tickets also did not appear at the concert venue.

Zhang Ye knew that Lee Anson's marketing team was making public relations maneuvers to save the situation. If they let this situation carry on, the number of refunds might continue increasing. Hence, they needed to immediately come up with a response and display, and they did so by bumping the concert's date forward. If he did not guess wrongly, Lee Anson probably had to go onstage with injuries. Even if his wounds had healed, he would have to go up with some bandages. This would garner sympathy, and was also a form of saving face. Lee Anson and company were probably trying their very best to prevent the loss of fans. After all, China was their "main battleground".



Was it effective?

Zhang Ye shook his head in silence.

What that darn grandson did didn't matter. It was more important to pay attention to Old Zhang's single release.

At 7:30 PM, Zhang Yuanqi's new single was released on the dot. There was no exclusive release this time. On Weibo, a few music platforms, and even the sales of the single CD, were all opened. Online shops also removed the pre-order of this single, as there were more than enough physical copies.

"Landlady Auntie."

"What?"

"The single for 'Woman Flower' has been released. Could you and Chenchen give it some likes and play it?"

"Zhang Yuanqi's solo?"

"Yes."

"That song isn't too bad."

This was a song written for women. Big Sis Rao also looked like she liked it very much. Although she uttered the words 'not bad', in actuality, that was just how she was. She hardly ever said that something was 'good', so a comment saying that it was "not bad" actually meant that she approved of it.

Rao Aimin played "Woman Flower" and listened.

When Chenchen heard it, she seemed uninterested and just sat there, continuing to eat sunflower seeds.

Zhang Ye looked at Rao Aimin as he listened to the melody. He suddenly said, "Big Sis Rao, I have not mentioned it to you yet, but regarding the incident this time, thank you. You looked out for me, and even got someone to get me out of the police station, so let me know if there's anything I can do for you in the future to repay you. I won't talk about impossibles, such as getting you the stars and moon, but as long as it's something I can do, I will certainly try my best.

Rao Aimin glanced at him and said without holding back, "Chenchen and my laundry have begun to pile up, go wash them for me later."

Zhang Ye coughed, ".....About that, why don't we talk about getting the stars and the moon instead!"

"Woman Flower", when sung by Zhang Yuanqi, really sounded too beautiful. One could tell from listening that Zhang Yuanqi had let herself go for the song. It sounded very different from the

version performed at the Spring Festival Gala. As Zhang Xia had been a soprano singer all her life, Zhang Yuanqi had wanted to match Grandma Zhang Xia by singing a pitch higher in their duet. Although it sounded good, compared to the original, it lost a little flavor. It lacked the sorrowfulness and the feeling of the passage of time. However, when it came to her own solo version, Zhang Yuanqi did not go for that same high pitched delivery while singing, but instead went lower in pitch. Zhang Ye knew that this was the exact pitch that Anita Mui had sung for her original version. If Zhang Yuanqi did not sing it this way, Zhang Ye would probably not have bothered thinking and analyzing all of it. Looking at it now, Old Zhang's music and artistic levels were really of very high standards. As one of the greats of the movie industry, she had not disappointed. Even more, she fully deserved the tag of once being labeled the Queen of Music of yesteryear. Her ability was there for all to see.

If Zhang Ye had to give his review on this single?

He could only sum it up in a single word — Perfect!

Grandma Zhang Xia would also be releasing her version of "Woman Flower" in a few days? However, it looked as if the pressure on her would be immense. With such a big mountain called Old Zhang in front of her, it would not be easy to create an even better cover of the song.

Rao Aimin listened to the song again.

Zhang Ye also followed suit and played it another time.

However you listened to it, it was sung so perfectly!

# Chapter 422: The Power Of The Lucky Halo!

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The song was great!

The singing was also really good!

But what surprised Zhang Ye the most, was that after the release of the single, the results had not turned out as he imagined. Compared to the release of "Wishing We Last Forever", it lacked quite a bit. With Zhang Yuanqi's popularity and appeal, as long as the song was good, it would be normal for the song to climb to the top 10 of the mainland's music charts, or even the aggregated national music charts throughout the entire country, and half an hour after the single was released, "Woman Flower" had indeed entered the top ten of the national charts. The real-time pre-order sales of the CD had reached 18,000. If it were any ordinary singer, such results would be to die for, but for Zhang Yuanqi, this was just above average. It was okay, but nothing truly outstanding. After all, Zhang Yuanqi was no ordinary singer. Many years ago, she had once reached the peak of the music industry as a Heavenly Queen.

Number of plays: 1.3 million.

CD pre-order sales: 18,000.

Weibo trending position: #5.

It was ranked 5th on the mainland's music charts.

On national music charts (including Hong Kong & Taiwan), it was in 9th place.

Although the results were still improving and various figures from other aspects were also increasing, the increment had not been as quick as it ought to have been. There was quite a bit of resistance.

Zhang Ye knew that this was mainly because of the Spring Festival Gala's effect. The premiere of the song "Woman Flower" was during the Spring Festival Gala. It had a favorable effect as the viewership ratings for the gala were astronomical. It had helped to spread the song too quickly and had a profound effect. For Zhang Ye to become a C-list celebrity this quickly was also due to the credit of the gala, but there was a saying in stock markets. After a burst of momentum, all that would be left over would be nothing. "Woman Flower"'s energy might have finished its spurt on the night of the gala. After being on a stage with such publicity, it was bound to be lacking in subsequent momentum. This caused Zhang Yuanqi's new single to enter an awkward state.

What was he to do?

This was a difficult situation.

Zhang Ye had hoped that he would be able to gain another large chunk of reputation points through the release of this single. He did not expect that it would turn out this way. The difference between his initial expectations and the current situation was

huge. It seemed like it was too difficult to grasp what the market was thinking. No one could have predicted this.

Rao Aimin looked at the rankings and said, "What a pity."

Zhang Ye said, "Yea, a lot of people already heard "Woman Flower" during the Spring Festival Gala. Even though Sister Zhang released this new single, some of them wouldn't be tempted to give it another listen. If they played it, they would know that this version is very different from the one they heard at the gala. The singing style, music style, and feeling it conveys are completely different. Hai, I feel that it still boils down to the marketing publicity.... but then again, I can't say that. The main reason is that there's no more talking point to market it with."

It can't be ignored that Lee Anson's emergency publicity stunt to rescue his image had been carried out quite well. An injured person performing had attracted all sorts of headlines. Together with the incident two days ago, even though it put him in a negative light, it still put him in the spotlight and gave him the attention. A lot of people, who liked Lee Anson very much and those who hated him greatly, were having heated discussions about him on a Weibo post. Thus, any thoughts on Old Zhang's new song were therefore diverted.

No way!

He needed to do something!

Firstly, it was for the sake of the new song that he composed and

wrote. Secondly, he didn't want that grandson of a Lee Anson to come back from the dead. If a person like him were to bounce back, how many more of his countrymen would be cheated of their money! Oh right, didn't he just gained the right to use the "Lucky Halo" item? Why don't we give it a try and see what sort of outcome this luck would bring?!

Thinking of this, Zhang Ye opened up the game ring's interface to access the merchant shop when Rao Aimin was not paying attention to him. He took a deep breath and then quickly activated the "Lucky Halo"!

[Item Activated].

[Lucky Halo is in effect].

A halo, that was not unlike that of an angel's, suddenly appeared over Zhang Ye's head. It emitted a bright glow, but this glow was not visible to others in the house. Both Rao Aimin and Chenchen could not see it.

A second passed by -- 10,000 reputation points deducted.

Another second passed -- another 10,000 reputation points deducted.

This was too costly. Zhang Ye's heart was bleeding and he felt his heart wincing, but he still did not turn it off. Because just a few seconds of luck right now would not produce any outcomes. Luck



was a cumulative process, so how could he depend on just one second worth of luck. Its effect might take place at an unknown time and at an unknown place, and this was not something within Zhang Ye's control. Because no one could control the outcome, it was better to leave it on for a while longer!

.....

At the same time.

Suzhou, at a certain place, at a certain venue.

The concert was in full swing. The audience turnout below stage might have been less than half, but those that were present were the most hardcore of fans. The atmosphere was very passionate and countless of them waved their light sticks in the air to cheer for Lee Anson. Some of the girls even cried as they saw Lee Anson in bandages and using a crutch to support himself. Their hearts almost broke as they shouted and screamed at the top of their lungs!

Actually, as long as it was anyone who was present at the Spring Festival Gala, they would know that Lee Anson was not so seriously injured. At most, his face had been a little bruised. There was no need for him to be bandaged up like a dumpling. He was obviously putting on an act, to show how pitiful he looked.

He had just finished performing his tenth song.

"Anson-oppa! You're the best!"

"We will support you forever!"

"Anson-oppa! I love you!"

"You need to hold on, Anson-oppa!"

"Don't sing anymore! Sob, sob, sob! Hurry and recuperate!"

"Yea, Anson-oppa! We are heartbroken just seeing you like this!"

But Lee Anson stood on in the middle of the stage, looking like he was enduring his injuries and smiling in pain. He said in Mandarin, "Thank you everyone."

When he said that, it attracted a wave of cheers.

Following that, Lee Anson said, "네, 다음 노래가...'너'!"

A translator backstage said, "The next song is 'YOU'!"

After translating this, the translator put down her microphone, as there was nothing more for her to say.

The backstage technical staff members got busy. They each had their own roles to fulfill, either tuning, equipment handling,

lighting, or stage arrangement.

"Don't push!"

"Let me through!"

"Are the lights ready?"

"Why are they not moving? Oh, there it goes!"

"Play the music!"

A backstage staff member was busy handling his job. For some reason, the machine he was using to play the music on had suddenly failed. It seemed like it had hung.

"Quickly!"

"It's beginning soon, play the music!"

That staff worker was panicking as he tried to get the machine to work. He kept tapping on the machine hoping to get it to work but to no avail. He resorted to switching the output from the computer instead and hurriedly chose the music to play!

This time, it worked!

The music started!

But what made the backstage staff all freeze was that the music playing was not for "YOU". Instead, it sounded like a familiar melody, but not something anyone of them could recall where they had heard it before!

The audience was stunned!

Lee Anson also froze. F\*\*k, what song was this?

However, some in the audience managed to remember what song it was. Their faces lit up with excitement!

This song wasn't an instrumental piece, and in fact had lyrics. The first verse immediately rang out throughout the venue!

"I have a flower."

"It grows within my heart."

"A bud waiting to bloom.....for the longest time."

It's "Woman Flower"!

It was Zhang Yuanqi's new cover of "Woman Flower"!

Lee Anson was dumbfounded. The backstage staff were also dumbfounded. Your sister! How did it become this song!? Who's controlling it?

"The machine is faulty!"

"The computer has hung!"

"Damn! What's wrong with all the equipment? Stop it immediately! Quickly, stop it!"

"It can't be stopped. The computer has crashed!"

7-8 of them came together and got busy, standing around the faulty machine and computer to investigate. This venue had been around for more than a decade now, and the equipment was getting old and regularly had problems, but a problem as big as this had never happened before. Even if it had played the wrong song, it should not have been a big problem, but the issue here was why of all songs, it had to be "Woman Flower". This was the song that was written and composed by Zhang Ye, who had beaten Lee Anson up!

"It still can't be stopped!"

"Oh God, why did the machine have to break down at this time!"

"Stop it, quick! We can't have this playing anymore, turn off the power source!"

An audience member below the stage suddenly burst into laughter and because of him, a few others, who did not really like Lee Anson, also began to laugh. Lee Anson, who had recently been beaten by Zhang Ye, had his solo concert interrupted by Zhang Ye's song! This was too much! Lee Anson could not be rid of Zhang Ye's presence! This was probably the most embarrassing thing in the world right now! Lee Anson's face became green!

He could no longer perform anymore!

Lee Anson turned around and walked off stage, heading directly backstage!

Meanwhile, the melodious song was still being played.

"I have a flower."

"It grows within my heart."

Suddenly, all the lights at the venue went off. The power source had been cut as per the backstage staff's control!

But one second later, all of the power returned. This concert venue actually had a backup power source and had automatically restarted!

"No one understands true love."

"The weeds of the land, are growing throughout the hills."

"Narcissism is but the most heart aching."

Off stage, everyone was going crazy!

Lee Anson and his team went crazy as well!

Everyone listened to Zhang Yuanqi's new version of the song. Some of them had heard this song before during the Spring Festival Gala, while others had changed channels that night when they saw Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi appear on stage and had not heard this song before. Now that this song was playing and they were all left with no choice but to listen, many of them were stunned. They suddenly realized how moving this song was and how it touched their hearts! Some were hearing it for the second time now and began to realize how charming the song was. Some art could only be appreciated with a second look.

No one understands true love? Countless of people were already saying that Zhang Yuanqi could not make it anymore and was fading as a singer, but who could have known about Zhang Yuanqi's passion for music?

The weeds of the land, are growing throughout the hills? This phrase could even be taken as a sarcastic remark to Lee Anson!

Narcissism was but the most heart breaking..... no one

understood her and claimed that she was getting old. Could this Heavenly Queen, who had once been so revered, be the only one who could appreciate herself?

Once!

Twice!

"Woman Flower" was being blasted out at the concert venue!

Finally, after about 10 seconds into the third play did the song finally stop!

.....

On the other side.

Jiaomen, Rao Aimin's house.

Zhang Ye deactivated the "Lucky Halo" as his reputation points no longer decreased. It had stopped at around 30 million. This activation of the "Lucky Halo" had lasted for 13 minutes. At the beginning, he had 35.5 million reputation points. His reputation had also increased a lot after the release of today's episodes of "Zhang Ye's Talk Show". If he were to calculate, his usage of the "Lucky Halo" had cost him a total of 8 million reputation points!



# 8 million!

This halo was damn freaking expensive!

In the future, unless it was a last resort, he really could not use it again!

# Chapter 423: Zhang Ye Gains Even More Popularity!

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Waiting!

And waiting!

Why was nothing happening?!

He had spent quite a lot of reputation points, but what effect did it have? Why did he not see any effect? Zhang Ye was getting anxious. That was 8 million reputation points worth of time that he had thrown down. Couldn't you at least let this bro see some of the effects? You can't just leave me hanging with that amount of reputation points used! I had to slog my way up to gain those reputation points. Even if you don't cause a stir, you should at least let me win the lottery and that would still be useful, right?

Looking in his wallet, he barely had a cent left.

On television, there was no news of anything either.

Where did his luck go? It was more than 10 minutes' worth of time, shouldn't there have been at least some effect?

Suddenly, the mainland music chart's website, that was still open on Zhang Ye's laptop, caused him to be stunned for a moment. He discovered that "Woman Flower", which was already losing its

momentum earlier, had suddenly made a breakthrough and shot to third place!

No!

Something must have happened somewhere!

Zhang Ye instinctively realized that and quickly went to check Weibo. He saw a news article posted 10 minutes ago and understood just what had happened. He was overjoyed — The equipment at Lee Anson's concert venue had been faulty and mistakenly played Zhang Yuanqi's new single, "Woman Flower" for nearly 10 minutes, repeating it twice!

"Landlady Auntie, look." Zhang Ye showed her the laptop screen.

When Rao Aimin saw it, she was also amused, "That Lee guy sure is unlucky!"

"I want to see too." Chenchen also came over to take a look out of interest. She suddenly let out a sneer before saying, "When a person is out of luck, they'd fall down, even when standing still."

Rao Aimin commented, "This person is so unlucky, that no one can save him. In my opinion, he no longer has a chance to survive in China."

Only Zhang Ye knew that this was not down on Lee Anson's bad

luck, but rather his use of the "Lucky Halo". Thereafter, he, together with Rao Aimin and Chenchen, began reading the comments about the incident. What a good one it was! The comments really took off as anything and everything was said. It was enjoyable to read them all!

"Aiyo, I can't take it anymore!"

"Hahahahaha!"

"What's the matter with comrade Lee Anson!? Why is he so unlucky recently!?"

"His concert played Zhang Ye's song? And the single was repeated nearly thrice? I can't take it! Just this bit has hit me right on my laughing point! Hahaha!"

"I'm expressing my heartfelt pity for Lee Anson!"

"Are there spies amongst the backstage crew? I want to say to the spy that caused the fault, Comrade! Well done! The organization will not forget you!"

"This is so freaking hilarious!"

"'Woman Flower' is such a divine song! This is really like a lingering ghost that doesn't go away!"

"Haha, that's right. It's a song like a ghost! It has been possessed by Teacher Zhang Ye! And then went to Lee Anson's concert to curse him!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye really is a wonder. How can there be so many hilarious things happen around him all the time!? My whole family burst out in laughter when we saw this news article!"

"To be honest, I'm feeling embarrassed for Lee Anson!"

"This song, 'Woman Flower' is too legendary. No way, I must listen to Sister Zhang's version again! A song for the soul!"

The Lee Anson fans were all speechless or rolling their eyes. This matter made them have the impulse to faint!

What a coincidence?

How could the equipment be faulty?

Even if it were broken, why did it accidentally play Zhang Ye's song?

With this flurry of discussion, the topic of 'Woman Flower', which had lost its topical appeal, turned hot once again. Numbers from all aspects increased rapidly!

Third!

Second!

First!

Two million clicks!

Four million clicks!

Five million clicks!

At around 10 PM, "Woman Flower" topped the music charts!

It was not only the mainland music charts, it also reached the aggregated national music chart's first position!

"Woman Flower"'s click count could no longer be calculated! The numbers on various music sites that released "Woman Flower" soared. Even online and offline pre-order sales broke past 130,000 in less than three hours! In today's technological age, a single CD release was basically useless. To be able to sell around 80,000 albums would mean that it was quite a good album. However, Zhang Yuanqi's single managed to hit 130,000 albums on the day it was released. This was already a heaven-defying number. It jumped straight to the day's, and even the week's number one CD sales in the entire country!

Many people looked at it in alarm.

"It's so terrifying?"

"Sister Zhang's appeal is known by all, but it shouldn't be that powerful? It's just a single and not a full album. Aren't the CD sales a bit too exaggerated?"

"That's right. Unbelievable!"

"This amount of sales has already given me the feeling of Heavenly Queen Zhang at her peak many years ago!"

"Zhang Yuanqi's music career has risen from the grave! It wasn't obvious from the previous "Wishing We Last Forever", but now with "Woman Flower", we can say with certainty. The Heavenly Queen that once ruled the music industry for a long period of time is back once again! She's really awesome. Sister Zhang is really Sister Zhang!"

"To be able to recapture the popularity lost from her music career with two songs, who dares to say that Zhang Yuanqi is old? She is a treasured sword that never gets dull!"

"Did you notice? Both of these songs were written and composed by Zhang Ye. Zhang Ye is really Sister Zhang's benefactor. These two songs are indeed too awesome!"

"Yes, there is a need to credit Zhang Ye."

"Teacher Zhang is forever that awesome!"

"Why do I feel that it all seems fake? I can believe in a few million clicks, or even above ten million clicks. After all, it's Zhang Yuanqi, but the CD sales shouldn't be that high?"

"Are you saying Sister Zhang or the management company is engaging in fraud? They are spending their own money to buy it? Friend, you are overthinking it. What sort of status does Sister Zhang have? What sort of position does she have in the entertainment circle? She is the head of the pack. Over all these years, has Sister Zhang ever had any negative gossip? Has there been any negative rumors reported? It was all bought by fans spontaneously! Hur Hur, with Sister Zhang's position, there is also no need to engage in fraud. She has topped the music industry in the past, so there's no need to!"

"The sales can't be faked!"

"Right, I bought it too. I want to listen it on the car."

"Me too. I bought five copies of 'Woman Flower', so that I can use it to ward off evil! This song is too amazing! After that incident, Lee Anson went to Suzhou to hide, but this song, which cut Lee Anson's performance time on the Spring Festival Gala, as well as its composer, that had even beaten Lee Anson, managed to travel miles to look for Lee Anson. It even revealed its prowess to disgust Lee Anson one last time at his own concert. What sort of spiritual energy is this!? What sort of miracle is this!? To be able to hit a villain from miles away! Which song can be this powerful?"



"Agreeing with above poster. For felicity, I'll buy ten!"

"Agreeing with those above. I bought eight to ward off bad people. I plan to give it to friends and family. With one in hand, you can ward against evil and pregnancy. It is all-powerful!"

" ... "

"Those above, I'm kneeling before you!"

"Engage in rational expenditures! You must engage in rational expenditures!"

"Rational my ass! I'm doing this to support our domestic cultural industry, as well as support our domestic stars! I bought five! I want to let that Korean, who doesn't have any morals or idea of respect, know to get lost!"

Once it became topical, "Woman Flower" soared!

Previously, all the attention on Lee Anson carrying out his concert in an injured state all shifted towards the miraculous song, "Woman Flower"!

.....

Around 11:30 PM.

The new song, "Woman Flower", reached second on the trending list of Weibo!

Actually the first was also about it, but the title of the Weibo headlines was "'Woman Flower' enters Lee Anson's solo concert".

Not long later, an account with a Suzhou IP posted a picture on Tieba. It was Lee Anson smashing microphones backstage in anger. There were six or seven microphones on the ground. Other than one being in relatively good condition, the rest had been smashed. The batteries and wiring were scattered all over the floor.

The news also quickly updated!

"Lee Anson goes crazy backstage, smashing 8 microphones angrily".

According to the picture at the venue, Lee Anson's crutch had been thrown aside. He could stand up and walk without any problems. Although his hands were bandaged, it was in the stance of smashing a microphone. It was hard to tell if he was even injured, or at least it did not seem to affect him much. Compared to him being wrapped in bandages and leaning on a crutch during his concert, it could not help but cause people to feel doubt. Was all that display of injury just to garner sympathy? According to the reporter's latest understanding of the situation, the location and equipment provided had been paid by Lee Anson's team. The eight microphones and a piece of equipment had been damaged due to Lee Anson. It cost a total of 25,600!

This leaked information caused Lee Anson's popularity to hit rock bottom in China. There were doubts and curses that filled the internet!

"Still trying to deceive people for sympathy?"

"This person has problematic character!"

"Smash microphones? What pettiness!"

"This Lee Anson must really learn from Teacher Zhang Ye. See how Zhang Ye handles his unforeseen circumstances? Some ignorant children were blind enough to seek him to throw stuff at him. Not only did Zhang Ye not strike back, he even stood there to let them hit him. What about you? You smash things yourself? When you look at the contrast between them, the difference is obvious! Look at how Teacher Zhang Ye handles things! Learn it for yourself!"

"From this matter, we can tell in terms of tolerance, our countryman is a cut above him. Teacher Zhang Ye has really won us respect!"

"Using Lee Anson to compare with Zhang Ye? There's no way of comparing. Teacher Zhang is an artist. Lee Anson is an entertainment star at best!"

"Haha, he needs to pay!"

"25,000! Do you guys think Lee Anson will pay?"

"Why did he smash things? If you are angry, you vent your anger on a microphone? Did the microphone annoy you?"

"He even smashed eight microphones in one go. I really wonder what Lee Anson is thinking!"

Suddenly, at this moment, Zhang Ye's Weibo account suddenly added a comment. "Don't ask why. Once you have money, you become willful!"

"Pfft!"

"Hahahaha!"

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"Teacher Zhang has appeared!"

"What a godly additional stab!"

"Aiyah, Teacher Zhang is really too funny! I'm dying of laughter!"

"I'm surprised to see Teacher Zhang Ye himself! Teacher Zhang, you stabbed him nice and good!"

"I'm convinced! Hahahaha! Teacher Zhang doesn't always speak, but when he does, it's f\*\*king gold!"

"Lee Anson is too willful!"

"Once you have money, you become willful" was a famous internet meme in Zhang Ye's world. When used in this world, it, too, amused many commoners of this world!

This matter also caused Zhang Ye's popularity to rise by a bit!

Zhang Ye no longer felt his heart aching over the Reputation points spent by the Lucky Halo. What were Reputation points for? Wasn't it just to add to his popularity, and bring him one step closer to his goal? So, it was something he had to do when the need arose!